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WANDERINGS

IN

THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

WANDERINGS

IN THE

HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS,

WITH

B 948

Sketches taken on the Scottish Border;

BEING A SEQUEL TO

"WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

BY

84750

W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

"For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale."—SCOTT.

x f 2

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION.

MANY things in life arise out of accidental circumstances; and books are no exception. A very solitary *location*—in Kentucky parlance—with "winter and bad weather," produced the Wild Sports of the West; and to letters addressed to a kinsman, as an inducement to visit the far north, the "Sketches" now given to the world must date their origin.

It is astonishing that the best resources which Britain possesses for the artist, the sportsman and the idler, are little known, and lightly estimated. Within the four seas of Britain, and to the full scope of his bent, the man of science, and the man of pleasure, may indulge himself; and the same corner of the island which affords marvellous enjoyment to the sportsman, be he *ornithor*, *auceps*, or *piscator*, will also enrapture the painter, and puzzle the antiquary unto death.

"A truant disposition" led the author of these Sketches into the scenes which have produced them. To trace out half-forgotten battle-fields, and view the remnant of a feudal-keep or Border peel-house—sit among ruins where once "the bells were rung, and the mass was sung,"—or, in evening gray, throw moth or minnow on a stream which once the ruthless moss-trooper has crossed at midnight, the blazing beacon in his rear urging him onward to some wild fastness, wherein to secure his spoil, or shelter from the vengeance some deed of violence had just provoked.

Travellers and tourists are variously influenced. One will insist upon authenticated certificates of well-aired sheets; another—"*ut mos*"—alas! I must spoil the quotation, and add "*fuit*," as far as the quotation applies—requires nothing beyond a roof to shelter, and a rug to stretch upon. One "southern gentleman" loves to dream the hour away where the poet has framed his song, or the mighty remnants of monastic beauty attest the art that designed, and the royal enthusiasm which erected these princely dwellings of an order, who, professing humility, obliged the sceptre to bend to the crozier, and laid the sandal of the tonsured monk on the mailed neck of the high-born crusader. Another—the humble disciple of old Izaak—who has dabbled in pond,

canal, and "well-stocked water"—hears accidentally of the Tweed and Tay—and sets out upon a visit to the Border. To view one saltation of a fresh-run salmon will reward the pilgrimage; and if he fill a creel—as I have done in two brief hours—will he not marvel that, in piscatoral ignorance, unhappy citizens "of credit and renown" waste time about Lea Bridge, and money in adjacent hostelries, where some flavourless fish, which on the Borders would be kicked away, is immortalized in a glass case; and the skeleton of a pike, which, as a capture, every cowboy in Connemara could emulate, is held out above the mantel-piece as an encouragement for Cockneys to wet their feet, by proving that marshy waters are not ungrateful, and rheumatism shall have its reward.

To tourists of a "gentler mood," those who employ the pencil or the rod, dislike damp clothing, and delight in comfortable inns, I recommend the Border. To the rougher specimens of mankind—personages who have spent Christmas in the Bay of Biscay, or made a few Peninsular marches in bad weather, when the Iron Duke was in a hurry, I would point out the northern Highlands, and the far Orcades. Throughout the Land of Cakes, Chambers will prove an excellent ally—Anderson be invaluable as a Highland *Cicerone*—and, as a sea-coast

companion, let them put full faith in the voyage of the pleasantest Professor * in the realm. The land of the Gael is not the country wherein to sport purple and fine linen—Scotch mists bear a striking affinity to an English planet-shower—and Mackintosh will be often found a friend in need. Irish travellers are respectfully informed that fire-arms may be left at home, a *pocket-pistol* only being required. Charged heavily with pure alcohol, and presented at, or rather *to* a grumbling river-keeper, I have found its agency most serviceable. The Celtic race have not yet ranged themselves beneath the banners of the water-drinking apostle; and I never met a Highland heart to which Glenlivet and civility were not the surest and the speediest passports.

* Christopher North.

London, January 1, 1844.

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 16, line 4, *for* Jeremiah, *read* Jeremiade.
— 30, — 17, *for* Momner, *read* mourner.
— 153, — 1, *for* whole, *read* old.
— 304, — 4, *for* fenny, *read* ferny.

EPISTLE

TO

JOHN O'FLAGHERTY, Esq.

May 10, 1841.

And have you never been up the Clyde? What a confession for a finished traveller—one who has slidden on a glacier, and scratched his initials on a pillar of the Acropolis! You have wasted years on the continent, and left unvisited one of the most glorious rivers in the world—and with such facilities—steamers "from every point i' the seaman's card," splashing over its silver current every day but the seventh—ay, and even on that blessed one of rest, could you but put your faith in an Irish boiler and the prayers of the church, you might still reach Glasgow. Donald, no matter how hard he may struggle for "the

siller," observes his sabbath punctiliously,—but Pat, in the exuberance of his industry,

> "Joins night to day, and Sunday to the week—"

and while "the Lord of the Isles" cheek by jowl with "the Maid of Bute," rests idly beside the Bromielaw, "Nora Crina" comes frisking up the Frith, and "Daniel O'Connell" puffs and grumbles as he goes, noisy as his namesake before the rent-day, while fulminating tirades against Toryism, and persuading "the finest peasantry on earth" that *malgré* their virtues and deserts, they are, God help them! the worst-treated community in Christendom.

Five-and-twenty years, with one short interval, have passed, since I left the roof-tree of our fathers, a beardless boy. Of those who shared my earlier joys or sorrows but few remain. I come back, and all look strangely at me. The once rosy cheek of youth, bronzed by a tropic sun, forbids remembrance,—and in the bilious-looking colonel none can trace the laughing cadet—and faith, no wonder—

> "For time, and care, and war have plough'd
> My very soul from out my brow!"

And can I marvel at this change in my outer man, *I*, who can barely identify the premises where I was born? Roman cement—every thing

in Ireland is *Roman* now—has superseded the good old pebble-dashing of your mansion—and within doors, the march of reform is still more evidenced. Where is the massive furniture, whose cumbrous frames and inky-looking mahogany bore the imprint of a century?—where our grandmother's spinette?—and where Tim Haddigan's bagpipes?—that reed and chaunter which could discourse such eloquent music! Gone—gone!

* * * * *

I spent some restless hours in the little roadside inn, whither I had repaired to catch the Dublin coach at day-break. I could not sleep. I thought of days passed by, and persons half forgotten. Scenes and actors once more appeared in shadowy review; and the last night before a young career upon the world commenced, came back more vividly than all.

That night was memorable, Jack. Then you received an honourable patronymic—and a more ill-conditioned neophyte never kicked in the arms of a divine. Seldom had the ancient roof-tree covered a merrier group—and, in imagination, I see them now. My honoured aunt, in the ripe bloom that marks a matron's beauty, sate in her high-backed chair, listening reverently to the baptismal prayer; albeit, the form belonged to another church, and from him by

whom the holy rite was celebrated, she dissented conscientiously. But in those days a difference in religious faith did not matter a brass button. Popery was unobtrusive—Protestants were tolerant—Heaven was considered attainable by all—and, contrary to the more enlightened opinions of modern clerks, persons professing another creed were not, as a matter of course, consigned direct to Pandemonium. But to return to thy christening:

There stood my uncles, Jack—your father—"looking every inch" an honest-hearted, hospitable fox-hunter—and his twin-brother, our uncle Antony; but of him you can have no recollection—for ere you were "a satchelled schoolboy," Antony was "under the grey stone," and reposing with his ancestors in Tubbermore. Antony was the terror of the whole community of Carmeen. When he spoke irreverently of the Pope himself, Father John Kelly did not venture a rebuke: and, at the first creak of his shoe, the boldest spider-brusher fled from the presence. Antony, by his own account, was some fifty—but "by'r Lady," he was inclining to "threescore." His years, with honest Jack's, were analogous, but in all besides the resemblance ended. Above six feet in height, in youth he was the "beau ideal" of a trooper, so far as a broad chest and light legs would go; but he was

now a gaunt, attenuated old man, bent double by rheumatism, and sorely crippled with the gout. For thirty years he had served in the Austrian army, till, worn out and minus an arm, he revisited his native land with a colonel's rank, a moderate pension, three honorary medals, and the cross of Maria Theresa. Antony, after his kind, was good-hearted to a degree, and, when in tolerable health, cheerful and companionable. He could mull port, tell a story, argue by the hour, arrange the preliminaries of a duel, and, provided the distance was not too great nor the gout too troublesome, he would attend good-naturedly in person to witness the success of his friend, or, if the result proved otherwise, look to his obsequies after witnessing his will. Such a personage, in any country, would be a treasure, but, in Connaught, he was a jewel above price. Antony was a loyal subject and staunch Protestant. To his religious creed he clung with the tenacity of a martyr—some said, from sheer opposition, and according to others, from an early antipathy to fish. Antony was a man whom no community, besides that of Carmeen, would have tolerated. He was his brother —and your easy-tempered father bore all his humours patiently. He was the kinsman of her husband—and your mother let all his rudeness pass. In Father Kelly's hearing he absolutely

whistled "the Boyne Water"—and once, in a full bumper, consigned "the Pope to the pillory, with the Devil pelting priests at him." Father John bore it like a stoic, whispering apologetically, in my aunt's ear, that "the colonel's gout was coming on, and, poor soul! an enemy would pity him!"

But a less lenient tribunal sat in judgment on the misdeeds of the irreligious commander. The kitchen was Catholic to a woman—and there the enormities of "that one-armed sinner" underwent no "delicate investigation." All, *nem. con.* agreed, that his conversion was a hopeless affair, and consequently, that Purgatory would be too good for him: and it was resolved, that if malefactors fried for their offences, our uncle Antony was certain of a warm corner in a place, which every body perfectly understood, but which none considered it quite correct to particularize.

Carmeen, on that eventful evening when you were christened, Jack, was indeed the house of feasting—and surely the church would lend its countenance for the nonce. Doctor Morton, as in duty bound, honoured this high festival with his portly presence—and where the Doctor was, Father John Kelly was sure to be. In brotherly regard the priest and parson were united as the Siamese Twins; and two worthier

churchmen never finished a cooper of port, and packed it with a pint of poteen afterwards. Were the priest wanted for a sick-call, the parsonage was the surest place to seek him. The Doctor was of the king's poor esquires; and the priest aided and assisted in the due administration of justice—and, woe to the sinner whom he denounced, for on him "the iron knuckles of the law" descended with additional severity. In every thing an identity of feeling united these gifted Gamaliels—and property was in common, ay, even to the person of the clerk. Peter Maguire was held in joint tenancy, and officiated in vestry room and sacristy. In both he was master of the robes; served first mass for Father Kelly, and responded afterwards to Doctor Morton: and, notwithstanding the murmurings of the ignorant, he discharged his double duties to the last. In religion, Peter was a doubtful professor; and on his merits the parish was awfully divided—some asserting that he was a true Catholic as ever performed on Lady-day upon the Reek—while others objected that he had been caught eating bacon on a Friday, and, as if to aggravate the offending, that Friday was in Lent. Indeed, nothing was clearly known touching his earlier life, parentage, and education. He had emigrated from "the north"—well, that was a suspicious place to come from: and

wherefore he had made Connaught his abiding place, was a matter involved in mystery: some conjecturing that he had been "out in ninety-eight," and others averring that it was merely to escape the assiduities of three wives—Peter, in that valuable article, having been, unfortunately for himself, a pluralist.

Such, Jack, was the goodly company, with some thirty *coosherers*, and the usual assortment of nurses, huntsmen, pipers, and ladies'-maids, who witnessed the ceremonial of your christening. Where are they? Alas! that question brings a melancholy answer. But few remain; and upon those, what a heavy hand time has laid! One brief visit I paid Carmeen, and oh! what a change ten years had made. Her, whom I loved with a son's affection—who had watched my orphan age, and had been more to me than mother—a fever caught in the exercise of the charity she loved had prematurely hurried to the grave. My honest uncle had fallen in the quarrel of another, fighting the battle of a scoundrel, who lacked courage to defend himself; while our uncle Antony died as he lived, acting purely out of opposition. A surfeit swept him "in double quick" to the tomb of the Capulets—for, contrary to the orders of his doctor, he ate cutlets on a holiday, merely to mortify the cook, who had lately become a Carmelite.

Churchmen are mortal, Jack, and John Kelly was doomed to leave Doctor Morton for a brief space behind him. Long will his virtues be remembered in Kiltogher; for where will his fellow now-a-days be found? Poor John! he was kind-hearted and companionable, liked long whist, played a little on the fiddle, and, as the maids declared, was a man of short shrift and liberal indulgence. He died in his vocation, a victim to jig-dancing and *potheen* punch; for three christenings, two weddings, and a dragging home, in one brief week, were too much for a plethoric gentleman of sixty-five. Could he but have witnessed his own obsequies, it would have gratified his pride. For three nights he lay in state; twelve priests exercised their best endeavours to abridge his necessary imprisonment in purgatory; whisky and tobacco were supplied with unsparing liberality; and when the defunct churchman was carried to the grave, the funeral train extended from the gates of Carmeen even to the abbey of Kiltogher.

Richard Morton never raised his head after he had been apprized of the demise of Father John; and in ten days the spiritual charge of Kiltogher—tithes, glebes, tenths, with all property ecclesiastic, were duly vacated, and the parson followed the priest. Grief begets gout, and gout suddenly assailed that most important

of a churchman's organs—the stomach. Vainly were all the customary remedies administered; usquebaugh and burnt brandy were tried and found wanting; a patent remedy was resorted to, but in vain; all would not do; for the disease was master of the citadel, and *malgré* alcohol and hot flannel, Richard Morton followed the priest, and slept in the vault of his predecessors.

The rest you know, Jack. Like kings, churchmen never die, and on the same day both vacancies were filled—a crack-brained zealot, professing ultra-piety, stepped into Morton's shoes, while a dark-minded monk, hot from the cloisters of Maynooth, succeeded as simple a confessor as ever thumbed a breviary. Between them, all kindly relations in the parish were annihilated. They sowed a glorious crop of intolerance—and, judging from the fruits, the seed fell not by the way-side.

The complexion of society, such as it existed in my boyhood, might be imagined from this hurried sketch. I return in the sear and yellow leaf, and all is changed. Is the country improved—and are the people more enlightened? Do men hold the positions which property should command, or talent may attain? Does plenty gladden the peasant's home, and peace surround the mansions of the rich? Ah! Jack, these are

tender interrogatories. Where are the lords of the soil? Driven, in sheer disgust, into absenteeism, and their places usurped by men whose undue elevation has entailed a curse alike upon themselves and the community. The Shallows and the Simples you must seek in an English watering place or foreign capital; and in their places who hold the Queen's commissions? Men whose fathers waited in our fathers' halls—themselves illiterate, struggling against high rents, and jobbing one day in law and the next in cattle. You boast yourself a resident; compare your position in the county with what your father held. He had two hundred freeholders. Would one of them have opposed the candidate whom he supported? You have barely twenty. Well, individually they respect you. At your bidding they would clear a fair, drown a bailiff, burn a church, or in any other trifle evince their affection for their landlord; but were your best friend to start for the representation of ——, with every qualification that worth and wealth can offer, were he opposed by some wretched pauper, who in poverty and principle was suited to become a willing tool of any to whom he was indebted for privilege to evade a jail, could you, Jack, influence one tenant to support your friend? Would not the priest laugh in your face, drag your freeholder to

the hustings by the neck, and poll him as he pleased?

"And have you no remedy," says John Bull—"rents exacted to the day, ejectments, and every annoyance to which a refractory tacksman exposes himself—are they not yours?" Undoubtedly they are; but dare you employ them, Jack? Ay! there's the rub. Evict an ingrate from your property—one whose forefathers have hung upon the breath of yours, have flourished beneath their fosterage, multiplied, and got wealthy—exercise your legal right and reclaim what is your own—returning from a fair, you will be shot by some patriot from behind a hedge; or, if stricken in years, and unable to leave your lawn, you will be stoned to death in front of your own house by some hired murderer, while twenty of the finest peasantry on earth calmly look on, and satisfy Father ——, their excellent confessor, that they were too industriously at work to witness the massacre of their benefactor.

And you would have me invest my property "at home."—"Home,"—with windows blocked up, and loaded blunderbusses on the sideboard! "Home!"—mine, indeed, Jack, shall be home; but, i'faith, it must be in another country—a land uncursed by political priests, unvisited by proselytizing parsons—your peace unbroken by seditious scoundrels agitating before "the rint," or

by fanatics who never could tot three figures on a slate, announcing that they have calculated the millennium to a day, and hinting to ancient gentlewomen that the time is come when their houses should be set in order.

Jack, I'll be plagued by none of these annoyances; I will remain in comfortable independence; and when I invest the earnings of a hard and venturous life, it shall be in property over which I may exercise a legitimate control—and, though the doctrine is now exploded, "do with mine own what I will."

Think me not ungrateful after a recent *séjour* in your hospitable mansion, if I requite your kindness by disparaging the country or the hearth. Far from it—your household is unexceptionable. That English spider brusher is a gem beyond value; your butler should be canonized; your cook shall live in my recollection; and your wine—the *old* cellar, Jack— should be immortalized by Captain Morris or Anacreon. But, d—— it—I hate to see fire-arms on the sideboard, and I get the fidgets whenever those splinter-proof window shutters are screwed up. Give me a quiet evening after a good dinner; it assists digestion wonderfully. I have been too often under fire in my youth, to fancy it particularly at forty-five. Honestly, Jack, I abominate a feast that terminates in a fusilade—ay, as

heartily as Cuddie Headrigge hated sermons which ended in a psalm at the grass market.

Remember, Jack, I am also thy senior by some twenty years, and time will cool even the hot blood of the O'Flahertys. At your age I was shot at for seven shillings a day—and, were the truth told, the king had the worst of the bargain. Lieutenant O'Flaherty, for a company in expectancy, headed a forlorn hope—and surely the said Lieutenant had ample consideration for scrambling in the dark over ten yards of ruined masonry. I was calcined in Ceylon, and half frozen in the Pyrenees; but by each visitation I got a step. To the ague of South Beviland, and the vomita of the West Indies, I am deeply indebted for promotion; and, thanks to the gods, I read my name among the colonels of '34, and append C.B. to my ancient patronymic. And shall I not, as the fat knight, thy namesake, says, cherish this old carcass now, and "take mine ease in mine inn," neither troubling your friend the coroner for a cast of his office, nor submitting my person to *post mortem* examination, to ascertain the interesting particulars how the pension list was lightened by a pound a day, and solve a doubt whether a Companion of the Bath had been sped by bullet or "cold iron?"

Here then, Jack—here, in sober, steady Scotland, like another Richard, will I exclaim, "Up

with my tent!"—Here, possessor of a highland hill, and master of an humble cottage, will I seek—

"Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm."

Here, I will sleep with an unlatched door—worship God as I please—and that, too, with a sure warrant that life is safe, and property free from spoliation. And when the last rout arrives from the Great Commander of us all, I will shuffle off this mortal coil as easily as I may—my hope, a Christian's—my bearing, that of

A Soldier of Fortune.

TO JOHN O'FLAGHERTY, Esq.

JUNE 15, 1841.

I HAVE received your letter—a regular Jeremiah—a new burden to an old song, and all *anent* years of suffering, and the calamitous results arising from English tyranny and misrule. For a Whig epistle, the thing is well enough—but for that of a *Repaler*, it is nothing but milk and water. If you intend to go the whole hog, you must not only forget the feelings, but decline the *parlance* of a gentleman. All who presume to differ in opinion, and exercise a right of thinking for themselves, are, of logical necessity, both scoundrels and oppressors; and while you describe the English peasant as truculent and ignorant, you must be sure to concentrate the cardinal virtues in the clod-hoppers at home. Remember, above all things, that Ireland is a second Goshen—a land over which Tommy Moore's lady of the wand and ring may commence her wanderings to-morrow, and, from Dingle to Downpatrick,

none shall be found to say "black was the white of her eye." The newspapers will occasionally chronicle a fresh murder: no matter—if Sassenach proprietors persecute the finest peasantry upon earth, they must abide the consequences of their oppressions. Is the peasant who finds it inconvenient to pay rent, and is, moreover, too high-spirited to retire peacefully from his holding at the bidding of his landlord—is he to be legally evicted? In such cases, surely, assassination may be excused; for, had the landlord but permitted his exemplary and industrious tenants to remain rent-free, he might have taken the liberty of riding in his own domain, and, except by mistake, no man would have molested him till doomsday.

* * * * *

You call me intolerant—the charge may be true—but through life, it seems that I have laboured under a delusion, and believed myself a liberal. I confess, that for politics I have little taste, and to which of the great sections I belong is sometimes a puzzle to myself. In the good old Tory times, people swore I was a Whig; and now, in the palmy days of purity and reform, they set me down as little better than a Conservative. I fear my intellects are obnubilated, inasmuch as modern statesmanship wholly passeth my understanding, and I have, moreover, antipathies beyond control. With a Radical, I would not travel,

advisedly, in an omnibus; and to the word Patriot I have a horror, since five-and-twenty years ago I conceived a detestation to the term, when Dublin was overrun with drunken vagabonds, whom Devereux, the *liberator* of that day, had arrayed, "for the nonce," in green coatees and cocks' feathers, and transmuted, for ten pounds a head, from honest tradesmen into captains of dragoons. From any manifesto dated "Derrinane," and headed "Hereditary Bondsmen," I recoil. The police report, with me, obtains precedency of the parliamentary. To the apology of some pleasant member of the Tail, as delivered before a Bow-street magistrate, for twisting off a knocker, levanting with a friend's wife, or the performance of any other exploit befitting a grave and reverend senator, I carefully turn my attention; whereas, had he been upon his legs for six hours, I would not have wasted a thought upon his speech, unless, indeed, it had been pronounced within view of Saint Sepulchre's, and warranted a "last one." When a column of "The Times" appears bespattered with numerals, as if "the Thunderer" had pirated whole pages from the "Ready Reckoner," and I detect above it, "Mr. Hume rose amid cries of 'Question!' and 'Divide!'" I repudiate the broad sheet for that day, contenting myself with a peep into "Life in London," or the perusal of some edifying article

in "The Satirist." These antipathies unfit me for becoming a politician, and have, probably, disqualified me from either estimating the stability of a Whig government, or of discovering the marvels it has wrought. I cannot persuade myself that China has yet been conquered—nor can I ascertain how the deficiency of millions in the revenue, is a proof that trade has increased, and domestic prosperity reached its zenith. Indeed, when I think of the safe tenure of Whig office, and the tranquillity of Ireland, I am reminded of an incident that seems typical of both. I once crossed Channel in a steamer, on board of which a large quantity of gunpowder was being smuggled. It was concealed in an open crate, packed loosely in dry straw, and deposited beside the funnel, affording to half a dozen haymakers a convenient resting-place, whereon they sat and smoked throughout the night, and as much at ease, too, as if they had been seated on a herring barrel. I thought that the duration of Whig power, and eke the peace of Ireland, were not very dissimilarly circumstanced.* One blast from Derrinane would send *the Melbournes* sky-high—and a spark from Dan's *dhudeine* set the country in a blaze, even from Lough Foyle to Killarney.

* * * * *

You call me *un-Irish*, and charge me with

* Written in 1840.

coldness to my country. Did I exactly comprehend the meaning of the phrase, I would at once plead guilty, or deny it. If it be *un-Irish* to exercise a free agency in thoughts and acts, reckless whether they may obtain the applause, or provoke the anger of the multitude, then, indeed, am I *un-Irish*. I will neither yelp with the crowd, nor obey the *dictum* of their leader. If the proof of true belief lie in the rejection of mutton cutlets, and in poisoning myself with stale haddocks, because it happened to be Friday, write me down heretical when you please. I will not become a patriot at the risk of fever, and swelter throughout the dog-days in native frieze. To the general purity of my countrywomen, I bear a most honourable testimony; but I must be excused in declining to compliment "the ladies of the sod" at the expense of the female community of a sister land. I will neither libel English virtue, nor palliate Irish murders. I can find no excuse for the slaughter of a landlord, even though he be a parson; and although the crime now-a-days, in the gentle *parlance* of the Whigs, is softened down to that of "simple homicide." That "fine peasantry" who receive the assassin red-handed from the foul deed, and shield him from the law's pursuit, I estimate as ruffians for whom the gallows is too good. If opinions such as these are anti-national, Jack, "I own the soft

impeachment," and shall continue *un-Irish* to my death. *Coute qui coute*, I will not commence a fish diet "on compulsion"—*anno ætatis* 45—"Rhubarb's rhubarb," so saith Doctor Ollapod—and I'll call murder by its right name while I live.

* * * * *

There is a passage in your letter that alarms me. I fear you are not proof against the yearnings of low ambition; and that to achieve an entrance into St. Stephen's, you might submit, in an hour of weakness, to be pitchforked in even by the priests. Should that calamity befal you, mark me, Jack, from that moment, your misery may be dated. Over your independence, you may cry a coronach; for as a freeman, you are, to all intents and purposes, defunct. Good God! you would not stoop to the degradation of becoming a section of the Tail, and, in your vocation, bless as Daniel blessed, and anathematize all whom he cursed as dissenting? Would you bend to the dictates of vulgar tyranny, deliver yourself of rabid harangues, clamour against orangemen, parsons, and the king of Hanover, and prove that even woman's purity is not secure against the foul-mouthed calumny of a demagogue? Oh no! I slander you by the suspicion.

* * * * *

Well — thanks to the Gods! — I wronged you; and you promise to leave ——— to itself,

and absent yourself from the election. You do wisely, Jack; for what interest could you take in the return of a candidate, with whom you would not play sixpenny backgammon, without subjecting the dice to close surveillance, while, even for a hundred, you would not be tempted to acknowledge him in the street? No, no! it won't do. You have two thousand pounds a year, and are a bachelor to boot. What matters it to you whether the gang bless or ban you. If you find —— become too hot, you may start, at a moment's notice, for Constantinople. No stern necessity binds you to the soil. Uncursed with a tithe property, so often fatal to its wretched owner—unencumbered by a large family and small means—you have no cause to resort to political hypocrisy, and vote by the order of the priest to prevent your children from being left fatherless, or their home a smoking ruin. You are no hungry adventurer, in the expectancy of some paltry place. You have no inducement to join the "Hereditary Bondsmen." For you there would be but one reward—if subservient to the Dictator's will, you would be slavered with fulsome praise, while on the first indication of returning independence, you would be loaded with obloquy and abuse, such as political virulence alone will venture to resort to.

* * * * *

Well—I have pitched my tent—I am master of

"A low snug dwelling, but in good repair;"

and with a locality around it that a painter or poet would delight in. Encompassed by a noble pine wood, I peep through a vista in the trees, upon one of the sweetest lakes in Scotland. Behind, the ground rises abruptly and protects me from the east wind; while in full front, a fine gorge opens among the hills, forming the picturesque valley of Glenfinart. What a subject for the pencil does this highland strath present! The sun is setting—and over the nearer hill-tops he has thrown a gorgeous curtain—rich purple and molten gold. Beneath, Lough Long glitters like a mirror—while more distant still, the loftier highlands are shaded by the haze of evening. All will be quiet soon. Oh, no: twilight but gives the signal for the peasant to renew his toil. The keel grates over the pebbled beach: boat after boat glides from the shore: and the busy work of herring-fishing is commencing. But in those harmless sounds there is a soothing influence, as the oar, dipped in the water with a measured stroke, falls in unison with a Gaelic boat-song. Gradually, the queen of night surmounts the eastern hill. The ruddy blush of sunset has sunk behind the mountains: now an

unclouded moon is paramount over lake and hill, flinging around a pearly light, exquisitely soft and beautiful, and suited for a "fairy home" and "witching scene," in which wildness, beauty, and romance, have blended all their charms.

* * * * *

Jack, I am regularly domiciled; and all about me bespeaks the humble plenty which gladdens a comfortable retirement. Poultry surround my barn; sundry cows admit me owner; and the hill behind my garden is stocked with highland weders. My old companion Barossa, is accommodated with a roomy stall; and dogs of "high and low degree" have all their several cantonments. As I walked out this morning, a roebuck bounded from the next plantation; and returning, a hare crossed the road, and stopped impudently to examine me, as if she had detected in mine the features of a stranger. The hoarse creaking of the partridge tells that his mate is hatching in the lawn: at dusk, the black cock crows my "tattoo;" and at dawn, his challenge serves for my "revellie." Of the finny tribe, they tell me that the lake possesses an inexhaustible supply; and, consequently, that rod or net are rarely used in vain. Was ever a retreat better chosen for one who has buffeted the world from boyhood: one—where he can

peacefully wear away "what span of life" may still remain; and wait calmly till the last order of readiness arrives, that shall command him to rejoin his kindred clay?

* * * * *

Come hither, Jack; there is nothing to prevent it. Whig and Tory agree on one point, and that is, that Ireland has gone to the devil—and its game, like an advanced guard, has preceded the main body by a forced march. With you, hounds have generally disappeared; and a fox is regarded as a curiosity. When a boy, I have seen thirty red-deer in my walk; and they tell me, that between the Shannon and the sea, the mountains do not now contain a score. Grouse and partridges are miserably reduced: and the river, in which I could have once killed three salmon in an evening, has been diverted from its course, and there for years that fish has been unknown. Your lakes are utterly destroyed; for, Whig-like, pikes obtained possession—and where, in fading sunset, I watched a thousand undulations sparkle upon the golden surface of Lough Carra, its bright blue water is now unbroken by a rise! Can you deny the charge? Ichabod! your glory is departed!

But, alas! save sport by "mere and muir," for your state of siege I have no commensurate excitement to hold out. Here, the hall door remains

unlocked, and the casements are totally unprotected. Mark, how differently we live. Should the tones of an unknown voice be heard in our respective dwellings after nightfall, you would confront the stranger "armed to the teeth;" while I would provide nothing for our meeting but the dram-bottle. For the shooting of a man, they tell me that in Tipperary, where these things are correctly understood, a couple of pounds is considered a sporting remuneration — now, from John o'Groat's to Gretna Green, you might search Scotland over, and not obtain a contractor for the job; ay, if you offered a cool hundred. The people here are "dull as ditch-water:" all are moral and straightforward. No delicate inquiries—no compromises of felony, through the pious and profitable intervention of the church. Here, *scan-mag* is never heard of; and while the office of the Justice is becoming a sinecure, the cuttie-stool has fallen into disuse. "Tell it not in Gath!"—even on Good Friday, a haggis is not held abominable. Men use a chapel as a house of prayer; and there rents are not allowed to be collected; and there, that "sacred impost," to wit, Daniel's own, has never found an advocate. Indeed, I half believe, that if his "pou was in the tow," and a shilling would free "the craigie frae the hemp," the kirk would not contribute a bawbee. But then they

are a blind and stiff-necked race. Not one of them, even *sub sigillo confessionis,* would confide to the minister those family occurrences which they foolishly consider to be sacred. They go to their account "unanointed and unannealed;" and are so little alive to the blessed advantages of excommunication, that cursing from the altar is unknown. Indeed, you might go for years to kirk, and never from the pulpit hear a malediction. I have some doubts, that if the boldest clerk ventured to anathematize a sinner, he would be placed directly upon the Strathbogie list—and permitted to retire forthwith, and that, too, without rank or pay.

* * * * *

Jack—I accept your offer: I grant your conditions to their fullest extent, and the terms shall be honourably fulfilled. While thou shalt remain my guest, the State must be left to its fate; for politics shall be excluded from our symposia, and the words "Whig and Tory" banished from our nomenclature as things unmentionable. We will talk of old times, and old friends. Thy steeple chases shall be ridden anew; and thy rasping fences be taken in sporting style a second time on Splinter-bar, that best weight-carrier in Roscommon. Thou shalt chronicle thy best runs, and describe every incident in the chase, from the time "the red rascal" broke cover at

Knockmore, until you went into him, without a check, at the cross roads of Duhallow.

And shall I not recall past adventures; fight all my battles over again; and tell thee of

"Moving accident by flood and field?"

Have I been a wanderer through life—travelled "from Dan to Beersheba," and found all things barren? Marry, not I. When the gale whitens the dark waters of Lough Long, and the raindrops strike fast and heavily against the casement, thou shalt listen to tales of other times, and scenes in other lands: and many an actor who mounted the "deadly breach," or whose last sigh escaped upon the field of victory, shall pass "in shadowy review" before thee.

Come hither, Jack,—I shall impatiently expect thee. Here, thy father's son shall receive the hearty welcome of a highland home. We will while the day away "by stream and hill side;" and when evening falls—when

"The lamp is lighted, and the hearth is trimm'd,"

thou shalt luxuriate over Glenlivat that would tempt Father Mathew to apostatize his "thin potations," and listen to the rambling recollections of

A Soldier of Fortune.

CHAPTER I.

A FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND—MY FRIEND'S YACHT—RUN ACROSS CHANNEL — KILBRENAN SOUND—LOCH FYNE—EVENING — A HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN — NIGHT ON LOCH FYNE — ROSE OF ALLANDALE—INVERARY—YACHT-FLEET—MORNING PREPARATIONS—SCENE FROM THE HIGH GROUND—GUNPOWDER—A BLOW-UP—HOISTING OF THE COMMODORE'S SWALLOW-TAIL—DINNER —ANECDOTE—CATH SLEIBH AN T' SHIORA—THE BALL—HIGHLAND COSTUME — THE LADIES — AN INVITATION—A SCOTTISH SABBATH—SINGULAR INCIDENT—A HIGHLAND HOME.

YOUR letter has given me unaffected sorrow; and although personally unknown to him, your friend's bereavement excites my warmest sympathy. Looking at death as the mere cessation of animal existence, the thing is a common-place occurrence. It is the only certain event on which humanity can calculate—a debt sure to be demanded—and the only question, whether the payment be prompt or procrastinated. But the circumstances under which the claim is made,—it is these that render it a matter of affliction or indifference. The soldier closes the account upon the battle-field. Well; that is the fitting place. The sailor finds an ocean grave; he sleeps merely in his own element. In walks

of life professionally dangerous, the one great contingency is of too frequent recurrence to occasion aught beyond a momentary interest; and in the routine of duty, or more perilous excitement, the memory of the departed is forgotten.

But to gentler spirits, and to the holier relations of human life, death comes in all his terrors. I never loved, and was beloved; no plighted hand was ever grasped in mine; no child "lisped from his nurse's knee" the sacred name of father; yet I, to whom these softer ties are alien, can feel acutely for your friend, and fancy well the extent of his visitation. To lose, ere one brief year had sped, a wife and child together; she, whom you describe as one in whom "a man's whole soul might centre,"—God pity him, poor Momner! His trial has been severe.

* * * * *

You calculate on being absent for a twelvemonth. The call of friendship is sacred, and you are right to make the sacrifice. There is no suffering for which time has not a balm; and other scenes, and other skies, may tranquillize a wounded spirit.

Fear not: your request shall be obeyed. I will write frequently, and chronicle those wanderings in which I trusted you would have been a fellow adventurer.

* * * * *

You asked me, in a former letter, what caused me first to make "the land of cakes" my abiding place? I reply, the same influence to which I ascribe the most important actions of my life—sheer accident. No man has drawn more liberally on Dame Fortune than myself; and though she has now and again played me a jade's trick, still, take her all in all, she has proved herself a gentlewoman. How frequently have I trusted to her guidance!—I have deposited my person in a stage coach, reckless whether the driver turned his "leathern conveniency" to the east or to the west; I have stowed myself in a steamer, ignorant of its destination, and indifferent whether the same should prove Gravesend or Boulogne; and yet my voyages were seldom unprofitable altogether; and if I found little to learn, I found at least enough to laugh at.

It was in a mood like this, that late in August, 183—, I dropped, most unexpectedly, upon an old Peninsular acquaintance. In the Pyrenees I remembered him a light dragoon; in garrison, ten years afterwards, I left him "a kilted highlander;" and now, upon the quay of Belfast, I detected him under the costume of a Guernsey fisherman. For the latter transformation he duly accounted, by pointing out a first-class cutter yacht, and informing me that his sword had been

turned into a marling-spike. He was bound for Scotland, he added, to attend the Inverary regatta; had two friends on board, and also a cabin, at my service; and, moreover, he was only waiting for the evening tide to get under weigh.

Nothing could be more opportune, under every circumstance, than this invitation. To me "it was idlesse all,"—Scotland an unknown land, —and I had heard fascinating accounts of the beauties of its romantic scenery, rendered doubly interesting by its legendary lore and historic associations. I embraced the offer of the quondam light dragoon, and at twilight embarked my person and effects. We got our anchor presently; ran down the lough with a leading wind; and at midnight I bundled to my berth, in that comfortable and christian-like frame of mind and body, which a good supper and a liberal *deoch an duris* is certain to engender. As I went to sleep, the Maiden Lights were seen two miles to leeward, and nearly a-beam the cutter—and I awoke with the noise of the chain-cable rattling through the hawse-hole, as we let go our anchor in the harbour of Campbeltown.

Few will imagine, who have not experienced the *agrémens* of a first-class yacht, what comfort, nay, luxury, will be found on board. The elegances in arrangement; the ingenuity by which every inch of space is turned to account; the

neatness in furniture and fittings; all these, to a stranger, are subjects of admiration and surprisē. Nor are its culinary capabilities less remarkable. In a yacht, the creature-comforts of this world are always liberally provided; and to guess, by gastronomic effects, in the artistical selection the devil has no voice. Apicius himself, now-a-days, might venture on a cruise. Apicius —shade of Sir William Curtis!—what was Apicius to thee? An abomination of Kitchener to a master-piece of Ude — a *sheebien house* to the London Tavern.

We landed after breakfast; added a *black-face* to our sea-stock; obtained a supply of sea-fish alongside; and at noon proceeded to our destination.

A light breeze carried us past the old Castle of Saddel. I have a weakness *anent* old buildings; and I never pass a ruin hallowed by antiquity, that I do not wish I had the power to effect its restoration.

The approach to Lough Fyne, through Kilbrenan Sound, is generally interesting, and to-day it was particularly so. The mountain scenery was varied by atmospheric changes; and as we opened the romantic entrance to the Kyles of Bute, a little squadron of smaller yachts, on their voyage from the Clyde, were entering the Lough, *en route* to Inverary. They carried

a light breeze along with them, which had totally deserted us. One after another, their white canvass disappeared behind the point of Skipnish; and, excepting two black-sailed fishing-boats, we remained the only "thing of life" in view.

Tiding it gently on, we drifted past the ruins of a castle—once, from its commanding position, no doubt, a building of importance—and opened the entrance of Lough Gilp. We saw the variable breeze steal after us from Garrock Head; in a few minutes we felt its influence—a crowd of canvass

"Woo'd the soft kisses of the wind!"—

and when we went down to dinner, the cutter was creeping fast along the Tarbet shore, although at table the motion of the vessel was imperceptible.

Evening fell. The light breeze, become yet lighter, at times scarcely gave the cutter steerage-way; and as we rounded the point of Otter, the sun "looked his last" upon us, and sank behind the Paps of Jura. Nothing could be more beautiful than all around us. It was a scene of quiet loveliness. The lake, almost unruffled by the wind, which now and again stole in *cats'-paws* over its glassy surface—the heights and woods, tinted with all those varied hues which "dying day" produces—while, far as the eye could range,

the lake was speckled with dark-sailed fishing-boats, hastening to the entrance of Lough Gilp to commence their nightly labour. They passed us, till night fell, in marvellous numbers; and when we remembered the many villages we had seen, each cabin half-concealed by curtains of herring-nets suspended from lofty poles to dry, and the beach before studded with countless row-boats, it appeared almost miraculous, prolific as nature is, how she could supply the endless calls made in Lough Fyne upon her bounty.

As we were still a dozen miles distant from Inverary, darkness must overtake us before we could reach our destination. To all on board Loch Fyne was strange. The chart apprized us we had a shoal to pass; and we called a council of war to decide whether we should come to anchor, or grope our way to Inverary with the lead. From this perplexity, the civility of a Highland gentleman relieved us. As he passed us in his little schooner, we hailed, to ask some information. The word "strangers" had magical effect. He pressed us to accept mutton, fish, and whisky—seemed disappointed that we were too largely supplied to allow us to avail ourselves of his kindness—and putting one of his own crew on board as pilot, he sent us on our way rejoicing. The Highlander was going into Loch Gilp Head for the night, and consequently our courses were

opposite. As the vessels crept away from each other, his piper favoured us with a parting tune. For its melody I will not be answerable; but for volume (I think that is the term musicians call it by), I would take my corporal oath, were the wind fair, the *pibrock* might have been heard at Inverary.

Under the guidance of our kilted Palinurus, we passed the sand-banks safely; and, as the breeze freshened, hastened to our destination. It was now pitch dark; but a light a-head, and the merry notes of a well-played bagpipe, told us that we were not alone upon the waters of Loch Fyne, and that there were other voyagers belated like ourselves. Our loftier canvass enabled us to come up quickly with the stranger, which proved to be a small yacht from the Clyde, freighted with several families, Lowland and Highland, and bound for the regatta.

A merrier company never navigated an inland loch at midnight. "Laugh, and song, and revelry,"—all were heard at intervals; and over the calm waters of the glassy lake every sound was wafted so distinctly, that they seemed as if spoken on our deck. As we ranged alongside, the piper having fairly blown himself out with "The Campbells are coming," a partial silence succeeded. It was but momentary; for one of the sweetest voices I ever listened to

began to sing "The Rose of Allandale." If you want, Jack, to hear a Scottish melody—listen to it from Highland lips—and if those lips be like her's on whose "witching notes" I hung—like her's, rosy and pouting, "as if some bee had stung them newly,"—you will have cause to bless God, as I did afterwards, that

"Nature, and Nature's works, lay hid in night;"

or, even were you like me, a man of snow, that Highland girl and her sweet ballad, would "have been the spoil of you" for ever!

In half an hour the twinkling of the town-lights told that we were abreast of Inverary, and the anchor was let fall. After supper, I drank a deep bumper to the unknown siren, and went to sleep dreaming of the Rose of Allandale.

To the last moment of my life I shall recollect the scene unexpectedly reserved for me next morning; and on coming upon deck, I was overpowered with rapturous surprise. It was a splendid autumnal day; the sky was cloudless, and a flood of sparkling sunshine played over the blue waters of the lake, whose surface was not broken by a ripple. In a little bay, encircled with wooded heights, the yacht was anchored a cable's-length from land; and on whatever side the eye might turn, the panorama was complete. The northern view was magnificent. Half a

mile off, the ducal residence of the Argyle family was finely exhibited. Environed with every variety of woodland scenery, the noble building holds a commanding aspect; while the hill of Doonichoich, raising its conical top to a height of seven hundred feet above the level of the lake, and timbered to the very summit, adds its fine feature to a landscape of exceeding beauty.

Nor were other objects wanting to render the castle and town additionally imposing. A fleet of nearly thirty yachts were anchored in the bay, and gave a life-like character to all around them. In the distance, other white-sailed vessels were seen drifting up the loch; boats passed frequently to the shore, backwards and forwards; while the occasional arrival of the humbler pinnace of a "bonnet-laird,"—his oarsmen distinguished by some botanic badge, and his piper "skirling a gathering" as they threaded the fairy fleet,—announced the important intelligence, that in the little smoke-dried Highlander whose person and portmanteau were deposited in the stern-sheets, they carried "Cæsar and his saddle-bags."

As the morning wore on, the business of the day became momentous; and from yacht to yacht the transit of boats increased. At noon, the commodore was to hoist his swallow-tail; and, in due honour, that meteor-flag doomed not to brave the battle but the breeze, was to be saluted

by the fleet. I observed that preparations were making in the cutter, and that divers brass guns were uncased, and, after a due examination, declared ready for action. Now I detest gunpowder nearly as much as the gentleman who, "perfumed like a milliner," put Hotspur in a passion; and, therefore, I requested a shove a-shore, with the prudent intention of witnessing the ceremony *à la distance.* To amateur artillerists I have a desperate antipathy. Every man has a right, if he pleases, to get "hoist by his own petard,"—but modern gunners have a confounded knack of throwing a wad or tompion direct into the centre of the spectators; and consequently, I determined to take a position where, even under the concentrated fire of the whole fleet, I might remain unscathed—*Dis aliter visum.*

Selecting a rising ground above the inn which domineered the bay, and commanded a glorious prospect of loch and mountain, I sat down upon a fallen tree, and calmly looked upon the nautic preparations. I half regretted that I had come into this "knavish world," unprovided with a painter's bump upon the cranium, for an artist's pencil never embodied a more splendid scene. It was, in truth, a glorious spectacle. Lake, hill, and wood; castle, and town, and shipping; all extended at my feet. I looked at my watch; it was close upon the stroke of

noon; and in a few minutes, harbingered by the flash of "red artillery," the commodore's pennant would flutter gaily at his mast-head.

I wish that villanous composition called gunpowder had remained, like the philosopher's stone, *incognito*. A monk, they say, discovered it. Monks and mischief are synonymes, if an Italian proverb may be credited; and, God knows, his reverence might have been better employed than in abstracting saltpetre from "the harmless bowels of the earth," for no other purpose than sending gentlemen to heaven before their time. I was blown up at Badajoz. Well, that was bad enough; yet still it was "in my vocation, Hal." But now, in all the security which a high hill and safe conscience begat, I narrowly escaped going aloft with the full accompaniments of smoke and sound, even before the *queue d'aronde* of our gallant commander.

For a few minutes a rustling noise was audible from a hedge behind me; and surely there was nothing in that to cause alarm: but, presently, a man bounded through an opening in the fence, betraying unequivocal symptoms of hurry and confusion. "Ye had better rin!" he shouted as he passed me. "Run! Why should I run?" was a natural interrogatory. Still, continuing his flight, my informant, after consigning to the deil "folk who would ask fule questions,"

condescended to intimate "that I was unco near the poother!"—"Unco near," indeed: for before I had time to articulate the word "Where?" up went a shower of earth and stones, veiling my person in smoke and sulphur, like Zamiel's in Der Freyschutz. That I had not mounted with the blast, seemed miraculous; and that I escaped a broken head afterwards, was stranger still; for all around me, I heard the fragments falling on the sward.

After muttering a prayer for my deliverance, I consigned this Highland engineer to the infernal gods; but Donald, suspecting that it would be prudent to play least in sight, took care not to favour me with a second interview.

But "louder still the clamour grew," as the sun went "over the fore-yard," and up went the commander's swallow-tail. The appearance of the honoured bunting was signal for an awful cannonade. An hundred patereroes spoke to the heavens, and a hundred echoes gave reply. Nothing could have grander effect than the volleys, as they were reverberated through the mountains, rolling from hill to hill, until they died away at last in distant murmurings.

And then came the dinner and the ball. At the former, none but the male sex appeared; and the company exhibited a curious *mélange*. There were denizens of Cockayne, and "gentlemen

from Ireland;" Paisley folk, and Glasgow bodies; chiefs, with unpronouncable sobriqués—being appellations taken from their respective estates;—"highland and lowland, far and near;"—all had collected for the occasion. A feeling of general good humour appeared to pervade the whole; and the resident gentlemen seemed anxious to treat the stranger visitors with pointed civility.

While we waited until dinner was announced, I recollected, under similar circumstances, having witnessed a ridiculous occurrence when in Galway. I had been invited, with some other officers of my regiment, to the annual entertainment given by a celebrated sporting community, since defunct, called "The Blazers;" and being all duly assembled, we were in momentary expectation of receiving a summons to the eating room. Suddenly an uproar was heard within; and a waiter, "with hair erect," rushed into the presence.

"What the devil's the matter?" inquired the chairman.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" responded the affrighted attendant; "Come quick, for the love of Jasus, or there will be bloodshed immadiately! The servants have fallen out about their rank, and they're murderin' each other wid pickled onions!"

At this Highland festival, however, all, even to the attendants, seemed bent upon hilarity and

good fellowship—and none were uproarious but the pipers. Their number was legion; and the announcement of dinner proved the signal for a general outbreak. You may remember, in the old 2—th, on the anniversary of a battle, that it was our "custom i' th' afternoon" to drink to its memory "pottle-deep," while the band, in single file, marched round the room, playing the "British Grenadiers." A blast from a trombone, *point-blanc*, is no joke; but, Heaven help us! what is it to a *Cath sleibh an t' Shiora*,* executed within a foot of the tympanum, by a fellow six feet high, and a chest sufficiently capacious to become substitute for the bellows of a smithy?

From the dinner-table there was an early adjournment to the ball-room; and, as I went late, the festive scene appeared in all its glory. Most of the Highlanders wore their native dress; and many of the fairer sex, also, sported their respective tartans. To the latter the plaid was particularly becoming; and I should say, that this arose chiefly from the great simplicity with which it was put on. Not so the costume of the gentlemen; they, with few exceptions, were dressed in bad taste, and overloaded with glittering ornaments. To bear upon the person the full detail of a Highlander's accoutrements,

* Military music of the M'Kenzies—the dinner-call of the 72d.

requires that the figure should be commanding; or, at least, if under-sized, that it should exhibit both strength and symmetry. "Stout gentlemen" will find their bulky proportions but little benefited by "wrapping their hurdies in a philibeg;" and on the thin, the diminutive, or the ill-formed, the dress becomes absolutely ridiculous. Besides the frame-work of the man, a certain "setting-up" is wanted,—a soldier's dress requires a soldier's bearing, — *Cucullus non facit monachum;* and, would you point that proverb, contrast with a flanker of the 42d a "bonnet-laird" of stunted height and slim proportions. Garnish him, as Dr. Kitchener would say, with dirk and broadsword; add pistols and powder-horn; and furnish him with every lethal appurtenance beside, even to the knife within the garter. Alas, after all, you might as well compare Goose Gibby with Roderick Dhu! — make him a walking armoury,—still, "the man's the man for a' that."

Shall I be burned in effigy, or in proper person suffer martyrdom, when I whisper that there was not a beauty in the room? Well, "pit and gallows" are long since out of fashion, and I will boldly avow the fact. If you want to look upon woman such as Rubens painted, seek her in England, for there is beauty's home. If you would have wit, and gaiety, and loveliness combined, I'll back "ould Ireland" against the

world for that. But if you would avoid being regularly bedeviled, and that, too, before you even dreamed you were in danger, keep out of Scotland "if you love me."

At the Inverary ball I was presented to a Highland girl. Beyond a claim to prettiness, she could not put forward a pretension. With a profusion of light and silken hair, she had hazle eyes full of *espièglerie;* and such teeth, Jack,—for one kiss I would forfeit my chances in the next brevet. I danced with her; talked to her; and listened to a voice upon whose

> "accents hung
> The sweetness of the mountain tongue"—

until her mother claimed her. Jack, had I been but twenty years younger, and richer by twenty thousand pounds, by all that's matrimonial—had she accepted the offer—I would have made her Mrs. O'Flagherty upon the spot!

My introduction to the Land of Cakes, you will probably say, was made under those peculiar circumstances which would render any country agreeable for the time. Well, I do admit, that, in my first view of Scotland, I saw it to advantage; and consequently, that the earliest impression was most favourable. I know, that in the crowd, much of what one meets with is artificial and insincere. A man's character cannot

be determined during the course of a single compotation; nor could I venture before "the next justice of the peace," and attest the amiability and good temper of a young lady, with whom, among

> "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

I had gone down a *contre danse*, and picked a cold chicken afterwards. Of all suspicious mortals, ancient bachelors are the most suspicious; and hence I was particularly desirous to ascertain whether that warmth, and gaiety, and artlessness of manner, which I had admired in public, was also apparent in the more private relations of society, and exhilarated the retirement of a highland home. The opportunity I longed for was not wanting; for we received from a gentleman, resident in the neighbourhood, an invitation to stay with him for a few days on the termination of the regatta.

In company with several yachts, we got under weigh, and, with a light breeze, stood down the loch; and, late in the evening, parting from the little squadron, we anchored in a small bay within gun-shot of the laird's mansion, where our presence was expected the next morning.

What a contrast did that morrow present to the noise and busy preparation with which, during the preceding week, each succeeding day

had been ushered in! The sky was clear and cloudless; the sea was "dressed in smiles;" the peasant rested from his labour; and nature, in perfect repose, gave an additional tranquillity to the hallowed quiet of a Scottish sabbath. Not a sound was heard, save the distant tinkle of the church bell, which came stealing "in softest music" over the blue waters, and

"Summoned sinful man to pray."

On the wide expanse of the loch, which yesterday was speckled with a hundred sails, nothing but the sea-bird was afloat. The crew were unusually silent; and the yacht itself, seemed sleeping over its anchor.

We had finished breakfast, and from the cutter's deck were looking on the tranquil scene around us, when a very singular incident occurred. Suddenly, at some distance from the yacht, the sea all round assumed, here and there, a bloody hue; the shade varying from dark to light, and changing colour with unaccountable rapidity. Gradually, these sanguine spots approached the cutter, and enabled us to ascertain what caused them. In myriads, dense masses of small shrimps played round the vessel, rendering "the multitudinous sea" incarnadine, and

"Making the green, one red."

Probably, the bright copper on the yacht's bot-

tom had attracted them, for they remained for a considerable time about the vessel, and rose and fell in masses, apparently wedged together to the depth of a dozen feet. Had we possessed the means to lift them, we might have loaded the cutter, and commenced a manufactory of shrimp-sauce. By a very simple contrivance, however, we did take up a barrel-full. To the handle of an open basket we attached a short line, and placing a heavy lead in the bottom to sink it, lowered it over the counter to a fathom's depth. When a mass of these red-coats rose round the stern, we plucked our basket up, each time bringing it on deck half filled. At last, in the parlance of a policeman, the shrimps began to "move on," and give place to a fresh arrival—namely, a scull of lithes and pollocks, which broke the water round us, in numbers comparatively enormous. These, again, were followed by a play of porpoises, which came tumbling merrily on. Indeed, the whole appeared occupied in mutual pursuit of each other; and this singular *chasse* continued, until an elbow of the land shut it from our sight.

In the course of the afternoon, our host came off in his boat to bid us welcome; and we returned with him, and were duly presented to a part of the family who had remained at home during the recent festivities. His mansion seemed

a fair specimen of a Highland household; and, in many points, it brought our own old roof-tree to my recollection, such as I remembered it in boyhood. The welcome was warm as an Irish one; and, with the phrase in which that scoundrel, Tippoo Sultaun, used to conclude his letters—"Need I say more?"—and there was comfort, without pretence—and kindness, without display. In the morning, I shot the muirs with the laird; and in the evening, listened to Scotch ballads sweetly sung, or danced reels with the young ladies. During that brief week, Father Time, with uncommon civility, removed ten years from my shoulders, though the old scytheman exacted Hebrew interest for it afterwards; and to the last hour of my life I will recall to memory, with gratitude and pleasure, the first occasion on which I experienced Scottish hospitality, and was domesticated in "*a Highland home.*"

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM LOCH FYNE — BUTE — THE CUMBRAYS AND CLYDE—DUMBARTON—INN OF BALLOCK—THE ALBUM—LOCH LOMOND — CHARACTER OF ITS BEAUTY — ROWANDENNAN — THE STOUT GENTLEMAN—BEN LOMOND—EXPANSIVE VIEW—DESCENT AND DINNER.

EARLY, on a fine September morning, the yacht got under-weigh, and, with a spanking breeze, we soon ran the Highland mansion out of sight, where we had experienced so much kindness and hospitality. As the wind was westerly, and the Clyde our destination, we closed the point of Lamont, and entered "the Kyles," preferring this passage to rounding the southern extremity at Garrock Head.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the island and sound of Bute. Its scenery is beautiful and diversified; and the surface combines, in singular variety, savage grandeur with "green fertility." Bute has attained an enviable celebrity; and, to scenic charms it unites a

climate of remarkable salubrity. Two places on the island particularly attract the traveller's attention—the mansion of the noble proprietor, and the cottage of Edmund Kean. To the retirement of this "lonely isle" the great artist intended to have stolen from the world; and, secluded from the giddy crowd, have ended here a life which had experienced every vicissitude of those changeful fortunes, to which genius, from its first struggle to its final triumph, is so generally exposed.

At noon we issued from the Kyles, leaving, some miles astern, the Cumbrays, which seem, at a little distance, in Scott's words, to

"Close the fair entrance of the Clyde."

The situation of these "fair islands" is very interesting, and their scenic effect equally romantic. Of their white lighthouse and ruined tower, many a sketch has been made by the passing voyager. The latter stands boldly on a cliff which overhangs the sea, and was once not only a place of strength, but, if tradition may be believed, a royal residence. Like that castle, famed in Irish song,* it, too, dated its ruin to Oliver Cromwell,—a gentleman who respected neither stone walls, nor kingly associations. However the importance of Cumbray may have fallen in other

* Castle of Blarney.

estimations, in that of its worthy minister it still remains unchanged; for, as the story goes, after invoking a blessing on his own population, Mass John adds an additional supplication in favour of "the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

The remainder of the passage up the Clyde was completed within two hours. The river—if river you can call this expansive outlet to the sea—was crowded with steamers and sailing vessels; and as we passed the openings of the Holy Loch and Loch Long, we caught hurried glances at the most splendid combinations of lake and mountain scenery imaginable.

At Greenock I bade my host and his companions farewell; and if I did not do so with regret, my ingratitude for the enjoyment of a most pleasurable excursion would have been unbounded. But I had seen enough of Scottish beauty to create a craving desire to see more; and now, in the immediate neighbourhood of those scenes, with which, even when under an Indian sky, the romances and poetry of Scott had rendered me familiar, I determined to roam

> "O'er the wild rock, through mountain pass,
> The trembling bog, and false morass;"

where already, in fancy, I had been a wanderer. Accordingly, I stepped on board a Dumbarton

steamer, and in half an hour swept round the base of that "time-honoured rock," which, for eighteen hundred years, has been so constantly associated with national history.

To the fortress of Dumbarton, how many interesting reminiscences are attached! Immortalized by Ossian; possessed, in turns, by the first Edward and John Baliol; the prison of William Wallace; and the scene of that unavailing remorse which agonized the bosom of his betrayer!* Captured by Bruce; unsuccessfully besieged by the fourth Edward; reduced by the Earl of Argyle; surprised, while in false security, by the daring of a bold soldier, Captain Crawford; resided in by James the Fifth; and visited by that fair and erring queen—the "peerless Mary!"

Like the greater number of ancient fortresses, Dumbarton is shorn of its strength, and its military importance has passed away. The plunging fire from elevated batteries, is considered formidable no longer; and from the improvements in projectiles, and the increased power of modern artillery, the castle would be rendered vulnerable on every side; and the "frowning rock," which defied the efforts of a royal fleet, would now offer but brief resistance.

* A rude sculpture, within the castle, represents Sir John Monteith, in an attitude of despair, lamenting his former treachery.

The most convenient resting-place for a tourist to Loch Lomond, is the inn of Ballock, placed where the Leven debouches from the lake; and thither, accordingly, I proceeded in a vehicle, which in Scotland, God knows why, is called a "noddy." This route, of five miles, is rather interesting—and one spot is classic—that on which a Tuscan pillar stands, dedicated to the memory of Smollet.

With every regard for "the Land of Cakes," excuse me from a commendation of its climate. The morning was splendid—the day, a little dull; but the evening, like a virago—whose bridled temper at the outbreak becomes tremendous—brought down the night in torrents. Fortunately, the little hostelrie was not overcrowded on this inclement evening; and "in mine inn" every thing was absolutely comfortable, and therefore I had no reason to complain.

Although the walls of Ballock were not ornamented with

> "The twelve good rules, and royal game of goose;"

nor the mantle with

> "Tea-cups wisely kept for show;"

still there were books upon the sideboard; and—tell it not in Gath—an Album, wherein travellers were requested to record their "experiences," and chronicle their wanderings. All, however,

harped upon the same string—heavy charges, and bad weather — with two or three exceptions; and these appeared to have been the effusions of amatory apprentices; with the superadded complaint of an English bagman, who, hapless gentleman! had unfortunately arrived when mutton was tough, and trouts not procurable. Of both, some interesting particulars had been furnished by succeeding tourists. One of the amatory youths was stated to be an emigrant to Australia at the public expense; and the other was taking exercise on the treadmill. But the bagman, as it was averred, had exited under more imposing circumstances, in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Sepulchre, bequeathing, as became a Christian man, his forgiveness to judge, jury, Jack Ketch, and all concerned.

"Up rose the sun in beauty!"—And the first peep at him from the window assured me that I should see Loch Lomond in all its loveliness—and that, too, with the comfort which attends steam-locomotion. After breakfast, I stepped on board the "Queen of Scots," or the "Helen M'Gregor;" but whether the beauty or the beldam "bore the weight of Antony," I forget.

Ask me for no descriptions, Jack; but, as Yankees head their advertisements — "Come, and see!" Indubitably, viewed on a fine day, Loch Lomond would repay a pilgrimage. Hear

what a learned Theban* says—one creditable as the Ghost in Hamlet, and whose word you might take for a thousand:—

"Loch Lomond is unquestionably the pride of our lakes; incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions; exceeding all others in variety, as it does in extent and splendour; and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands.

* * * *

"With regard to the superiority of Loch Lomond to all other lakes, there can be no question; so, in the highly-contrasted characters of its upper and lower portions, it offers points of comparison with the whole.

* * * *

"Every where it is, in some way, picturesque; and, every where, it offers landscapes, not merely to the cursory spectator, but to the painter.

* * * *

"With respect to style, from its upper extremity, to a point above Luss, it may be compared with the finest views on Loch Awe, on Loch Lubnaig, on Loch Maree, and on Loch Earn, since no others can here pretend to enter into competition with it. There are also points in this division not dissimilar to the finer parts of

* Mr. Macculloch.

the Trosachs, and fully equal to them in wild grandeur.

* * * *

"It possesses, moreover, a style of landscape to which Scotland produces no resemblance whatever; since Loch Maree scarcely offers an exception. This is found in the varied and numerous islands that cover its noble expanse; forming the feature which, above all others, distinguishes Loch Lomond; and which, had it no other attractions, would render it, what it is in every respect, 'the paragon of Scottish lakes.'"

I have seldom found a glowing character of female beauty realized, when I met the fair one; and expectation, too highly wrought, always ended in disappointment. Hence I was half-persuaded, that the lovely lake, on whose clear waters I was embarked, would, on inspection, be found indebted for no small portion of its celebrity, either to the enthusiasm of the traveller, or the poetic painting of the Scottish bard; and, indeed, the opening view of Loch Lomond is not calculated to sustain its reputation. It is tame, common-place, and artificial, with nothing to elicit admiration, or startle the traveller with surprise. But when Inch Murrin is passed, and the vale of "Sweet Innesdale," and the wooded isles of Grange and Tornish, burst upon the sight, then the lake's charms become

most exquisite, and the tourist admits their variety and magnificence. In island beauty Loch Lomond is unrivalled; for all that forms romance is there embodied.*

Every mile we steamed, the lake assumed a new character; and every "spot of beauty" that we left behind, was but an opening to scenery varying and increasing in loveliness. From end to end—from its *debouche* into the Leven, to its mountain-origin in the wild valley of Glenfalloch, Loch Lomond feeds the untiring eye with matchless combinations of grandeur and softness united; —forming a magic land, from which poesy and painting have caught their happiest inspirations.

On our voyage up, we kept close to the western shore, passing the sweet village of Luss, and the inn and hamlet of Tarbet; but returning, the steam-boat proceeded by the other side, and skirted the base of that huge pile of hills, Ben Lomond. A little further on, we were shown a bold and precipitous rock, named after Rob Roy, and, according to tradition, employed with great success by the daring outlaw, in replenishing his

* "These islands are of different forms and magnitude. Some are covered with the most luxuriant wood, of every different tint; others show a beautiful intermixture of rock and copses; some, like plains of emerald, scarcely above the level of the water, are covered with grass; and others, again, are bare rocks, rising into precipices, and destitute of vegetation."—*Guide to the Romantic Scenery of Loch Lomond.*

exhausted treasury.* This is the narrowest part of the lake, being scarcely a mile over, and it affords a point from which the mountain extremity at Glenfalloch, crowned by the lofty summit of Ben Voirlich, is seen with admirable effect. Still lower down, we reached the little inn of Rowandennan, where I disembarked; it being the point from which Ben Lomond can be mounted with least difficulty.

Besides myself, another tourist abandoned the steam-boat at Rowandennan. He was a stout middle-sized man—neither young nor old, vulgar or *distingué;* owner of a brown portmanteau, a Macintosh monkey-jacket, and an umbrella, cased as carefully against weather as the colours of a battalion on the march. He was not strictly referable to any class—he might be a banker or a bagman—a miller or a *millionaire.* On one object both of us were bent—namely, the apex of Ben Lomond.

We dined together. Loch Lomond trout,

* "The front and sides are nearly perpendicular, and about thirty feet high; the top is flat, and projects from another steep rock which is considerably higher. Upon this flat portion, it is said, that Rob Roy was in the custom of letting down, by a rope round their waist, those who refused to comply with his demands. If, after being drawn up, they still continued obstinate, they were let down a second time, with the addition of a gentle hint that if they continued obstinate when again drawn up, they should then be suspended by the neck."—*Guide to the Romantic Scenery of Loch Lomond.*

Jack; and black-faced mutton!—the rear brought up with a grey-hen, in excellent condition! That is not bad fare for travellers "in search of the picturesque and beautiful." What would the stout gentleman drink? The stout gentleman could drink any thing. Up came a bottle of port—admirable, by the way. You know that I fill fair,—well, the stout gentleman filled fairer! We eschewed politics, and talked of Scotland; its scenery, and game; its romance, and its *glen-livat*. Should some whisky be ordered in? The stout gentleman was agreeable. We sate the evening out; and a pleasanter companion—after the third tumbler—I never met with—and no man can be on his metal earlier.

"And now," said I, after we had brewed a *deoch an duris*, for the second time, "we may venture to bed, I think."

"Had we not better call a bill?" responded the stout gentleman.

"Useless," I replied; "as we do not leave until to-morrow."

"I always pay my bill at night;" said the stranger.

"What trouble you must give yourself unnecessarily!"

"Quite a mistake," returned the stout gentleman; "you little imagine its advantages. All the personal effects of which I am master in this

world, save and except a trifle in the funds, are contained in yonder small portmanteau. I settle all demands against me before I take my bedroom candlestick, even to the chambermaid's gratuity; strap my 'leathern conveniency' afterwards; and if the house take fire over night, my chattels are safe,—aye, even to a tooth-brush. Ah, could you but know the comfort of the system I adopt, you must be suddenly wakened by a roar of 'Fire!'—your room illuminated by a flare of light —your ear delectated by the headlong speed of rival engines, as the Hand-in-Hand runs a dead heat to your hall door, neck-and-neck with the Phœnix — *Proximus Ucalegon ardet,* the next house is in a blaze; and in five minutes you, too, will be in *a low,* as they say in Scotland. All is hurry and alarm; the landlady calling, 'Where's the child?' and the nursemaid replying, 'Where's my bundle?' Valuables flying from the windows, as a luckless gambler scatters a pack of cards. The swell-mob industriously collecting the same; and the police looking on, as officers of justice should, to see that the division of property is equable. You, in the meantime, have slipped into your habiliments, tucked your portmanteau underneath your arm, toddled quietly down stairs—none to stop or stay you—and if the fire is interesting, you may sit down quietly upon your effects, and enjoy the spectacle in comfort."

"Your system," I replied, "is certainly that of a citizen of the world."

"Every country is the same to me," returned the stranger.

"A bachelor, I presume?"

"I belong to that respectable fraternity," replied the stout gentleman.

"You are not then, Sir, embarrassed with many domestic affinities," said I.

"I have," replied the stranger, "a few distant relations; and I believe, if a sixpence would save me from the Hulks, not one of them, in Cockney parlance, 'would fork out the tanner;' and indeed, on my side, these affectionate relations meet with an honest return."

"In short, Sir, you are a person who cares little how the world jogs; and have few sympathies in common with the rest of mankind."

"And," returned the stranger, "wherefore should I sympathize with others, when I found none to sympathize with me? But, it grows late; the bill is paid—here is a bed-room candle; and here a shilling for the chambermaid. Good night, Sir; and probably, on our return from the top of Ben Lomond to-morrow evening, I may satisfy you, that if the world and I have shaken hands and parted, I owed it nothing on the score of sympathy."

So saying, the stout gentleman took up his

brown portmanteau, bade me "Good night," and retired to his apartment.

* * * *

A finer September morning never rose than that which ushered the next day in. The stranger and I met early at the breakfast-table, after passing a night of such undisturbed tranquillity, that the stout gentleman might have gone to rest, without paying the bill or strapping his portmanteau. At eleven o'clock, guides and poneys were announced to be in readiness; and the stranger, impatiently declining the services of both, started for the mountain on foot—leaving me to follow more leisurely and easily, by the assistance of biped and quadruped combined.

Although Ben Lomond rises to the immense altitude of three thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, still the ascent to the summit is effected without much difficulty. The highest elevation of the mountain is computed to be some six miles from the inn—and three hours are required to reach the apex without much fatigue. I need hardly observe, that a bright unclouded day is indispensable to enjoy the advantages of the ascent,—and in this we were eminently fortunate.

Ben Lomond comprises three massive divisions, each topping the other in succession. The lower one is clothed with copse-wood; and the upper

are heath and pasture. By the western side, the mountain is ascended; the other presenting a precipitous wall of shattered rock, two thousand feet in height. As the cone of the mountain is approached, the traveller's fatigue proportionately increases, for at every step the surface becomes steeper and more rugged; but when the point is gained, if a scene of expansive grandeur rewards a tourist's toil, he who labours to the summit of Ben Lomond will be recompensed an hundred-fold.

I remember, when a boy, in deer-stalking among the hills of Erris, the game-keeper and I bivouacked near the summit of Carrig-a-Binnioge, and from that lofty elevation saw the sun rise from the Atlantic, and light up a prospect of land and water, which then, I believed to be the most extensive upon earth. Compared with that I viewed to-day, its compass was as nothing. Favoured by atmospheric clearness, the eye seemed to take in an illimitable space; and, probably, one of its most curious illusions is, that Stirling seems almost at your feet, and Loch Lomond and its many islands, show like a thread of water dotted with numerous green specks. Southward, the view comprises all Lanark, even to the remoter Lowthers and Coulterfell, with, in the extreme distance, the Isle of Man. South-west, you overlook Renfrew and Ayr; Bute, Arran, and Jura,

the rock of Ailsa, Cantyre, the Irish coast, and, distantly, the wide Atlantic. Imagine the mighty space the eye can range over, and all the variety of surface that space exhibits. You have hill, and land, and water; for most of the loftier mountains appear in sight; and nineteen lakes are visible. Such is the glorious display with which Ben Lomond rewards the simple traveller for his labour; and to the man of science the recompense is tenfold. In studying the formation of this primitive mountain, the geologist will find much to interest him; and, from its rare and numerous plants, to the botanist, I am told, Ben Lomond is a garden.

With all his boasted indifference to things which interest the commoner order of mortals, the stout gentleman could not withhold his admiration; and after we had discussed a cold grouse, and the better portion of a flask of sherry, he actually warmed into eloquence, and during the descent was unusually agreeable. Our visit to the mountain occupied seven hours at least; and I verily believe, that while it lasted, he never bestowed a thought on what generally appeared to engross his every care—the brown portmanteau.

We dined together; bottle of port as before; and Glenlivat *ad libitum* afterwards. Mountain labour is severe; the stranger was rather cor-

pulent; and no wonder, therefore, that he owned himself a little thirsty in the evening. Indeed, he complained that "he felt a cobweb in his throat,"—and nothing would remove the said cobweb more effectually, than a judicious admixture of lemon acid with mountain-dew. It was a simple and pleasant remedy; and I am glad to say it proved, also, an efficacious one.

The second tumbler disappeared; and, thinking that the stranger had reached the confines of agreeability, I ventured to hint at the promise he had made me in the morning. The request was cheerfully acceded to — he drew forth an antiquated snuff-box, took a preliminary pinch, and fabricated a fresh supply of toddy,—and these preparations being complete,—thus ran *The Story of the Stout Gentleman.*

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

"Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slacken'd bit, and hoof of speed?"

BYRON.

IT was early in autumn when I received a pressing invitation from a distant kinsman to visit him for a week or two; and having obtained leave of absence between return days, I set off for my friend's residence. Dick Hamilton was a bachelor, and lived as bachelors used to live in Ireland some thirty years ago. His shooting box was unique, and his stables unexceptionable. He kept a smart stud, and well-stocked cellar. No man rode more sportingly to hounds; and he could bag twelve snipes without a miss. Furthermore, he was blessed with the best trainer within fifty miles; and you might have safely backed his black-eyed housekeeper for foot and

ankle against the parish for "a pony," and no one would take you up.

And yet in the estimate of my worthy cousin's virtues, public opinion seemed divided. Some said that Dick Hamilton was running out like a fool; while if you were only to believe others, he was merely living like a gentleman. Elderly ladies averred that the aforesaid Richard was little better than a scamp; and younger ones wrote him down a jewel above price, in whose private person the cardinal virtues were duly concentrated. In this summary of my cousin's qualities, on the female part there was no concealment, while with the other sex a striking caution was remarkable. Dick Hamilton was a dead shot; and it is astonishing how chary people are in censuring the failings of an acquaintance, who holds the reputation of being what "the Fancy" call "an ugly customer," and can remove the bonnet from the knave of diamonds at twelve paces—"and no mistake."

My cousin's domicile was situated on the beautiful bay of ——. On one flank stood the little sea-port of Westpoint, and on the other the beautiful village of Rosedale. The locality was very agreeable; and as the beach was fine, the air salubrious, and the scenery picturesque, during the summer and autumnal months gentlemen in search of health, and ladies whose

vows against matrimony still remained unrecorded in "heaven's chancery," flocked hither, to try whether there was "balm in Gilead" for enlarged livers, or maiden independence unhappily protracted until the heart had sickened with "hope deferred," and was bordering on despair.

Schoolmen aver that to one great goal human wishes strain; and that one object, under a different name, influences alike the lowly and the proud. It may be so; and certainly the crowd who periodically resorted to the bay of Westpoint, in active pursuit of health or husbands, was not confined to clique nor circle. There were personages with lengthened pedigrees, precisely in inverted ratio to the extent of their purses; and some without pedigree at all, whose patronymic would have horrified the college of arms about as extensively, as it would have delectated the heart of a bill-broker. In a locality tenanted by people composed of materials removed beyond amalgamation, it was necessary that the division in society should be strikingly defined. The atmosphere of the village was consequently declared aristocratic altogether; nothing allied to trade could breathe there and live; and to the little fishing-town the vulgar denizens of opulence were consigned. Indeed the mutual abiding places were held as jealously apart from each other as the cantonments of armies in the field;

and there was nothing in community but the church, the highway, and the sea.

Now as my kinsman's shooting box occupied a central position of the bay, he stood immediately between the divided cliques, and occupied what might be termed "the debateable land." If he stepped out in his flowered dressing-gown before breakfast, on his left might have been discovered the upper portion of the sylphic form of the Honourable Juliana Beningfield, shrouded from vulgar gaze in the green habiliment of a water nymph; while on his right, in salmon-coloured baize, and like a rival kelpie, Miss Bessie Grogram was simultaneously disporting. If he blew a cloud, *al fresco*,—"his custom i' the afternoon,"—he saw the admiral's rooms lighting up for his lady's *soirée musicale;* or, on the other hand, if his eyes turned towards the town, the tuning of divers fiddles announced that Mrs. Dwyer's "hop" was presently commencing. Although forming an integral part of the village "exclusives," Dick Hamilton occasionally patronized the festivities of the fishing town; and he whose arm on the preceding evening had encircled the Honourable Juliana Beningfield in the waltz, might, on the succeeding night, have been detected pressing the soft hand of her of the salmon-coloured bathing dress, through the mazes of "Mrs. Macloud," after perpetrating

"The Campbells are coming," with the old apothecary's young wife.

Did such offendings elicit the punishment they deserved, and was loss of caste the consequence? No; Dick Hamilton was voted a privileged man,—the young ladies declaring that he could not be spared, while the gentlemen came to a conclusion that it was dangerous to remonstrate, and better far to let him go to the devil by his own way.

Such was the general posture of affairs, when, in an evil hour, I accepted my kinsman's invitation. The season was at its zenith; and every closet in which a christian man could be contained, was engaged, in town and village, for a month to come. Every grade was in full operation. The bay was covered with parties, y'cleped pleasure; the mountain studded with *déjeuné à la fourchette.* On the highway, Mrs. Dwyer's green jaunting-car had threatened Lady Hester Tomlinson's pony chaise with collision. Nor was there even safety in the church; for Mrs. Grogram's *gros de Naples* had invaded Lady Nisbet's purple lutestring in the aisle.

But there were other arrivals beside myself; and of these, two were important ones. They were bilious-looking gentlemen, direct from Calcutta, and warranted rich and unhealthy. God knows how many lacks the one had realized by

indigo, and the other by opium. They were like as Siamese twins; but the opium man wore nankeen shorts and continuations—and Indigo delighted in tights and Hessian boots; both costumes being antediluvian,—*the shorts* having been exploded twenty years before, and *tights* avoided since Crawley had been executed, "knee-deep in leather." The Indians, notwithstanding, were accounted to be undeniable men, and the run upon them was consequently prodigious. They had come to the village because it was fashionable; and, like all men of money who spring from insignificance, they were anxious to climb the tree to the very top. It was indeed a fair start between them; the father of Opium had been a transport, whom the sire of Indigo, as an underkeeper, had conducted to his destination. No matter; had their progenitor been a hangman into the bargain, they had rupees enough to cover all.

Three days had slipped away, and very agreeably to a young subaltern, who had been nearly drilled to death, by one of the tightest hands that ever worried a battalion. One evening had been passed quadrilling at Lady Allen's, and another in the more active service of Mrs. Grogram's *contre danse*. Operations at Lady A.'s were certainly less fatiguing and more genteel; and the refreshments were so elegant and light,

that the most dyspeptic need not have apprehended that bilious accumulation, which, if there be faith in labels upon pill boxes, is always inflicted upon those "who indulge too liberally at table." Mrs. G.'s was a different concern altogether—God bless her! her fare was substantial, like herself. She hated what she called "kickshaws;" give her, she said, "cut and come again:" and certainly her supper would have stood a second call, and defied a grenadier guard of honour afterwards.

Nothing, indeed, could surpass the general festivity. In the west, the Indians were to be *féted;* and in the east, the marriage of a wealthy sugar-boiler had produced a general saturnalia. On my cousin's table, invitations lay "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." Alas! in those festive scenes it was fated that I was not to participate.

The fourth morning had worn away; the horses were ordered—for the world were abroad; and we had left the flight of time unnoticed, while discussing a question of no trifling difficulty. On the following evening Lady Beningfield had announced herself "at home;" while Mrs. Cleaver was graciously pleased to solicit the honour of our presence to meet the sugar-boiler and his bride. At the village we should have light work and lighter entertainment; at the town, "cut and come again" was the order of the day; but

"twice down the middle" for four hours, and in the last week of August,—that, faith, was no joke. The matter was still undetermined, when old Archy popped in his head to know what horses should be saddled. Having received his orders, the trainer turned at the door,—

"Hurricane rubs himself against the stall,—his skin is heated still."

"Pshaw, it won't signify," responded the master. "Gad, Archy, I think we'll swim him; they used to bathe the horses when I was at Brighton last, as regularly as they dipped the ladies. In Hurricane's case, there should be virtue in salt water. We'll try it."

Leaving my kinsman and his groom to decide upon the merits of ablution, I hastened to the beach to take my customary swim. The day was beautiful, the sky brilliant, not a cloud obscured its lustrous blue; while a gentle breeze blew from the sea, tempered the heat, and courted even Indian apathy to exercise. From the little cove in which I was immersed, the high road was only separated by a meadow. I could hear the roll of carriages as they passed along, broken by the sharp canter of some fair equestrian, or gentleman bent on achieving conquest "*à cheval*," and determined to "witch the world by deeds of noble horsemanship." Many an aspiring cavalier was already in the saddle;

but I, fated to eclipse them all, was still unconscious of the celebrity that awaited me.

The conclave in my kinsman's breakfast parlour had ended; and, as my bath terminated, preparations for that of Hurricane had commenced. A training boy rode him gently to the beach unclothed, with my worthy relation and his prime minister in close attendance. Both with latent pride regarded the symmetry and condition of their favourite—and

"In truth he was a noble steed."

Black as the raven's wing, a look announced his breeding; and if perfect action gave warrant of success, the high hopes indulged by his admirers were pardonable.

There is an old saw,—and, like all old saws, a wise one,—in which the task of leading a horse to water is described to be as easy, as it is difficult to make him drink while there. In vain the boy forced Hurricane towards the waves, as they broke upon the beach, but he obstinately refused to wet a fetlock; and, after every attempt, recoiled more determinately than ever, as if he felt incipient symptoms of hydrophobia—and a light rider, powerless bit, and truant disposition, enabled him to have all his own way. My kinsman's patience,—and of that commodity he never had a stock on hand,—was speedily ex-

hausted. The horse was consigned to the devil—and the rider dismounted in disgrace.

"Hang it," he exclaimed, "how provoking; I wish I had not dressed for the day. You stupid, awkward cur, had you but kept his head to the water, and forced him over the first swell, he would have swam like a sea-gull. Tom," he said, turning to me, "jump up—Lord! with you upon his back, he will do every thing but fetch and carry."

"He has a cursed run-away look," I replied.

"Nonsense; all mere tricks; the horse is playful as a poodle."

"And that bridle, too; it would not hold a goat."

"Pshaw, man, you might ride Hurricane with a packthread."

"I'll never stick him bare-backed."

"Never more astray," replied my kinsman. "D—n it, what are you afraid of? Archy, give him a leg. Hold him short, you young scoundrel, till the gentleman gets up. There you are—best mounted man, for a hundred, within fifty miles; I wish Miss Beningfield could see you."

"Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated, looking suspiciously around me.

"Hold your hands low," observed the trainer.

"Press him firmly with your legs," remarked my cousin.

"Give him the heel," enjoined the jockey boy.

Endeavouring to comply with all these instructions, I did contrive to overcome Hurricane's primary objections to the water, and forced him forward, nearly to the chest. At that moment a heavy wave came swelling in,—my charger lost his footing, and floundered, for half a minute, in desperate alarm, until the reflux allowed him to catch the bottom with his feet. That solitary essay at natation seemed sufficient; the swell had swept him round—his head was to the shore—and Hurricane resolved to abandon the treacherous element altogether. "With flying footsteps," he hurried up the beach; but when he gained terra-firma, and felt his foot once more upon the sward, then he seemed as if he had become a chosen vessel, wherein every demon of velocity might enter and abide.

His intentions were never doubtful for a moment; and as we "went off at score," a volley of good advice was discharged, and parting injunctions were audible.

"Throw yourself off," shouted one.

"Stick to him like glue," cried another.

"Mind the stable door," roared a third.

The latter danger was fortunately avoided; Hurricane that morning had no fancy for inactivity,—he had laid himself out for running—and, by heaven!—he headed directly to the

village, bearing "the weight of Antony" along at headlong speed,

> "As springs the dolphin from the shark,
> Or the deer from before the hounds."

I once heard that an Irish heiress, who had been thrice run away with and recovered, declared that after the second time, she did not value it a brass button; like a skinned eel, I presume that custom reconciled her to it. God forfend that I should be qualified to speak on runaway matters from personal experience, or that I should suffer martyrdom again; for I firmly believe that in the history of abduction, mine was the most grievous case on record. What was Mazeppa's, compared with mine? True, he too was favoured with a "brushing gallop," but, forsooth! nothing would serve him but philandering with a countess. John Gilpin was a sufferer also, and, like myself, innocent of any offending that merited the visitation he underwent. But how different our careers!—John was treated all through like a gentleman; turnpikes flew open; the rabble cheered; his friend, the calender, refreshed and re-wigged him; and he found comfort and consolation in the caresses of a loving wife. But I was received, where'er I went, as if the brand of Cain was on my brow,—slashed at by coachmen, pelted by potato-diggers, half-lassoed by the double thong of a tandem-driver, execrated by

all,—for those who had no stones at hand, favoured me with a shower of curses,—running the gauntlet through an irritated community, and, like Hudibras,

> "Expos'd in cuerpo to their rage,
> Without my clothes and equipage."

Never was there an unfortunate more to be pitied than myself; and, worse still, none extended me their sympathy!

Although incidents enough for half an ordinary existence were crowded into one disastrous adventure, the narration shall be brief.

My opening persecution was an encounter with a yellow barouche—and in the fair forms which filled it, I had no difficulty in recognising a portly gentlewoman and her daughters, whom I was to honour with my company at dinner that very evening. My advent was duly chronicled by the coachman, with a "Lord! ladies, shut your eyes, here comes a naked man!" In a moment an outcry of insulted delicacy arose from "the leathern conveniency," and a forest of parasols were unfurled; the footman shyed an apple at me; jarvey cut furiously, but short; and although the thong missed its mark, it fell *en croup*, with excellent effect, upon my courser. God knows, he required no stimulus—but he felt and obeyed "the call."

The perils of a first encounter were ended; but

I had no reason to raise an *Io Pœan* for "general deliverance." In the immediate wake of the yellow barouche, Sir Hugh Gasket was taking his customary airing, in all the security which level roads and a steady cob produces. Horse artillery occasionally charge in line, and mask the movement of their guns. Mrs. Penddleton's carriage had effectually covered my advance; and when the danger was seen by the admiral it could not be averted. He had merely time to anathematize my eyes and limbs, roar to me to "port my helm," when his weather quarter was invaded; and away went Sir Hugh Gasket and his cob, not certainly into a bed of roses. Away also went Hurricane. The cut from Mrs. Penddleton's coachman had increased his pace; but his "strong running" seemed to have been reserved for the collision with rear-admiral Sir Hugh Gasket.

But why chronicle the extent of my enormities? Like the Giaour,

> "I came, I went, like the simoom,
> That harbinger of fate and gloom."

I overtook Miss Spencer's donkey; and that virtuous gentlewoman blessed God that she was near-sighted, or, as she declared afterwards, "the shock would have killed her on the spot." At the bending of the road I charged the Siamese twins,—drove Indigo over a close-clipped hedge, and Opium into a sand-pit. Ruin marked my

route: on one side lay Mrs. Dwyer's jaunting car, with a broken shaft; on the other, as *vis-à-vis*, Lady Allen's pony phaeton, minus a panel. Dismounted horses were hunted by barking curs; and frequent were the inquiries of, "What the devil was the matter?" to which answers were returned more various than satisfactory; some opining that it was a race, and others affirming that it was a robbery.

I had just turned an angle of the road, shut in on one side by a lofty hedge, and on the other by a park wall, when, "Oh, day and night!" immediately in front appeared the lancer cap and green habit of the Honourable Juliana Beningfield! Thunderstruck by the unexpected apparition which "blasted her vision," the lady, unable to execute a flank movement, wheeled sharply round, and endeavoured to escape by flight. Her mare was fast,—her horsemanship superior,—the weights were in her favour, the speed in mine—she flogged, I challenged,—nothing could be closer matched,—neck and neck for half a mile; choice between us a mere toss up; and the chances considerable, that after all we should run into the village, *a dead-heat*.

But fortune in the eleventh hour stood my friend, and averted this awful consummation. At another turning of the road, the entrance to a meadow was loosely closed with hurdles, and

with a sudden resolution, I pushed Hurricane at the fence. He cleared it gallantly, left me sprawling on the grass, took half a dozen hedges in succession, vanished behind a copse, and left the race to the Honourable Juliana Beningfield, who, having it all her own way, won cleverly in a canter.

To crawl for concealment behind a haycock was my first care; my next was to consider what means would be most desirable to effect suicide with the least possible delay. Several horsemen galloped past—none dreaming that the lion of the day was ensconced in their immediate neighbourhood. At last, I was blessed with the appearance of old Archy coming forward at a rapid trot. I called out, and he answered; tossed a bundle of clothes, wrapped in a horse-sheet, over the hedge, and told me he would hide himself in a quarry not far off, until I had completed my toilet, and was ready to take his horse.

Never did man slip on his habiliments in greater haste; and within ten minutes I was once more "a plumed biped," mounted, and upon the king's highway; while Archy proceeded to make researches after the lost quadruped.

The first person I encountered was the *origo mali*, my worthy cousin. He was coming to the rescue, as in duty bound; but meeting me dressed and caparisoned, his fear gave place to

mirth, and, as Scrub says, he "laughed consumedly." I, however, did not join in the hilarity, but talked of past danger, ridiculous position, exposure, &c. &c.

"Pshaw, d—n it, man—you will be the regular wonder of the place," exclaimed my comforter. "As a performance, I'll back yours for an hundred. Not a man within fifty miles would have stuck to Hurricane half the distance. A two-mile heat, on skin short as velvet and smooth as a billiard-ball—by Saint Patrick, a wonderful performance! And the best of it is, that nobody suspects you—one swears the unknown rider was dark as a gipsy, while another affirms that he was fairer than an Albino. Even respecting Hurricane's complexion, there exists a difference of opinion. They have him, by turns, brown, bay, and chestnut; in short, every colour but the right one. If you do not desire the *éclat* of the thing, you have only to sing dumb, and not a soul can establish your identity."

"Why, then, upon my word, dumb I will be. But concealment is impossible, and an *exposé* is inevitable."

"No such thing, my dear fellow," returned my cousin. "We must just brazen it out. We dine at Marino. Well, of course, nothing but your *course de chevaux* will be talked of, and all

that mother Penddleton and the ladies suffered in your onslaught will be duly set forth, and received by the company with a virtuous burst of indignation. We will be loudest in abusing the unknown—pick Sam Johnson for the hardest terms—and, in the event of a reward being proposed for the detection of the criminal, you shall 'pop your name among the pigeons' for *a flimsy*, and I will top the list manfully, and stand a five-pound note. You may rely upon it that the offence will be plastered upon some *innocent malheureux* — while thou and I, Tom, will come from the ordeal like gold refined, and not a doubt shall be breathed against our spotless reputations."

I could not avoid a smile; after the day's exploit, I thought the less we spoke of "spotless reputations," would be the better; and positively declined being of the party who should that evening encircle Mrs. Penddleton's mahogany. Indeed, I would not have ventured on the trial for an hundred; and I determined, further, to change my quarters without beat of drum, and leave my visit to my kinsman incompleted until the recent *escapade* had been forgotten. At my especial request, we returned by a different road to that upon which I had so lately made a sensation; and with a conqueror's modesty, I declined to view the trophies of my exploit.

My cousin—and as it appeared to me, with surpassing effrontery—proceeded at dinner-hour to Marino; while I modestly took my departure upon a jaunting-car, to pass time between returns with a retired captain of ours, who, having committed matrimony, had wisely turned his sword into a ploughshare.

My kinsman, who had promised to apprise me of passing occurrences, proved himself a punctual correspondent; and on the third day, I received the following epistle:—

"DEAR TOM,

"There has been 'the devil to pay, and no pitch hot;' and, under all circumstances, I am glad you 'cut your lucky.' I got tolerably well through Mrs. Penddleton's dinner; left my name next morning on the 'Siamese twins;' inquired for Juliana Beningfield; and paid a condolatory visit to Sir Hugh Gasket. Of all the sufferers, the admiral *smarted* most from your treatment,—for you bundled him into a nettle-bank, to which fact his face bears testimony. I found him 'breathing vengeance' between every puff of the long Dutch pipe, which erstwhile, had been the property of 'some rude captain of the sea,' whose frigate the admiral aforesaid, after a bloody action, had captured off the Doggerbank; and as he was thickly coated with some unctuous

matter to allay the irritation of his skin—which I should have thought nettle-proof, and tough as a saddle-flap,—he looked like an Indian warrior fresh painted before a battle.

"For two days I brazened the business out—but proofs came fast,—suspicion changed into 'confirmation strong,'—and this morning, the scoundrel who took a flying shot at you with an apple from the coach-box, tendered his corporal oath that you were 'the real Simon Pure.' A conclave has, in consequence, assembled at the inn, to decide what proceedings shall be adopted; and, as I am not included in the multitude of counsellors, I opine that things look squally. No matter: I'll bide the storm, and duly report progress.

"Always thine,

"R. H."

"P. S.—Some cursed newspaper fellow has been making inquiries through the village. Numerous, indeed, have been the versions of the affair. One actually ascribed the *fête* to Miss Bessy Grogram, who, as it was asserted, had determined to surpass Lady Godiva's celebrated performance at Coventry."

Two days afterwards I received the following pleasing continuation from my kinsman:—

"The plot thickens. A wooden-legged commander, who revolves around the admiral like a satellite, called an hour ago with a hostile message; and Sir Hugh, I hear, has been all the morning practising at a chalked man upon his garden-door. I entered, as lawyers would say, an appearance for you,—undertaking that you should either explain, or make the *amende honorable,* and to the admiral's satisfaction. The baronet's envoy was succeeded by one of a different description,—a solicitor from the Siamese twins. His business was to denounce the pains and penalties attendant on assault and battery, and to seek pecuniary compensation for certain specific damages, besides an alarming disturbance of the nervous systems of Opium and Indigo, generally. I thanked him for intimating the intentions of his clients, assuring him in return, that in the first place, you were lunatic; and in the second, that the very name or presence of a lawyer produced the most awful outbreaks. It was therefore providential, I remarked, that you were happily from home. You had gone, I told him, to Dundalk, to decide a wager of fifty pounds, by riding through a pastry-cook's shop-window. I also assured him that I would endeavour to keep the object of his visit secret; but hinted that his clients had better sit up stairs, or they need not be surprised to receive

a morning call, *à cheval,* through the sash-frame. There is no doubt that the communication was faithfully conveyed; and the Indian gentlemen, conceiving that they had already witnessed enough of your horsemanship on the high road, have resolved to place the Irish channel between you and them, and start in the morning for Cheltenham.

"I send you a newspaper. What a ridiculous *éclat* they give the thing; and the most provoking part of it is, that with all its extravagancy, every body believes it!"

I read the paragraph with astonishment. It set forth that my *escapade* had originated in a drunken bet—enumerated the accidents which had resulted—fabricated a dozen that never had occurred—stated that I had matched myself for a similar performance, "to come off on the next Sunday," and implored the civil authorities to interpose. A deep regret was also expressed, that belonging to the honourable profession of arms, I had so far forgotten what was due to my own character and public morality—and it was broadly hinted, that if Lieut. ——, of the 2d bat. —d regiment, did not turn a new leaf, no further concealment should be kept, but his name should be given to the world. This delicate allusion was about as obscure as the modern

announcement of a crim. con. He who ran might read; and touching the offender, all was plain as a pike-staff.

I consulted my host,—told him the simple story,—and asked him to advise me. Now Captain O'Toole, being a Tipperary man, at once decided that some one must be horse-whipped; but whether it should be my cousin—the people he caused me to ride over—or the newspaper-man who chronicled the accident—this seemed to puzzle him. Two days more, and a packet arrived, that told me I might as well at once bend to a gale I could not hope to weather.

"The world, my dear Tom, have gone mad by general consent; and public opinion is so wrong-headed and obstinate, that you and I cannot convince people of our innocence. One party consider that you should be sent direct to Australasia—and the only difference of opinion is, regarding the term of your transportation! Another set look on you as the most promising person of the day,—one likely to give a new turn to sporting exploits—and before whom, Thornton and Hawker will sink into perfect insignificance.

"The effect of your performance has been to annihilate Rosedale as a watering-place; and the introduction of an Adamite costume has proved

fatal to the village. Beningfields, Allens, and Penddletons, have deserted the place as unholy. The best lodgings can be procured for a respectable song; and of Rosedale "the glory is departed." Of all these calamities, you are considered the author and sole cause; and I am sorry to add, that consequently, you were burned last night in effigy, the market-place being fully and fashionably attended on the occasion.

"I enclose you half a dozen letters.

"Keep up your spirits. Back yourself, *en cuerpo*, against any man alive, for five hundred. I'll take half the money, and lend the horse.

"Your affectionate kinsman,

"R. H."

There was nothing particularly agreeable in the epistle of my worthy cousin. To be targetted through all the country newspapers and executed afterwards in effigy, were not calculated to raise me in general estimation; and I cursed the luckless day on which I had left the royal barracks "to take pleasure" at the sea-side. I was also astounded at the extent of my correspondence—and I opened them as suspiciously as if each contained a detonating ball. The first two were from coachmakers, enclosing bills for the repairs of damaged carriages, with an intimation that it was expected that I should discharge them

instanter. A third contained a doggerel ballad, immortalizing my race, with an apocryphal account of all the pleasant conversation which passed between Miss Beningfield and myself during "the run home." The remaining three were more important, and therefore I shall faithfully transcribe them.

O. H. M. S.

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

"*Royal Barracks, Dublin,*
"*Aug.* 28, 182—.

"SIR,

"It having been reported in the newspapers, that during your absence from headquarters you have conducted yourself in a manner unbecoming an officer and gentleman; and that you intend to repeat your previous offence next Sunday, for a wager of one hundred pounds, I beg to know, by return of post, how far these reports are correct, in order that I may take such steps as may appear advisable.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your humble servant,

"*To Lieut.* —,
&c. &c."

"SAMUEL STIFSTOCK, Lt.-Col.
"*2d batt.* — *regt.*"

The next epistle was from my aunt.

"Oh! Tom, Tom,—what language can pourtray my horror and astonishment! what words express my feelings on reading the account of

your depravity! I cannot more particularly allude to your offence; for my chaste pen recoils from inditing such iniquity. To ride into a church, and na— oh, horrible! I cannot write the word.

"Alas! that the misconduct of my nearest kindred should bring these grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Your brother Edward— may the loss of worldly wealth open his heart unto wisdom. Poor Susan; she was a comely maiden to the eye, with a sweet voice in the tabernacle; and as Mr. Ramsbottom believes, she was destined to be a chosen vessel. As the bird falleth into the hands of the fowler, she fell through the snares of the tempter; and as if to fill the measure of his iniquity even unto overflowing, your brother had the wickedness to assert, that the chaste salute of fellowship with which Mr. Ramsbottom commenced and concluded his private exhortations, was nothing better than a carnal kiss; but he was disinherited, and I'll say no more.

"I would be sorry to express my apprehensions. But may you both escape an ignominious end!

"I have this day arranged my affairs, and set my house in order. My worldly substance is devoted to the work of christianizing Jews, and sounding the gospel-trumpet among the Ashantees. To Messrs. Ramsbottom and Shuffleton is bequeathed, in trust, all that I may die

possessed of, with the exception of one shilling sterling, which is reserved as a legacy for you.

"May a happy change be effected in your heart and disposition, is the fervent prayer of

"Your afflicted aunt,

"REBECCA SINGLETON."

What a pleasant letter-writer my aunt Singleton was! In the annals of the turf, few men had paid more dearly for a gallop. Ten thousand pounds, vested in public securities, gone at one fell swoop for trumpet-practice in Africa! and not unlikely by any means, but I should lose my commission into the bargain. I had read enough for one morning, and half determined to leave Number Six unopened. But fortune had done her worst. No matter what the letter might contain, it could add nothing to my misery; and with this conviction, I broke the seal.

"*Ballycorofin, Aug.* 26, 182—.

"DEAR SIR,

"Although not honoured with your acquaintance, I take the liberty of writing. No ceremony between sportsmen. I have been a master of hounds for three and twenty years, and from your late celebrated performance, I pronounce you *a regular trump.* That's my opinion—and I'll back it for a hundred. And now to business.

"Denis Daly has a promising four-year-old; a Langar horse, out of a sister of Miss Modesty, which he offers to back for £500, against my chestnut colt by Captain Wattle, three miles over a sporting country, weight for age, and to be ridden by gentlemen, *in buff*. He intends to put up Dan Devitt; and if you will do me the favour of riding the colt, I will consider it an eternal obligation.

"Some twaddling spoonies may make a row about your crossing the country without the togs; but as Lady Kitty Caveson says, 'Why shouldn't people peel, if they please?' Sweet creature, Lady Kitty—no gammon about her.—She swears whoever keeps away, d—n her but she'll see all, from the start to the winning post—and she don't matter public opinion a broken buckle.

"You need not be afraid of Dan. If he rode over a smith's forge, it was because he couldn't help it. His is but Dutch courage after all. He never gets upon *the pig-skin* under three inches of Castigan's entire—and you, I hear, rode your great match without *a squib*, and cool as a cucumber.

"Lady Kitty Caveson requests me to say that she is dying to be introduced. She's the girl; no humbug; fine spirit. It was she that flogged Fenwick of the Tenth. Do your heart good to

see her take four feet six, coped and dashed—steady in her seat, as if she were glued to the saddle. She's out to-day shooting grouse, or she would have added a postscript.

"Happy to see you at Ballycorofin as soon as convenient; and if you'll live and die with us, so much the better.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your faithful friend,

"ANTHONY O'CONNOR."

"P.S. Will you please name the lightest weight you can ride conveniently, and say whether you go to scale peeled, or if I am to make allowance for the clothes.

"A. O'C."

Although regularly disinherited, nevertheless I did not avail myself of Mr. O'Connor's invitation "to live and die at Ballycorofin," but started instantly for Dublin, to disabuse my aunt, and propitiate the Commander. In neither, however, was I successful; Miss Rebecca Singleton refused to lend me the light of her countenance, —and the last will and testament of the pious spinster being perfectly to the satisfaction of Messrs. Ramsbottom and Shuffleton, they took especial care to prevent either an interview or explanation. As to the colonel, he reluctantly admitted that the *escapade* might have been

accidental; but he always maintained it to be an unsoldier-like proceeding, in a commissioned officer, "to be seen astride a bare-backed-horse."

If ever there was an innocent unfortunate, that man was me. My name was balladed in the streets—my horsemanship blazoned in the windows of every print-shop of the metropolis—drunken hostlers hurraed for my "buff jacket," as I passed—and Cockneys pointed me out to their companions in audible whispers as "the man wot rides naked." I ventured to the theatre, modestly ensconcing myself in the darkest corner of a side box; but a quick-sighted friend discovered me before the overture had ended, and I received from the upper gallery such flattering tokens of applause, as induced me to bolt before the rising of the curtain. I entered a linen draper's to effect a purchase, when a feeble voice murmured, "Oh, heavens! here's the wretch!" and Miss Juliana Beningfield popped off her chair, like an alderman in apoplexy; and while one called for cold water, another intimated it was advisable for me to "walk on," to prevent the necessity of introduction to a constable.

At last, in sheer disgust, I determined to hide myself in some retirement where my celebrity was unknown; sent in my papers accordingly; and in a fortnight the *Gazette* informed me, that I was

my own master once more—my whole fortune being the regulated price of a lieutenancy. The obituary of the same paper also announced that Miss Rebecca Singleton was suddenly defunct; and after recording her piety and benevolence, hinted that her death was attributable to the sporting delinquencies of her nephew.

I was sitting, six months afterwards, in that state of stupid indifference which arises from despair, and reflecting on "what woes environ" the man who ventures on a bare-backed horse, when a letter, in the well-remembered writing of my cousin, was presented to me by the waiter of a village inn. All correspondence between us had long since ceased, and I wondered what cause had induced him to resume it. I broke the seal, and read the following brief but satisfactory epistle :—

"It's all up with me, my dear Tom—and when this reaches you, Dick Hamilton will be dead as Julius Cæsar. I have called too often on a good constitution, and am now beaten to a stand-still. Last Tuesday a fox took soil; I swam the river, got the brush, dined (for a bet of ten pounds) in wet clothes, and sate out the company; pleurisy resulted, bleeding and blistering—all gammon—the doctors agree that I am fairly in the raven's

book—and I'm ready to back their opinion for a thousand.

"I did you much injury. It was unintentional; but that's no matter now. I make all the reparation in my power. You will have my estate, encumbered only with a housekeeper, a horse (*not Hurricane*), and a dog; and will be better off than if you had succeeded to the old fool who endowed you with a shilling.

"I would write more, but I cannot come to time. I know you will take care of Isabella. Give Waterloo a paddock, and old York, a corner in the kitchen.

"One word more, and God bless you. Never trust yourself on horseback during your natural life without 'full toggery and a pig-skin settlement.'

"Your affectionate kinsman,

"R. H."

That I have faithfully attended to this dying injunction, I need scarcely assure you. Well may I exclaim—

"Ill betide
The school in which I learn'd to ride;"

and as I advance in years, my antipathy to horse-flesh proportionately increases. I never abide within sight of a saddler's shop, nor pass the Horse Guards by daylight. If I loved a woman to distraction, and met her in a riding-

habit, my passion would vanish like a dream. For life I have repudiated equitation—and even to the grave I will not be conveyed by animals I abhor—for in my last will and testament I have excluded a hearse from my funeral.

As he spoke, the Stout Gentleman laid a moiety of the bill upon the table, handed a shilling to the chambermaid, took a bed-room candle, and wishing me good night, retired to his apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

ROUTE TO LOCH KATRINE—INVERSNAID—ROB ROY MACGREGOR—RUINS OF THE FORT WOLFE—THE HIGHLAND GIRL—THE HOSTLERIE—HIGHLAND BOATMEN—LOCH KATRINE—THE TROSACHS—ARDKENACHROCHAN—CLACHAN OF ABERFOIL—TOWN AND CASTLE OF DOUNE—REAPPEARANCE OF THE STOUT GENTLEMAN—CHURCH AND CASTLE—VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS—HISTORIC RECOLLECTIONS—THE TOWN TREASURER.

NEXT morning I was early up, and a borrower from the morning by some hours,—but "the Stout Gentleman" was already gone; having committed his own guidance and the transport of the brown portmanteau to a Highland gilly. He left a civil message, intimating that I might overtake him at Loch Katrine;—and after breakfast, I left Rowandennan, *en route* to the more unpretending hostlerie of Mrs. M'Glown.

I was rowed along the lake side until I reached the Mill of Inversnaid, whence the road to Loch Katrine branches. The distance between these beauteous lakes does not exceed four miles; and, although such loveliness was in its immediate vicinity, over a more barren and

unpicturesque surface a tourist never passed. To me, however, there was one object of some interest—the ruins of a small fort erected to control Rob Roy, whose depredations were so frequent and daring in the beginning of the last century that their repression had become imperative.

"Rob Roy," says a little work descriptive of this charming locality, "was a gentleman by birth, being the second son of Colonel Macgregor of Glengyle, who left him, as his patrimony, Inversnaid, from which he took his title. Having forfeited his property to the Duke of Montrose, he was forcibly, though legally, dispossessed of it; on which occasion, his wife also experienced harsh treatment from the Duke's factor. In her husband's absence, she composed the beautiful and pathetic tune called "Rob Roy's Lament," in order to excite his resentment on his return. He then commenced that predatory life, in the course of which he afterwards rendered himself so famous. He was one of the last that collected black-mail, a sort of tax paid to purchase security against the incursions of other depredators. He left behind him several children. They were not, however, so illiterate as Sir Walter Scott, in his popular novel, would have us to believe. One of his sons was a Captain in the rebel army, but was afterwards countenanced by the British

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Government. Another son, Rob Roy Og, or the younger, was one of the few subscribers to the first edition of Keith's History of the Church of Scotland, published in two large folio volumes. He was subsequently, in 1753, hanged for forcibly taking away a rich and eccentric widow, and marrying her against her consent. Rob Roy himself died at Balquidder, where his grave-stone may still be seen, rudely sculptured with a sword, but without any inscription."

The fort of Inversnaid stands about two miles inland from the mill, and it was nothing more, at any period, than a barrack rendered defensible. It had accommodation for sixty or eighty men; and one of its garrisons was formed by a company of the 3d Regiment, commanded by the future victor of Quebec, then a subaltern in "the Buffs." As a fortress, its pretensions were of the meanest, being erected to repress the incursions of a Highland cateran, and with only strength sufficient to resist a *coup de main.* Yet its associations are curious, and not without romance. Wolfe was the commandant of the little garrison, and Rob Roy the restless enemy he had to dread—a hero, who died in the triumph of success, opposed to one, who now, in simple English, would be merely intituled a sheep stealer.

Although there is little of military character, except the site, to mark the purposes for which

this pile of decaying masonry was designed, there was one memorial which struck me as interesting. Close to the wall which surrounds the old parade, a green spot was used as a cemetery for the garrison; and of all who lived and died, there remains but one solitary memorial—a rude stone, placed over his wife's grave, by a private soldier of the Buffs. There is nothing at Inversnaid to memorize the high-born or the brave; and its only relic is an humble offering to departed love.

As the gentleman who carried my traps was particularly uncommunicative, confining his information to a single remark, while passing Inversnaid, that "she," meaning the fort, "had been purnt lang syne by Rab Ray," I trotted briskly on, and at a bend of the road overtook a more agreeable companion.

It was a young Highland girl, with a small basket on her arm, and attended by a shepherd's dog. She was uncommonly handsome; but the natural grace and symmetry of a figure to which art lent no aid, struck me more forcibly than her beauty. Her dress was merely a boddice and petticoat of home-made cloth. Her feet were bare—but a prettier ankle was never clad in silken hose. She told me she was carrying dinners to her brothers, who were employed in stacking peats upon the moor. Our route continued together for a mile; and when we reached the path by

which she was to ascend the hill, she pointed out the road that I was to follow, and bade me a kind farewell. I gave her half-a-crown, and she returned the favour with a kiss; and I verily believe, that in the course of my adventurous life, I never expended money to more advantage.

When I reached the hostlerie on the lake side, I found the Stout Gentleman already in possession of the state apartment to which the fair hostess inducted me. In its internal economy the *cabaret* of Mrs.——— brought that of Aberfoil vividly to my recollection; and from a hasty inspection, I would have concluded that, both to the premises and proprietors, soap and water had been long estranged. Like the Athlone landlady, Mrs. ——— was "an armful of joy," and comely withal—but her charms were best adapted for a Moorish market where beauty is sold by the stone. To do her justice however, the whisky was good, and the *kebbock** well enough in its way; and after a sojourn of half an hour, I embarked upon Loch Katrine, and bade the lusty landlady adieu.

The boat in which the Stout Gentleman, his portmanteau, and myself were deposited, seemed rather built for accommodation than speed; and as the Highland rowers came yawning and stretching one after another from the cabaret, I

* Cheese made of goat's milk.

put but little faith in previous promises, that our voyage should be accomplished within an hour. But like men of honour, they redeemed the pledge —and though the method of pulling appeared particularly awkward, I never saw oarsmen whose strength and endurance equalled theirs.

Besides ourselves, we had three passengers; one was a bride, the second her sister, the third a gentleman of my own standing, who—God pity him!—had ventured on matrimony at forty-five.

From me, Jack, you must expect no descriptions. The man who depicts Highland scenery should be a poet—and at that age, when you were wooing the Muses and "dipping into Helicon," I had just been emancipated from the "goose-step," and was learning the art and mystery of "trooping a guard." But the dullest mortal cannot look on Loch Katrine unmoved; even were he our excellent countryman, who admitted that St. Paul's was "rather nate."

Loch Katrine is irregular, winding through its extent, never above a mile in breadth, and probably some ten between its western and eastern extremities.

To me, Loch Katrine is the loveliest water upon earth; and from wild Glengyle to the Trosachs, I have never viewed such scenery. Beyond, the distance is grand and savage,—and nearer, the hill-sides are soft and beautiful, clothed

to the very top with natural wood, where "copsewood grey" mingles with darker pine-trees. But when you reach the Trosachs, passing the isle where the hunter-king met with "the Lady of the Lake," and see

> "High on the *north*, huge Benvenue—
> While on the *south*, through middle air,
> Benan heaves high his forehead bare,"

then, indeed, the scene becomes magnificent. A traveller—I forget who—calls it "the Highland Paradise;" but that term does not describe

> "Crags, knolls, and mounds, confus'dly hurl'd,
> The fragments of an earlier world."*

In short, Jack, you must see the Trosachs; but as the Italians do, I won't bid you die afterwards, for many a time (D. V.) we will talk of this singular freak of nature, over a substantial glass of "mountain dew."

I remember meeting with a half-blind astronomer—the most egotistical scoundrel I encoun-

* "To describe the Trosachs with a regard only to its *materiel*, it is simply a portion of the vale along which" (journeying northward) "the traveller has hitherto been described as passing; but a peculiar portion of that vale, about a mile in extent, and adjoining the bottom of Loch Katrine, where, on account of a tumultuous confusion of little rocky eminences, all of the most fantastic and extraordinary forms, every where shagged with trees and shrubs, Nature wears an aspect of roughness and wildness, of tangled and inextricable boskiness, totally unexampled, it is supposed, in the world. The valley being here contracted, hills rise on each side to a great height; and these being entirely covered with birches, hazels, oaks, hawthorns, and mountain ashes, contribute greatly to the general effect."—*Chambers.*

tered during life—who declared that the glory of Loch Lomond lay in its having been the temporary abode of the inventor of logarithms.* Now I say, the man should rather be canonized who invented a comfortable inn. If the evening come wet in the Trosachs—and there how heartily the rain does come down!—I am sure, un-like Macbeth, you would not refuse "Amen," when you found yourself denuded of wet boots and Mackintosh, and seated before a blazing wood fire, in that comfortable and unpronouncable inn, y'cleped Ardkenachrochan.

In the morning, on coming down to breakfast, I missed my *compagnon du voyage;* and on inquiring for my fat friend, I learned that he had disappeared some hours before, and whither he had gone none asked or cared. I was now alone —left to pursue my journeyings as I pleased, and "the world was all before me where to choose." Towards Stirling, therefore, I bent my steps; and as the classic ground of Aberfoil was only five miles distant, I determined to perform that portion of my route on foot.

I little imagined that, in this brief space, scenery so picturesque, so beautiful, and so diversified, could have been displayed. From a height above the clachan, upon which Scott has conferred immortality, the view is splendid.

* Lord Napier.

In its expanse, Lochs Venachar and Achray; the Avendhu, or Forth; the Trosachs, and an unbounded range of rugged mountains—all these present themselves in turn, and form a *coup-d'œil* that I never saw surpassed.

But, Jack, from cold description you can form but an imperfect estimate of the infinite beauty which he "who worships nature," will find in this

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,—
> Land of the mountain and the flood."

Ere long—if fate forfend not—thou and I will make its pilgrimage together.

> "We'll mark each memorable scene,
> And hold poetic talk between,—
> Each hill and brook we pace along,
> Shall have its legend or its song."

* * * * *

Having traversed the plain of Callander, beyond which, as tradition asserts, the Roman eagles never advanced, and where the antiquary still points out the traces of a camp, I crossed the Frith, and halted at the little town of Doune for dinner. Immediately beside the village, on a neck of land formed by a junction of the Ardoch with the Teith, stands the ruins of a castle, once of paramount importance. Placed on "the threshold of the Highlands," its situation ranked it among the most commanding of the Scottish fortresses; and, to judge from the

strength and extent of its remains,* as a baronial residence, it was inferior to none beside. Built, as it is conjectured, by an Earl of Monteith, it was occupied during their regency by the Dukes of Albany, and afterwards by the "English Margaret," widow of the fourth James. Mary and Darnley in the brief hours of their love used it as a hunting seat; and so late as the outbreak of forty-five, it was held for the Chevalier by a nephew of Rob Roy's, known familiarly by the nick-name of *Ghlun Dhu;* and after the defeat of Hawley at Falkirk, Prince Charles made it a depôt for his prisoners.

What strange events this fallen pile has outlived! There dwelt the Scottish despots of the day, the Albanys. It dowered the daughter of an English king;† caused a foul murder for its

* "In form it is square, being eighty feet high and ten thick. On the ground floor there are several cellars and prisons; and the apartments which were occupied by the family, are reached by two outside stairs. One stair leads up to a spacious lobby, dividing the great hall from the kitchen; the former being upwards of sixty feet long, and about twenty-five feet broad. The other stair conducts to the apartments in the tower, where there is a spacious arch-roofed room, communicating with the great hall alluded to. In the upper stories, there are several apartments. From the arch-roofed chamber, there descends a narrow stair, which leads, by a subterranean passage, to a dismal dungeon, from which all light is excluded, save that which it borrows from a small room above, through a square hole in its arched roof, evidently left for the purpose of preventing suffocation, and to let down a pittance to a prisoner."—*Guide to the Romantic Scenery of Loch Lomond.*

† "After the death of James IV. she married Henry, Lord Methven, a descendant of Murdock, duke of Albany. This mar-

wardenship; witnessed the ardent display of Mary's first and fleeting passion; passed into the keeping of a Highland cateran; and, "last change in this eventful history," became a prison first—a ruin afterwards."

I heard "the retreat" beaten in the fortress as I crossed the old stone bridge of Stirling; and at "tattoo" I was ensconced "in mine own inn" most comfortably. Still I was not in peace and charity with all men. The room was snug—the whisky excellent—and the water boiled hypercritically. But, hang it, one cannot drink alone—the Stout Gentleman was wanting—and the Stout Gentleman had treated me but scurvily, in running away without saying, "God bless you!" as if he had suspected that I was about to borrow money.

You know, Jack, that, out of humour, I am helpless. No wife to lecture, nor children to chastise. I cannot now swear at the serjeant-major, execrate the adjutant, and consign the

riage took place in 1528; and immediately afterwards, the queen, with the consent of her son, James V., and her husband, Lord Methven, granted to James Stewart, a younger brother of her husband, and ancestor of the family of Moray, the custody of the Castle of Doune for life; and which right was afterwards extended to his heirs by James V. This office had been enjoyed by the family of Edmonstone of Duntreath, and occasioned a violent quarrel between the families, which ended, as quarrels often did in those times, in the assassination of James Stewart by Edmonstone."—*Garnett's Tours, &c.*

whole regiment to the devil. Had I even a bag-man to have quarrelled with, or a waiter to abuse! Not a chance! I was "alone in my glory;" and, "prompt as an echo," the attendant replied to the bell. At last there was a bustle in the hall; the door opened. "Waiter!" said a voice: "put that portmanteau in my sleeping-room. Tell your master, he is accountable, under George VI., 6 and 17, for the contents. Send in hot water; see that it boils; or, take notice, I will neither drink the toddy, nor pay for it!" And so saying, in strode the traveller. By every thing companionable!—the lamented lost-one—the Stout Gentleman!

I thought that this unexpected reunion gave the stranger pleasure. He shook me warmly by the hand, and volunteered an inspection of the place in company with me, next morning. At bed-time the bill was settled, *selon la règle*, when the toddy charge was marked down, per head, four tumblers. The Stout Gentleman made no complaint; and for the supervision of a tavern-bill, I would back him—*à la Hamlet*—for a thousand.

I never viewed a place venerable from age and hallowed by historic associations, in which expectation was more fully realized, than when I visited Stirling Castle and its interesting locality. On our way to the fortress we entered the old

church, one portion of which had been a possession of the Grey Friars, and another erected by Cardinal Beatoun. This time-honoured building now shelters those who use a different form of adoration; and within those walls, where "the mass was sung," and tapers blazed, and incense burned, and all the rites the Romish church retains, were once so gorgeously exhibited, the simpler homage of the heart is offered by two presbyterian congregations. What scenes and ceremonies this ancient church has witnessed! Here, that unsteady professor, the Earl of Arran,* pronounced his abjuration; here, James the Sixth was crowned; and beneath the same roof, where "that lordly Cardinal" (Beatoun) had offered up the mass, John Knox fulminated his comminations against what he termed its "idolatry."

When we entered the castle we found the depôt companies of the 79th Highlanders under arms, upon the parade—the military occupants of that place of strength, where, in the ninth century, a Scottish army concentrated previous to its victory at Lancarty. Like Dumbarton, as a fortress Stirling is no longer formidable; and that rock, which to the mob-like force of former times was deemed impregnable, were it assailed

* Regent of Scotland in 1543.

now with adequate means of offence, would scarcely hold out a second day.

Within the walls of Stirling there is much to interest the traveller; and should the artist wander there, its ramparts command the noblest prospect imaginable. On a clear day the eye embraces the Grampian, Ochil, and Pentland Hills; the Forth, through all its windings; and "Auld Reekie," in the distance. Twelve "foughten fields" are visible; and that of Bannockburn, on the south-east, lies almost within cannon-range of the battery. Many objects beside tell the "parlous" history of days gone by. The bridge where Archbishop Hamilton was hanged; the mound on which the Regent,* the Duke of Albany, his son-in-law, and his grandson, were beheaded; that chamber, in which a Scottish monarch (James II.) assassinated a refractory noble;† the valley where tournaments were held, and the hill whence beauty,

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,"

viewed "gentle passages of arms," and rewarded knightly valour with her smiles; lie

* Earl of Levenax. He suffered on the 25th of May, 1425.

† As the tradition goes, Douglas had formed a political intrigue in conjunction with the Earls of Ross and Crawford, which James was anxious to dissolve; and, under promise of safe conduct, he induced the Earl to visit him in Stirling. "The king," says Chambers, "led him out of his audience-chamber into a small chamber beside it, and then proceeded to entreat that he would

just below the ramparts. Within the castle, many a memorial of royalty is traceable; and the palace and parliament-house sufficiently attest its past importance. Here the first James lived, and the second of the name was born. It was the favourite residence of James III. and witnessed the "prayers and penance" of his guilty son. From these walls, "the gudeman of Ballangeigh"* made many an eccentric excursion, as love or justice prompted; and here his grandson, James VI., was indoctrinated at the feet of that stern preceptor, George Buchanan. The seventh James — second of England—visited Stirling in company with the future Queen Anne; and the last of the Stuarts, in a vain attempt to reduce that castle which, after the fallen fortunes of his house had passed into the possession of his rival, with little skill broke ground at such a distance, that his paltry artillery might have kept up its idle cannonade until doomsday without producing the least effect.

From its royal affinities, Stirling, as Chambers

break the league. Douglas peremptorily refusing, James at last exclaimed, in a rage—'Then, if you will not, I shall;' and instantly plunged his dagger into the body of the obstinate noble. According to tradition, his body was thrown over the window of the closet into a retired court-yard behind, and there buried; in confirmation of which, the skeleton of an armed man was found in the ground at that place, some years ago."

* James V.

says, disputed with Edinburgh a claim to capital distinction. Unluckily, however, the Stirling functionary had given place to him of "Auld Reekie," at some public banquet; and that circumstance, in a case where "doctors disagreed," was deemed conclusive. To municipal bodies, however, the town-council of Stirling might prove exemplary. While in office, none of the members accepted gift or emolument; and so unmystified were the Treasurer's accounts, that his debit and credit departments were deposited in a pair of boots!*

Surely these leathern depositories should have been as faithfully preserved as that inestimable jug,† which every toper who delights in honest measure respects as religiously as the Blessed Bear was reverenced by the Baron of Bradwardine.

* "The manner in which the old treasurer of the town used to keep his accounts, when writing was a more rare accomplishment than at present, was sufficiently singular. He hung two boots, one on each side of the chimney; into one of them he put all the money which he drew, and into the other the receipts or vouchers for the money which he had paid away; and he balanced his accounts at the end of the year, by emptying his boots, and counting the money left in one, and that paid away by the receipts in the other."—*History of Stirling.*

† Appendix, No. I.

CHAPTER V.

EDINBURGH — THE AULD TOWN — NEW YEAR'S DAY — UNLUCKY NUMBER — NECROLOGICAL REMINISCENCES — THE SENIOR MAJOR — NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS — MURTY DONOVAN — GAZETTED OUT — OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE — BATTLE OF THE BELLOWS — ENSIGN ROGERS — AN ALARM — THE CATASTROPHE.

We nearly took the same route that Prnce Charlie followed in "the forty-five,"—passed Falkirk, reached Linlithgow by Callander, and late in the evening found ourselves comfortably located in Auld Reekie, the occupants of a Prince's-street hotel.

I came determined to be pleased with the Northern Athens, and all contained therein. A course of accidental reading had put me in amiable mood, and predisposed me to look on all I saw with interest and approval. I had commenced with "Waverley," and concluded with the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and hence I felt myself on classic ground. When night came and I looked from the window of mine inn, there, sparkling in full front, were the endless casements of the High-street, as, one above the

other, they rose, flat over flat, until they reached a dozen stories, fully attesting the identity of the "auld town." To me it brought more than classic recollections, inasmuch that in the frowning keep which crowns it, when a beardless boy I had been indoctrinated in the goose-step, until, after a year's probation, I was pronounced perfect in manual and platoon, and despatched to join the first battalion in the Peninsula, with an assurance from the old Celt, our adjutant, that I was a most accomplished ancient, and would do credit to any corps.

The stout gentleman was absent—possibly arranging his portmanteau—and, as I looked over the deep ravine at the ancient stronghold, where a career marked with every vicissitude that attends a military life commenced, memory ran back to days gone by, and many a half-forgotten name rose in my recollection. When I joined the 8—th, then lying in the castle,—it happened, curiously enough, to fall upon New-year's-day,—most of the officers were dining out —and I made the thirteenth at the mess-table. Everybody knows the fatal consequences entailed upon that luckless number. We had spoken of it after dinner—some laughed at it as sheer folly—others as gravely contended that there was in it what passed their philosophy. I wrote down the names of the party in my

pocket-book—and yearly examined and chequed off the dead. The ninth anniversary terminated the task—I was the sole survivor!

In no community is the variety of human character more extensive and discernible than in the body politic of a military mess. Here, every tone of temper may be traced, the most opposite dispositions intermingle—gaiety and gloom—the confiding and the suspicious—the single-hearted and the selfish—all are found here. Of the departed dozen I particularly recalled a couple back; both were unamiable beings; one, a man whose cankered temper kept him in an eternal fever, and out of charity with all the world beside; the other, that singular anomaly—a young miser, and the most selfish wretch imaginable.

When I first joined the 8—th we were blessed with a senior major, hot as a pepper-pod. On many subjects he was thin-skinned—but on one superlatively so. A quack's puff would put him out of temper for the day, and an advertisement of George Robins all but drive him crazy. To prevent himself from being taken in, he generally threw a suspicious eye over a paragraph before he commenced reading; but on one occasion, I remember that his caution was unavailing, and a lottery squib of Bish rendered him miserable for a fortnight.

It was a memorable epoch. Napoleon had been sent to Elba, and the English lottery was to be drawn the following week. The Major took up the "Times," wiped his spectacles, and then skimmed a column over in search of a paragraph that should please him. As he always both read and thought aloud for the edification of every body within ear-shot, it was idle for any one to attempt it for himself while the Major honoured the mess-room with his presence. On went the commander thus :—

"'It is generally whispered in the best informed circles, that the Court will make a short visit to the Pavilion.'

"*Curse the Court and the Pavilion!*"

"'The *trousseau* presented to the Marchioness on her mar——'

"*D—n her and her trousseau!*"

"'Parting interview of Napoleon and Maria Louisa.'

"*Ah! some sense in this—Poor Nap.!*"

The Major was what the Yankees call "a sympathizer."

"'It was late in the evening when Caulincourt led the young Empress into the private apartment where Napoleon had secluded himself. He paced the room backwards and forwards, apparently lost in bitter musings, and for some time was quite unconscious that the object equally of

his love and his ambition was beside him. Overwhelmed with grief, the Empress burst into tears as Napoleon caught her in his arms, and pressed her with ardour to his heart.'

"*Poor fellow. 'Pon my life, very affecting!*"

"'Pressed her with ardour to his heart! —For an instant an expression of the deepest agony convulsed Napoleon's face, but, by a wonderful exertion, he recovered his self-possession, and the sweet smile for which he is so remarkable again brightened his pale but animated countenance.

"'Weep not,' he said, 'my beloved one. 'Tis for thee alone I grieve; and my own fallen fortunes shall never cause a sigh. I have foreseen the storm, and taken precautions which place me beyond the reach of fate.'

"*That is poison,*" observed the Major with a significant wink. "*I always said he would certainly commit suicide*—ay—'beyond the reach of fate. For I have secured a ticket in the English lottery, which consists of one prize of thirty thou——'

"Damnation!" exclaimed the Major, in a phrensy—"Humbugged by a rascally puff;" and thrusting the paper into the fire, he stamped on it with the heel of his boot, until not a vestige of "the Thunderer" remained; and then, rushing from the room under an uproarious burst of

laughter, in which even the mess-waiters were obliged to join, he kicked his unfortunate servant out of his apartment, where he ensconced himself till the dinner drum had beaten—blasting lottery-office keepers in general, and more particularly—Bish of Cornhill.

After his own way, the Major was a happy man; his temper was under admirable command; for he could lash himself into a passion for any cause or no cause; and he had resources within his barrack-room not generally enjoyed in common by gentlemen of the sword, and these enabled him to overcome even the tedium of a bad day in "country quarters." He always selected, as servant, a man too stupid to be drilled, and too dirty for a pioneer—a person so extensively cursed by all and every who had undertaken to indoctrinate him in the art of war, that to address him without a direct consignment to Pandemonium, would have been to converse in an unknown tongue, equally misunderstood and disregarded. Hence, in wet weather the Major could imprecate every thing but blessings upon Murty Donovan all day, and, if billious, kick him occasionally, to promote a healthy circulation. Not a whimper would escape the lips of the sufferer—Murty wisely balancing cursing against pack-drill, and coming to the conclusion that it was all in favour of the former.

The Major had never seen a musket discharged in anger; but he was loud in complaints of services overlooked; the same, with peculiar modesty, being rigidly concealed. For years he had persecuted the Horse Guards. The Commander-in-chief changed colour when his advent was inscribed upon the roaster, and the usher groaned as he announced the dreaded name.

"He'll be the death of me," said the Commander-in-chief, with a sigh.

"May the curse of Cromwell light upon him!" responded an Irish aide-de-camp; "give him a lieutenant-colonelcy, and let him quit."

He was gazetted—and we lost him. Soldiers are philosophers; and it was surprising to see with what fortitude the regiment bore his departure. The drums and fifes beat "the retreat" as usual, and even managed "the reveillé" the morning that he left us. We marked, however, our everlasting regard, by giving him Murty Donovan "to bear him company."

"What luck ye have," said the sentry at the gate to Murty, as he took his final departure.

"Luck!" returned the emancipated bondsman. "If I could but get off with four-days-in-the-week-pack-drill. But the Lord's will be done!" —and, with that pious exclamation, Murty looked his last upon a barrack-gate.

The succeeding winter accidentally brought me

to the Far West, where the Colonel had established his household gods. *En route,* I passed his gate; and I gave a day, accordingly, to my old commander. Had I expected that his "otium cum dignitate" had ameliorated his temper, I should have been grievously disappointed. He growled awfully throughout dinner at some *gaucherie* committed by his henchman, the ex-pioneer—and complimented the lady who superintended his *cuisine,* by observing that meat was sent from heaven, and cooks supplied by "the gentleman in black." With two or three explosions, however, the evening wore away; and in due time we retired for the night.

In the Far West, peat fires are the prevailing ones. The Colonel loved a good one; and, consequently, for bellows he had a curious propensity. Every chamber in his domicile was supplied with this useful implement for its own especial convenience; and the Colonel would no more attempt to blow the drawing-room fire with the bellows assigned to the breakfast-parlour, than he would read the paragraph of a pill-maker, or the advertised virtues of some greasy abomination, which undertook to grow hair upon a boot-jack.

I was tired, and slept soundly and long—it was past eight o'clock—and I was still in the arms of Morpheus. The Colonel was a-foot; his chamber fire was dull. Well—a blast or two

of the bellows would make all right; the useful implement dangled from a convenient nail; the Colonel unhooked them;—Saints and sinners!—the bellows were not *the bellows* appropriated to his sole and separate use, and prohibited from ejecting even one solitary puff on any grate but that belonging to his dormitory!

Awful was the explosion that followed this distressing discovery; every epithet but lady and gentleman was lavished upon the establishment by the irritated commander, and "*Where's my bellows?*" might have been distinctly heard at the porter's lodge. All ran to the rescue; some with one pair of bellows, and some with two. There were bellows from the drawing-room and the dining-room, the large bed-room and the little one; but the only use to which they were applied by the irritated commander was to pelt the persons who presented them, in the vain hope of deprecating his wrath.

When the storm partially subsided, Murty Donovan came to brush my clothes.

"Oh, Holy Mary! Mr. O'Flagherty, did ye ever hear such a rookawn? Will ye look at my eye, af ye plase? Divil a wink I'll see out of it for a fortnight; and all because his bellows had a brass pipe instead of a black one. Be this book, I'd give him warnin', only I know he would knock me down—Not a day but we have bloody

murder about something. Troth, I'll lave him, tho' he raised my wages another pound. He'll commit murder yet and be hanged, the unfortunit ould man!"

"Murty! you infernal scoundrel!" was thundered from the stair-head.

"Oh, J—s!" exclaimed the chief butler, as he dropped my coat and flew along the passage. "Och hone! if I was only at pack-drill again. Wasn't it a comfort to be caned and kicked by every sergeant in the regiment, and not murdered, as I am at last, in could blood, and with a pair of bellows. Oh, J—s!"

The second personage was an ensign; in years a boy, with the sordid selfishness attendant on anility extensive as old Parr's. When we were relieved by a Highland regiment in the castle, we first proceeded to Ireland, and in a few months embarked at Cork for Spain. At that time, high duties upon spirits caused a temptation to embark in illicit distillation too strong for an Irish peasant to resist. The country was overrun with poteeine; of course it found its way inside the barrack-gates; and after mess, we generally had a nightly reunion in our rooms, and there and then, over a hot tumbler, disposed of the senior officers in double quick, and drank to a speedy promotion. Rogers—as the young miser was named—never

joined in these *symposia*, but retired to his own room after dinner—as some averred, to pray, and others, to mend his stockings.

By the way, no little risk was attendant upon that pleasant but prohibited liquor, y'cleped poteeine. To be found in a man's possession, was to incur the penalty of one hundred pounds. It is true that we were tolerably safe within the barracks from the gauger's visitation; but to get drunk outside was rather a service of danger. Gentlemen were surprised *flagrante delicto* every day; and, consequently, a carouse, like a delicate inquiry, required to be conducted *clausis foribus*.

"What the devil can that beast, Rogers, be about?" observed the senior lieutenant. "He can't be reading; for the only book that calls him master, is a last year's almanac with one cover."

"He brushes his own clothes," rejoined a second sub, "lest his servant should lean on them too heavily, and wear them out before their time."

"Gentlemen," replied a third, "I can afford the required information. He has the best supply of poteeine within the barrack-gates; and puts his evenings pleasantly and profitably in, by drinking the right hand against the left."

"If I thought so," exclaimed an Hibernian

Hotspur, who, poor fellow! died sword in hand, while crowning the great breach of Badajos, a few months afterwards,—"If I thought so, by the Lord! I would draw him like a badger."

"Hang it!" returned a light infantry lieutenant, "although I never was an eavesdropper in my life, I'll have for once a sly peep through the keyhole," and off he ran.

His absence was but short. "Well, what *is* he about, the beast?" inquired sundry voices.

"Stitching buttons on his shirt?"

"Studying the old almanac?"

"Strapping a razor?"

"A devilish deal more pleasantly employed," replied the spy. "There he sits with his boots off and feet upon the fender, swallowing poteeine punch hot enough to scald a pig."

"By Saint Patrick! I'll kick the door open, and ——"

"No! no! no! I have it," said he of the light infantry. "Leave all to me. Follow me to the lobby below his room, and when I give the signal, get up a scuffle on the stairs. Come along." Up ran the speaker, and his companions followed.

Knock! knock! knock! knock!

"Rogers, are ye drunk or dead?"

Voice within. "Wha—wha—what's the matter?"

Voice without. "The devil's the matter! Quick, open the door. I want your key. Quick, quick—Make haste, or I'm ruined for ever!"

Voice within, additionally tremulous. "Don't frighten one, now. Wha—wha—what's wrong?"

Voice without. "Wrong! Every thing's wrong. Five gaugers below—general search for poteeine—bottle in my room—no key—servant out—yours opens. *(Noise within of press unlocking.)* What the devil are ye fumbling about? The key—the key—the key!—Hundred pounds! —certain ruin!"

Voice within. "I ca—ca—can't find it."

Window opened. Voice without. "The key, I say! Rogers, I'll parade ye in the morning; if I don't, blow me! And if I'm fined, I'll leave my ruin upon you!"

Tremendous scuffle on the lower lobby—awful swearing—exclamations of "Let us up!" "Knock them down!" "Stick him, sentry, he's only a gauger!" A loud concussion on the pavement. "Another, and another!" Door opens. Mr. Rogers pale as a ghost.

"Oh, Lord! Purcell, what a pity! Three jars—five and four pence a gallon! Oh, what a pity!"

Rest of the party rush up, inquiring, "Are things safe?" answer returned—"Right as a trivet!" while Mr. Rogers resumes his lament over the lost

alcohol, particularizing price and quantity. The gang all sympathizers.

1*st Voice.* "What a sacrifice!"

2*d ditto.* "Three jars full!"

3*d ditto.* "All barley, too!"

4*th ditto.* "And five and fourpence a-gallon!"

Grand chorus. "Oh, murder! murder!"

Loud voice, from below. "Yes, gentlemen; murder indeed! Which of you fractured the drummer's scull with a flower-pot?"

Omnes. "Oh, Lord! Rogers, have you committed murder?"

Purcell. "Slip down, Holmes, and ascertain if the boy is actually dead, to enable poor Rogers time to put up a shirt or two first, and make his escape afterwards."

The Homicide. "Oh, murder, murder! what shall I do? and what will become of me?"

1*st Comforter.* "That will depend a good deal upon the coroner's verdict."

2*d ditto.* "And buying off the prosecution."

3*d ditto.* "It might be advisable at once to settle an annuity on the poor boy's mother."

4*th ditto.* "And get up a memorial to hand the judge."

1*st ditto.* "So that in the event of a jury returning 'Wilful murder,' Rogers might be mercifully recommended for transportation."

[*Adjutant joins the party.*]

"Who the devil threw the jars out? I'm cursed but they all but killed the Colonel's dog."

Rogers (faintly.) "Is the drummer dead, sir?"

Adjutant. "What drummer?"

Rogers. "The one with the fractured skull."

Adjutant. "One with a fractured skull! The only fracture reported to me was the fracture of a drum-head."

All burst into an uproarious laugh, and ran tumbling down stairs, leaving Mr. Rogers in deep distress, and the Adjutant holding by the stair-case.

Mr. Rogers, ("voce doloroso.") "And so, sir, there was nobody killed; no gaugers in the building; no occasion to throw my whisky out of the window—and—"

"You have been made the most regular ass of I ever met in my life."

Exit the Adjutant, as Scrub says, "laughing consumedly."

CHAPTER VI.

CASTLE OF EDINBURGH — THE REGALIA — DUNNOTTAR — A LAW OPINION — CASTLE BESIEGED — REGALIA PRESERVED — DUNNOTTAR SURRENDERS — DENOUEMENT — THE SIXTY-SIXTH — AN AFFECTIONATE RELATIVE — THE GRASSMARKET — THE HIGH STREET — HOLYROOD — ROYAL ACCOMMODATION.

THE day was sultry—we crossed the north bridge and first proceeded to the castle.* Mounting to the flag-staff, we stood upon the leads—and one of the most splendid and extensive views imaginable burst at once upon the sight. Look over London or Paris, from the cage upon the Monument, or the tower of Notre Dame, you will certainly command an enormous extent of "wood, and brick, and mortar,"—but what a varied scene is presented from Dunedin's castled height!" We remained for half an hour gazing at town, and frith, and mountain—I, in rapturous delight—and, stranger still, the Stout Gentleman admitting himself pleased, and evincing faint indications of feelings approaching sensibility. At last we quitted our airy position—and, in our descent to

* Appendix, No. II.

the mortar battery, were arrested on the stairs with a polite inquiry "whether we should not wish to see the regalia?" The said regalia being deposited in the room where they were discovered. The Stout Gentleman muttered something about "gilt gingerbread and a shilling"—but I desired the lamps to be lighted, and followed my cicerone in.

These interesting relics of "auld lang syne," like every appurtenance of Scottish royalty, were frequently emperilled—and the marvel is, that they should have survived the changeful fortunes of their unfortunate proprietors. Soon after they had been used at Scone, at the coronation of Charles the Second, it was deemed advisable, from the expected invasion of an English army, that the regalia should be removed, and deposited for safer keeping in the castle of Dunnottar,* which, from its remote situation and natural strength, offered greater security than fortresses nearer to the seat of war, and consequently, more exposed to hostile aggression. On the 8th of July a garrison was thrown into the place, and the command given to Ogilvie of Barras, while the magazines were replenished and the batteries mounted with additional artillery, including the celebrated "Mons Meg." The embrasure this huge gun occupied is still pointed out, from

* Appendix, No. III.

which, as it is reported, a shot dismasted an English cruiser, while entering the harbour of Stonehaven, at the distance of a mile and a half.

The success that attended the arms of the Parliamentarians rendered it questionable whether Dunnottar might not eventually fall into the hands of the invaders—and the governor was desired, by the Committee of Estates, to transfer the regalia to some Highland stronghold, whose remoteness might offer in those troublous times a better prospect of security. Aware of the deep responsibility he had undertaken, Ogilvie, not considering these orders of the committee to deliver up his trust a sufficient warranty for him to act upon, applied to the Lord High Chancellor of Scotland for fresh directions; and, like many a legal opinion, the one he received was every thing but satisfactory.

"I conceive," said the Chancellor, "that the trust committed to you, and the safe custody of the things under your charge, did require that victual, a competent number of honest and stout soldiers, and all other necessaries, should have been provided and put in the castle before you had been in any hazard; and if you be in good condition, or that you can timely supply yourself with all necessaries, and that the place be tenable against all attempts of the enemie, I doubt not but you will hold out.

But if you want provisions, sojers, and ammunition, and cannot hold out at the assaultis of the enemie, which is feared and thought you cannot doe if you be hardlye persued, I know no better expedient than that the honours of the crowne be speedilye and saiflie transported to some remote and strong castle or hold in the Highlands; and I wish you had delivered them to the Lord Balcarras, as was desired by the Committee of Estates; nor doe I know any better way for preservatione of these thingis, and your exoneration; and it will be an irreparable lose and shame if these thingis shall be taken by the enemie, and verie dishonourable for yourself. So, *having given you the best advice I can at present,*" (how satisfactory!) "I trust you will, with all care and faithfulness, be answerable, according to the trust committed to you."

In the meantime an investing army had approached, and Dunnottar was summoned in form. The governor, seriously alarmed, applied to Charles himself, requesting him to send an accredited person by sea, to receive the sacred emblems of royal authority—and no vessel came. Again Dunnottar was summoned; and on the refusal of the governor, Lambert sate down in form before the place.

Every day the fortunes of the English monarch became more desperate—and it was ascertained

that Dunnottar could not hold out beyond a limited period. All, that a stout and trusty soldier could do to protect a sacred charge, had already been done by Ogilvie—but to preserve the badges of a line of kings from the hands of English regicides was reserved for woman's wit.

The parties who effected this bold and honourable deliverance were the Countess Dowager Mareschal, a daughter of the Earl of Mar—an humbler colleague, the wife of the minister of Kinneff—and the governor's lady, Mrs. Ogilvie; while he, "good easy man," had not a suspicion of what the ladies were about, at least, so says history.

Mrs. Granger having obtained permission from the besieging general to pay a visit to Mrs. Ogilvie, the scheme was thus successfully executed. In returning, the minister's wife concealed the crown in her lap, and "the English general himself helped her to her horse, which she had left in the camp, as the castle cannot be approached on horseback. Her maid followed her on foot, bearing the sword and sceptre concealed in *hards,* as they are called, that is, bundles of lint, which Mrs. Granger pretended were to be spun into thread. They passed through the English blockading army without being discovered. From thence she transported them to Kinneff, and put them under the charge of her

husband, James Granger, who granted to the Countess of Mareschal the following authentic account of their secret depositation, dated the 31st of March, 1652:—'I, Mr. James Granger, minister at Kinneff, grant me to have in my custody the honours of the kingdom, viz. the crown, sceptre, and sword. For the crown and sceptre, I raised the pavement-stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole, and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all; the sword, again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common seits that stand there, I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these seits, and layed it down within the case of it, and covered it up, as that removing the superfluous mould it could not be discerned by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place.'

"The regalia were transferred to the care of Mr. Granger sometime in the month of March, and in the following month of May, 1652, Ogilvie was under the necessity of surrendering Dunnottar Castle by capitulation to the republican General Dean. He obtained honourable articles

of capitulation, by which it was particularly stipulated that he should himself enjoy personal freedom. But when it was found that he could give no account of the regalia, which the conquerors had reckoned their secure booty, the lieutenant-governor and his lady were treated with extreme severity, dragged from one place of confinement to another, and subjected to fines, sequestration, and imprisonment, in order to extort from them this important secret. The lady's health gave way under these severe inflictions, and she died within two years after the surrender of the castle, still keeping the important secret, and with her last breath exhorting her husband to maintain his trust inviolable. Tradition says that the minister and his wife also fell under suspicion of the ruling powers, and that they were severally examined, and even subjected to the torture, without its being found possible to extract from them the desired information."

Happier days, however, awaited all concerned; and it is a pleasing *dénouement* to a long story to add, that, after the Restoration, marks of royal gratitude were bestowed on those who had so faithfully attached themselves to the fallen fortunes of an exiled king. John Keith, youngest son of the Countess Mareschal, was created Earl of Kintire; Ogilvie had a baronetage, and his feudal tenure of the lands of Barras was enlarged

from "wardholding to blanch." Nor were the honest minister of Kinneff and his "better-half" forgotten, as the following extract from Parliamentary proceedings (11th January, 1661,) attest:—

"Forasmuch as the Estates of Parliament doe understand that Christian Fletcher, spouse to Mr. James Granger, minister of Kinneth, wes most active in conveying the royal honours, his Majestie's crown, sword, and sceptre, out of the castle of Dunnottar immediately before it wes rendered to the English usurpers, and that be the care of the same wes hid and preserved: Thairfore the King's Majestie, with advice of his Estates in Parliament, doe appoint *two thousand merks* Scots to be forthwith paid unto her be his Majesty's thesaurer, out of the readiest of his Majestie's rents, as a testimony of their sense of her service."

I found the Stout Gentleman on the mortar battery, where he awaited my return. Its armament is curious. Mons Meg,* flanked on either side by an eight-inch mortar,—a giant between a brace of dwarfs,—and yet either of the little gentlemen right and left—meaning the mortars—would have done better service at Dunbar or

* This enormous specimen of antique artillery was forged at Mons, A.D. 1486; employed at the siege of Norham, in 1497; and subsequently, in arming Dunnottar.

Dunnottar, than the huge and shapeless masses of hammered iron for which three lords were left in pawn!

When we descended to the lower battery, we found the regiment which garrisoned the castle under arms upon the parade in front of the dry ditch. It was an old Peninsular battalion. I had a brother killed under its honoured colours when it crossed the Pyrenees, and I inquired from the sergeant at the gate-guard, whether there might not be still some of the old hands with the regiment, who would remember my deceased kinsman. Not an individual remained who had ever seen a flint snapped in anger—and the *ultimus Romanorum*—the last man who had returned from the Peninsula—a worn-out drummer—had been invalided, and discharged two days before. That day, by strange accident, was the bloodiest and proudest anniversary of the regiment. I looked down the line. No laureled schacho told that the wearer had been on the red heights of Albuera—it was a battalion of boys—the making of a noble regiment. Shade of the sixty-sixth! you passed in shadowy review, as I had seen you once! The tattered colours—the weather-beaten front rank—the stout old colonel—all were before me. I reached the flank of the light company—looked back, sighed, and murmured, "*fuit!*"

"What the devil are you sighing for?" inquired the Stout Gentleman, who, by the way, has no more feeling than a horse; "are you sick?"

"No; but I am inclined to be sentimental."

"Oh! curse sentiment!" as Sir Oliver Teazle says. "Come along—I hate battles and anniversaries. There is but one that has any interest for me."

"Oh! have you been under fire?"

"I never was—and, please God! I never will be," returned the Stout Gentleman. "The only action I recall with pleasure is that of Preston-Pans; for there I had an ancestor killed; and, as I am told, one of the greatest scoundrels in creation, there and then got 'his quietus.'"

"Upon my conscience, you appear to look back on the past with a philosophic eye. I suppose, if you had a relative hanged, you would celebrate 'the happy return' of the day."

"Very possibly," returned the stout gentleman, "if, in his testamentary arrangements, my name had been honourably recorded. But, *à propos*, to hanging. Is not yonder street the Grassmarket, where gentlemen, in the olden time, who were partial to open-air oratory, were accommodated with a halter and a psalm?"*

* At the bottom of the West Bow, and in the centre of the street called the Grassmarket, a small St. Andrew's cross is formed upon the pavement by a peculiar arrangement of the paving-stones. This indicates the situation of a stone, (removed

A recruiting sergeant, who had overheard the question, civilly pointed out the locality of the place to which Cuddie Headrigg had such an invincible antipathy; and when we quitted the esplanade before the castle for the High-street, he volunteered his services to be our cicerone.

By the way, from the parade we overlooked one of the cemeteries of the city, equally classic and extensive, namely, that of the Greyfriars. On every occurrence in life men hold opposite views, and there are people who busy themselves in making *post-mortem* dispositions. I am not of the latter section. Where the tree falls, there let it lie; and where I shuffle off this mortal coil, there let the carrion be deposited. Don't plant me, however, in a Cockney grave-yard—the place is crowded, and I should, I fear, dislike the company. If I must be "pickled and sent home," as Sir Lucius says, you may recollect the northern corner of my native burying ground, where defunct soldiers have always been interred.—

in 1823,) into which the gallows, formerly used for the occasional execution of criminals in Edinburgh, was wont to be inserted. There is some moral interest connected with this spot. Here "the martyrs" of the persecuting reigns of Charles II. and James II. sang out their last hymns of exultation, before entering upon the scene of a new existence. This was also the arena of those strange incidents which led to the affair of Captain Porteous, who was hanged on the south side of the street, opposite to the gallows-stone. The Grassmarket was the ordinary place of execution in Edinburgh for upwards of a century previous to the year 1785.

Many a funeral I followed thither when a boy.—Well, stick me *there*, Jack; for I fancy that, even after death, I should find myself more at home with my bones blanching beside those of old acquaintances.—But this is a digression from the Greyfriars.

I said the ground was classic—"snug lying" for men of letters—and I laud the gods that I do not belong to this brigade—a very honourable and, as I am told, a very penniless community. Here lie Buchanan and Mackenzie, Henderson and Blair—Maclaurin, Robertson, and honest Allan Ramsay. Shakspeare, in making honourable mention of a gentleman, says the handsomest act of his life was his death; and Allan distanced all the learned Thebans who lie around, in leaving behind him a house and policy beside the Castle-hill. Chambers properly notices the circumstance, and remarks, "There is some curiosity in the little mansion, as one of the very few houses that have ever been built out of the profits of literature."

Under the guidance of our military conductor, we descended that singular remnant of "auld lang syne," the High-street. Here, I should opine that an antiquarian should live and die; for, from the castle to the palace, in his eyes, every inch of ground is holy. There is not a tall, rackety, old building without its romance; nor "close or

wynd"* without its legend. Here still remain the mansion of the Regent Murray; the domicile of that awful iconoclast, John Knox; and in a dark court, reached by a narrow alley—a fit locality for a warlock to canton himself—the veritable abiding-place of Major Weir, a gentleman favoured with a tar-barrel in 1678, for, as it was suspected, possessing more information on occult subjects than his neighbours.†

Of Holyrood I shall offer you no description. Has it not been sung and said by every tourist and traveller already? It is, in sooth, a place of surpassing interest, whose every association is "right royal." Would one moralize upon kingly fortunes, visit that deserted palace. Go from the boudoir of love and beauty, where Mary smiled and Rizzio sang, to the grated charnel-room, whose chapless skulls and the blanched bones of those who erst while wore a crown, attest the nothingness of frail humanity—what a moral do they point!

* *Anglicè*, narrow courts and alleys off the main street.

† "The name of this criminal is, at this day, as well known in Scotland as that of Guy Fawkes in England; and innumerable superstitious notions prevail regarding him. He was, it seems, a person of infinite external piety, yet indulged in the most horrible crimes, among which, according to the belief of the age, sorcery was the chief. For about a century after his death, his house remained uninhabited, no one daring to encounter the horrors of a place in which it was supposed that all the powers of hell held their nightly revels. It is now used as a workshop." —*Chambers.*

How easily satisfied, in those unpretending days, was royalty with its accommodation! Were the chamber of the peerless Mary now offered to a lady's maid, would not the Abigail give notice to quit next morning? And if Miss Emily Juliana Stubbs, of thirteen and a half Monument-yard, were inducted into such a den as that fatal closet in which Signor David supped for the last time, with his frail and lovely mistress, would not the said Miss Emily kick up à blessed bobbery—ay, that's the Cockney phrase—and old Mister Stubbs throw the house out of the windows afterwards?

CHAPTER VII.

AN AULD TOWN HOSTELRIE—PROPOSED EXCURSION—THE CHEVALIER'S DESCENT—HIGHLAND CLANS—ROYAL ARMY—ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY—SINGULAR PANIC—ROYAL INFANTRY—COPE'S MISCONDUCT—EDINBURGH VOLUNTEERS—THE CITY SURPRISED—BATTLE-FIELD.

"In vino veritas." Well, there may be truth in wine; but to soften the heart, give me whisky-toddy. I persuaded the stout gentleman to pay an evening visit to the old town again; and, after our ramble, seduced him into an antiquated change-house, where, not improbably, Adam Woodcock received merited castigation from young Seton, for his irreverent introduction of the Pope's name into a pleasant drinking-song.

Numerous and varied are the denizens of an inn, and many a wild guest had this dark low room accommodated. The kilted clansman, the Highland drover, the English outlaw, burgher and borderer, Priest and Levite, all had revelled

at the board, and occupied the bench we sate upon. Many a head, cracked in some wild affray upon the street, had here been salved—and dirk and bayonet been drawn in the fury of some mad debauch.

The Stout Gentleman hinted that another tumbler would be desirable. It was a close evening, and every body knows that close evenings engender thirst. The alcohol was pure Glenlivet. Another and another supply was summoned; and, unlike Glendower's spirits, they obeyed the call. I looked cautiously at the Stout Gentleman; his features were good-naturedly relaxed, and the complacent twinkle of his grey eye told that he was at peace and harmony with all men. Now was the time. I proposed an excursion to some remote quarter of the island—a place removed beyond Cockney invasion—and as unfavourable to the visitations of the Tubbs and the Tomkinses as an Irish turf-bog to an imported snake. Would the Stout Gentleman venture with me to Shetland?

He paused—and then suspiciously inquired whether the trip could be effected without the agency of horseflesh?

It was all straight sailing, was the reply—steam from first to last. He might visit the Ultima Thule of Europe without encountering anything of that species he abhorred, of larger dimensions

than a Shetland pony, and, by taxing the imagination, might even fancy that a dog.

* * * *

The offer is accepted. We start from Granton pier the evening after to-morrow, and fill up the vacant day by a visit to Gladsmuir. I, to inspect the scene of the Chevalier's first success—and the Stout Gentleman, to visit a spot where his ancestor, of evil reputation, got a quietus, and relieved the world of a scoundrel.

* * * *

The young adventurer's descent on Scotland, from its commencement to its close, teemed with romantic incident. In 1744 he was recalled from Rome by the Cardinal de Tencin, to accompany Marshal Saxe with fifteen thousand men, and reclaim the throne his father had forfeited. The troops were partially embarked, when a superior English squadron beat down Channel, and anchored in the offing. At night the wind shifted round to east, blew a whole gale, forced the blockading fleet to sea, while the French ships, alarmed at the formidable force of the enemy, ran down the coast for shelter, and the attempt was finally abandoned. An immediate declaration of war, which followed on the part of England, obliged the French monarch to turn his disposable forces to other objects; the intended invasion of Great Britain

was relinquished, and the hopes of the young Pretender crushed. A year passed; accident at last enabled Charlie to carry his design into execution; and, through the agency of a couple of Irish smugglers,* a descent was effected on the Scottish coast, which, under more fortunate circumstances, might have been fatal to the succession of the house of Hanover.

* * * *

The surprise generally expressed at the success of the clans in their conflicts with the royal forces, ceases, when the composition of the respective armies is examined with military consideration. In point of numbers the Highlanders exceeded their opponents probably by a fourth; but, in construction, their inferiority, as a field force, more than counterbalanced their numerical superiority. Of warlike arms, the only one they possessed was infantry; they had no guns; and their cavalry, although dignified with the pompous titles of Life-guards and Hussars, were but a mere handful of mounted gentlemen, irregularly equipped, and unable to execute the simplest movement. Yet this little army, which abandoned its Highland home, to raise the fallen banner of the house of Stuart, was, in truth, a dangerous enemy. His martial habits and pursuits, his wild and irregular mode of living,

* Appendix, No. IV.

the enthusiasm of clanship, pride of character, devotion to his chief, all united to make the Highlander virtually a soldier. Active, vigorous, and daring, each mountaineer acted as if victory depended on his personal exertions; and hence, without the unity of action which discipline confers, the Highland onset was fierce and difficult to repel; and to that fact, not only the raw levies they defeated, but the veteran regiments to whom they were subsequently opposed, bore ample testimony.

Such was the Highland—and now let us examine the state and composition of the royal army which fought at Preston. In appearance, it was formidable; in construction, tolerably correct. It had artillery, cavalry, and infantry; but, individually and collectively, it was "a wretched body with a royal name."

The park at Preston consisted of six guns, about the calibre of a steamer's swivel.* Light metal is lightly worked; and certainly nothing could be too light for Sir John's artillerists. Home's description of the effective strength of this arm of Cope's army, is so superlatively ridiculous, that I must give it to you in the historian's words. When Cope was ordered to march northwards, and bring the rebels to action with the least possible delay, it may be supposed

* One pound and a-half.

that he proceeded to brush up his field battery, whose collective fire amounted to that discharged now-a-days by a single gun.

"There were," says Home, "no gunners nor matrosses to be had in Scotland, but *one old man*, who had belonged to the Scots train of artillery *before the Union*. This gunner, and *three old soldiers*, belonging to *the company of invalids* in garrison at the castle of Edinburgh, Sir John Cope carried along with him to Inverness. When the troops came to Dunbar, the king's ship that escorted the transports, furnished Sir John Cope with some sailors to work the cannon; but when the Highlanders came on, firing as they advanced, the sailors, the gunner, and the three old invalids *ran away* ("small blame to them," as they say in Ireland) taking *the powder-horns with them*, so that Colonel Whiteford, who fired five of the six pieces, could not fire the sixth for *want of priming*."

In number and appearance, Cope's cavalry were respectable, but in every affair with the Highlanders, with very few exceptions, they proved rank cowards. Indeed, how they would conduct themselves when in the presence of an enemy, may be imagined by their mode of action when at a safe distance from all danger. On the evening of the 15th of September, Colonel Gardiner, on receiving intelligence that Charles

was slowly approaching the city, fell back with his two regiments of dragoons, and bivouacked for the night in a field in the neighbourhood of Leith. When the Highlanders entered Edinburgh next day, Gardiner retired in the direction of Dunbar, where Cope at the moment was debarking his army. Halting his men, he picketed his horses in a field between Preston Grange and Dauphinston, where they made the necessary preparations to stay all night; "but a dragoon, seeking forage for his horse, between ten and eleven o'clock, fell into an old coal-pit that was full of water, and made such a noise, that the dragoons thought that the Highlanders had got amongst them; and mounting their horses, made the best of their way to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner had gone to his own house, which was hard by, and locked the door when he went to bed, so that he heard nothing of the matter till next morning, when he rose and followed his men with a heavy heart; for the road to Dunbar was strewed with swords, pistols, and firelocks, which were gathered together, and carried in covered carts to Dunbar, so that the flight of the two regiments should be little known to the army."*

The panic of these "bold dragoons," in the simple narrative of the historian, is truly laugh-

* Home's History of the Rebellion, 1745.

able. A fellow pops into a coal-pit, roars "murder" lustily, and off gallop two regiments of horse! The Colonel, "good easy man," has taken his *doch-an-duris*, put on his night-cap, locked the hall-door, and, "sound as a watchman," hears nothing of what passes. To an inquiry in the morning, *anent*, "his charge of horse," a "non est inventus" is returned; and hearing they had headed towards Dunbar, thither he proceeds, wondering, no doubt, what the devil had driven them off in such a hurry. The death of Gardiner, which so immediately followed this disgraceful affair, renders it almost indelicate to smile at anything connected with his memory. He was not only a good but a gallant man — and, compared with the rubbish who held commands, an able and valuable soldier. But really, locking the hall-door first, and losing two regiments of dragoons afterwards, is such an anti-Peninsular proceeding, that one cannot recall it without a smile. We can fancy the reception a colonel of cavalry would have met with from the "Iron Duke," had he on some blessed morning presented himself at head-quarters, with a couple of cart-loads of tools and traps, and a delicate inquiry if any intelligence had transpired of what had become of the proprietors!

To such an artillery and cavalry, Cope united about fifteen hundred infantry. The foot com-

prised one whole regiment (the 6th) and part of three young ones, the 44th, 46th, and 47th.

Cope's previous conduct had been so vacillating, his actions so contradictory, that, to those who knew it, but a sorry promise of future success was holden out. He had urged the necessity of an advance into the Highlands—received full permission from the government to march northward—and been assured that his views were in perfect unison with those of the Lords of the Regency, who pressed him to bell-the-cat without delay. Accordingly, he headed towards Fort Augustus, his army accompanied by an abundant supply of provisions and ammunition, and ample means of transport. But the point he recommended the army to move to he never reached. At Dalwhinie, finding that the rebels would give him battle upon Corryarrac, like that of Acre's, the general's courage appears to have oozed away; and resorting to the old-womanly expedient of a council of war, he found his field-officers as little inclined to fight as he was himself; and, sanctioned by their assent, on the 27th, instead of mounting the summit of Corryarrac, where the Highlanders were ready to receive him, he glided off at Blarigg-Beg, and took the road to Inverness; which place, by forced marches, he reached on the 29th, leaving the low country open to invasion; and giving the Chevalier a full

opportunity of marching unopposed upon the capital.

Of Prince Charles's advance and occupation of Edinbugh, and Cope's subsequent arrival at Dunbar, it is unnecessary to speak. But with the capture of the city, the ridiculous is largely intermixed. Sorely alarmed at the horrors attendant on assault, a conclave of civic authorities were collected, and after a brief deliberation, the provost and bailies sent out a deputation to wait upon Charlie at Gray's Mill, and deprecate the use, on his part, of sword and fire. Some of these functionaries had been, with desperate intents, for the last three days learning to "toss their muskets," and had expressed a determination, that any port* within the circuit of their walls, if hostilely approached, should be turned into a second Thermopylæ. But when "a man of tolerable appearance (whom nobody even pretended to know) mounted upon a grey horse, came up from the Bow to the Lawnmarket, and galloping along the front of the volunteers, (*i. e.* the gentlemen who were 'tossing the muskets,') called out that he had seen the Highland army, and that they were sixteen thousand strong,"† then did "another change come o'er the spirit of their dream;" and probably recollecting into what "a fix" the good citizens

* Anglicè, gate. † Home's History.

of Harfleur had run themselves "auld lang syne," they determined to negotiate rather than fight; and a deputation proceeded to the head-quarters of the Chevalier in full state, and ensconced in a hackney-coach. There, however, their reception was *infra dignitatem*, if Home may be believed, and they returned "sadder and not wiser" than they went.*

But the calamitous upshot of this unhappy mission remains to be disclosed. The "leathern conveniency" in which the deputies set forth on this bootless embassy had been unfortunately hired in the Canongate; and after setting down his passengers — (by the way, Home neither mentions the fare, nor whether it was paid on the nail, or booked to the corporation)—honest jarvey bundled off to his abiding place. On reaching it, the Netherbow-port was unclosed to let him out—but unhappily also, as it turned out, to let in Lochiel and eight hundred Highlanders. The guards were quietly disarmed, the other gates occupied; and when the honest burghers awoke they had no occasion to prepare for defence, or renew their negotiations, for Auld Reekie was in peaceable possession of bonnie Prince Charlie and his Highland followers.

* "When they arrived at Gray's Mill, they prevailed upon Lord George Murray to second their application for a delay; but Charles refused to grant it; and the deputies were ordered, in his name, to *get them gone*!—very uncivil of the Chevalier!"—*Home's History*.

The battle-field at Preston-Pans, as pointed to the stranger, is now no longer distinguishable from the highly cultivated lands of which it forms a portion. The morass, which caused so much marching and counter-marching between the rival armies, has been many years since drained and brought into tillage; and the only veritable relic of the fight of Gladsmuir is the house (Bankton) where Gardiner slept before the battle, and in which, after it, he breathed his last.

If the Stout Gentleman had expected to find a monument to commemorate the fall of his worthy ancestor, his hopes were disappointed. He found, however, what probably pleased him better afterwards—a clean inn, and a dinner that even a bagman would not have grumbled at.

CHAPTER VIII.

WELCOME OF AN INN—FASHIONABLE HOTELS—A CITY EPISODE—FANCY FOR PORTRAIT PAINTING—THE SEA CAPTAIN—LADY PORTRAITS—A PICTORIAL ABOMINATION—OUR YOUNG GOVERNOR—MASTER DICK—IN WITH THE FISH!

"THE warmest welcome's in an inn." *Negatur* —"I don't believe it—it is no welcome at all; but merely an interchange of meat, drink, and a parting bow, in return for a settled consideration. Try the experiment; present yourself to the smirking pantler, or smiling barmaid, with a torn coat, a "shocking bad hat," and other outward and visible signs of being a *shuck* gentleman, and incontinently you will be "quoited out like a shove-groat shilling." Call ye that a welcome that is accompanied by a bill? An innkeeper's hospitality is nearly on a par with the philanthropic individual bepraised by Goldsmith, who, among other christian proceedings, diurnally clad the naked, himself—

"when he put on his clothes."

Possibly the most heartless home on earth is a fashionable hotel. Live there a century, and you leave it as you entered—the *exit* creating no tenderer sensation than the *entré*. The chamber-maid witnesses your departure without a sigh; and, remembering that "a gent." slipped off last week without the usual tip, she fancies that "sixteen" is a loose-looking lad, and takes a position so that the suspected gentleman in "sixteen" shall "behave as sich," if she can make him. You and all your past favours are forgotten in the mercenary anxiety of securing from a suspected fugitive—a fugitive shilling. See how your former largesses are committed to oblivion! Christmas and Easter, did you not stand a *chené*, *chusan*, or *gros de Naples?* For what new play did you not buy a ticket? and were not the half-crowns — ay, and half-sovereigns, that you gave, innumerable? Well, "the loose lad of sixteen" perceiving his flank turned, makes a merit of necessity, and summonses the fair tormentor to his presence. He tucks her under the chin, and she simpers—just as she used to simper, when you *quondam*, went through the same operation.

"'Pon my life, my love, you're pertick'lar bootiful!—I'll run away with ye! If I don't—blow me!"

"Lard, Sir! how can ye talk so; you that

have a missus of your own? The ladies wouldn't let so nice a gent. alone."

"On the honour of a soldier, my tulip, I'm a man without encumbrance!"

Now Mr. Stubbs was neither a soldier, nor without encumbrance. While travelling for a druggist's firm, he met, at Margate, Miss Emily Epps, of Godliman-street, Doctors' Commons; and at the Tivoli Gardens, and with the said Emily, had the honour "to sport a toe." He declared—she proved agreeable—and, in three short weeks, vows of eternal fidelity were interchanged at the altar of St. Thomas the Apostle. Five cherubs blessed the union. It would have been better, however, had four been the extent. Number five was desperately red-headed—so was the mercer's senior apprentice over the way—while Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs were unfortunately black as a boot. The neighbours talked; Mr. Stubbs became uncomfortable; two generations—a singular thing to be achieved in the city—were traced back, and neither a red Stubbs nor a red Epps could be discovered! Mr. Stubbs, in consequence, took to "Free-and-Easys." But what brought him to a west-end hotel? How the devil should I know? Many a gentleman goes to a west-end hotel, respected reader—and it is no good that brings him there!

Talking of inns, we may as well make a chapter of them.

Of all the persons in this world who seem most solicitous to transmit to posterity an accurate idea of what they looked while in the flesh, the innkeeper is the most inveterate; and whether he may be what Cockneys call "a licensed witler," the Boniface of a road-side ale-house, or "some rude captain of the sea," who has exchanged the compass for the can, and instead of working dead reckonings, scores living ones, landlording it over "the Admiral Benbow" of some fishing-port, the fancy is precisely the same.

Were there an exhibition of publicans and sinners, I think I could classify the portraits, and do every thing but name the signs. Your "witler" is easily detected. He wears a velvet waistcoat, an open-worked shirt studded with brilliants, to judge by size, not purchased by the carat, but the ounce; his black stock is secured by a double pin—a ponderous guard-chain falls over the grass-green vest—and a *breget, en suite,* dangles from the right waistcoat pocket. The "road-sider" always wears a blue coat, gilt buttons, and striped kerseymeres, ties his white cravat in a bow, and underneath it displays a red cornelian. *More antiquo,* he carries his "tatler" in the waistband of his unmentionables; and a bull-terrier

is generally his canvass companion. The identity of the ex-captain is even more striking than the Cockney and villager—and his is always the more extensive picture. He stands properly, himself in front, with his left paddle fixed upon the ground as if it had been planted there. Right astern, there is an animated sea view—castle and flag-staff in the distance—with the good brig, the "Mary-Ann" of Swansea, which erstwhile he commanded, under full sail at the point of his left elbow. His digits sinister grasp a speaking-trumpet, and his right *mawley* reposes gracefully on the breech of a carronade. The costume is in keeping with the general good taste, which, as a composition, the picture claims and merits. If the canvass will afford room, a sextant and water-dog are judiciously introduced; and in some otherwise vacant corner, a sun, moon, and stars—coffin and cross-bones—with all the tools necessary for a working carpenter, are tastefully intermixed, intimating that the subject of the painting appertained to the ancient order of Free and Accepted Masons.

Of course, every Jack will have his Jill. Gentlemen must be mated; and the female portraits are fit pendants for those of their liege lords, and prove that, if without woman "the garden were a wild," "the bar" would be still less endurable. In selecting her costume every gentle dame

appears to have fairly "exhausted worlds," and afterwards drawn on the imagination to the last. On one interesting fact these portraits are conclusive; every victualler's lady is either literary or floricultural—and her peculiar taste can be easily ascertained by reference to her right hand, in which a book or *bouquet* will appear, and solve the difficulty at once. In drawing and colouring, the school of Rubens appears the favourite; and I should say that the fancy for scarlet draperies and ultramarine—where they can be introduced—is generally prevalent.

I can sit a summer afternoon surrounded by several generations who had heard "the cannikin clink," or, in earlier life, responded to loud alarums upon bell-metal, with Francis's "Anon! anon!" I can return the smile of the buxom landlady who looks a "merry-be-your-heart" from her carved frame-work. I can sympathize with the sad and stupid stare of mine unfortunate host, whose portrait had doubtless received the finishing touch, immediately after the brewer's traveller had called for the beer bill. I can tolerate the honest captain, though, by an admixture of nautical and pictorial license, he has put sky-scrapers on his old collier, and even fluttered a pennant from her mast-head. What matters it to me if he please to recline his person upon an eighteen-pound carronade, albeit

his personal acquaintance with "red artillerie" never exceeded the application of a hot poker to the touch-hole of a swivel in a fog, thereby hoping and intending to attract the attention of a pilot. But I do remember once a pictorial impertinency interrupting the happy progress of my dinner, and damaging my digestion for a week.

I had occasion to keep an appointment in the city, and, mistaking "the trysted time," found myself a full hour in advance. The interval was too short to induce me to go elsewhere—too long to look over the bridge, and count the population of a steamer. It was fortunately an hour at which a man might dine; and I popped into one of those comfortless houses—half gin-palace half hotel—in which you obtain east-end accommodation, at west-end prices. The room I was shown into was large—papered and furnished with vile taste—and further disfigured with coloured prints and family portraits. But all these enormities were merged in one engrossing abomination. It was an oil-painting, in a massive gilt frame that reached from the surbase to the ceiling, representing an impudent-looking boy of eighteen. The figure was the size of life; the costume intended to be a very reflection from "the glass of fashion;" but in this the artist had been unsuccessful, for his habiliments hung on the person

of the young gentleman about as naturally, as the block-coat does in the door of an advertising tailor. The appearance of a groom and horses in the back-ground, the presence of a silver-mounted whip, and the action of drawing on a lemon-coloured kid-skin over a finger ornamented with a brilliant, showed that the youth was about to exercise "on horseback." But he was hatless; hair elaborately curled, and with all that inartificial arrangement which, in a thirty-shilling wig, looks more natural than nature, and is "warranted to defy detection." In one thing the limner had succeeded: the air and expression were not to be mistaken; no feature bore the remotest affinity to a gentleman's; for there stood the very impersonation of a pot-boy in masquerade. I was still gazing at the daub, when the waiter came in to lay the cloth, and innocently mistook my fixed stare for the ardent gaze of admiration.

"That's our young gent. you're looking at, sir."

"Your young gent.?" I added, carelessly.

"Yes, sir—and very like, too."

"And who the devil is that curly, carroty-headed puppy, intended to pass for?"

"Pass for!" Why it's our young gove'nor, Master Dick—him wot was drawin' at the engine, as you passed the bar."

"Ay—that saucy-looking young scoundrel who was serving half-and-half to a soldier?"

"Sir!"

"Never mind the cloth, my friend," I said, as I seized my hat and cane. "Present my compliments to 'Master Dick,' and tell him I have bestowed my aversion upon him; and add further, that I'll settle upon him sixpence a-day for life, if he'll have that impertinent daub burned by the common hangman, and enter into security to keep the original out of my sight for ever!"

"But won't you dine, sir?"

"Dine, fellow! Dine in the same room with Dick? No—not if you gave me the dinner gratis, and threw the silver spoons into the bargain."

* * * *

Even in sober Scotland this mania for personal portraiture obtains. I remember meeting on the border, in a house one remove from the clachan of Aberfoil, a landlord and his wife affectionately grouped, with a big-headed boy in the centre, a Kilmarnock cap in one hand, and a peg-top in the other. But in Glasgow my temper was fairly driven from "its propriety." Over the chimney-piece, a florid painting caught my eye. It was a Highlander in full costume—brooch, purse, pistols and powder-horn—dirk and claymore—ay, and the skene-dhu sticking in his garter. "A Highland chief," I muttered to myself; "and in the Macdonald tartan, too. It must be him-

self. Waiter, who is this? Clanranald, I suppose."

"Na, sir, it's the owner o' the hoose."

"The devil!" I exclaimed, passionately.

"Na, not the deil, but the maister," replied Sandy, cool as a cucumber.

"D—n the master."

"Sir!"

"No questions, fellow! In with the fish!"

CHAPTER IX.

EMBARKATION IN A SHETLAND STEAMER—LITERARY LADIES—FIRTH OF FORTH—MAY ISLAND—BAD BECOMES WORSE—ARBROATH—THE BELL ROCK—SYMPTOMS OF SEA-SICKNESS—THE COMPANION—THE LAIRD OF CRAIGDARRAGH—HIGHLAND HOUSEKEEPING—MY COOK MATTIE—AFTER DINNER—NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

At eight o'clock we stepped from the pier at Granton into "a fine, large, well-grown steamboat, which," to use the parlance of a pleasant gentlewoman who places Shetland "almost within sight of the North Pole," touches at Wick once a week, in full boil, on its route from Leith to Lerwick. This information, by the way, is interlarded with the sayings and doings of "my grandmother," as liberally as Milady Morgan used to chronicle the nothings perpetrated by La Fayette, or the balderdash of "my friend La Marquise ——, or La Duchesse de _____," the titles of these buckram peeresses being properly left in blank, to be filled up at the discretion of the reader.

By the way, Jack, were you ever obliged to occupy the solitary chaise of an Irish caravansera for ten miles with a red-hot Rapaaler?

That would be bad enough, God knows! but what is it to finding yourself in an infernal "fix," at a dinner-table, with a literary quintagenarian at your elbow, who arrests the soup-spoon *in transitu* to your mouth, with an impertinent inquiry as to whether you prefer the twaddle of Miss ———, "a maid in the pride of her purity," born in the last century—or the fustian of Mother T———, who, from having apportioned to herself the corduroys of that nonentity she calls husband, considers that she is qualified to talk of mankind and their general concerns. Much as I detest him—of the two nuisances, give me the Rapaaler.

The steamer was crowded with passengers for all the intermediate ports—Arbroath, Montrose, and Aberdeen. The wind at E.N.E. had, even abreast of Inch Keith,* kicked up more sea than was generally agreeable; and when we rounded the Isle of May, had you named a beef-steak in presence of a bilious gentleman, he would have required you to name a friend. My only sufferings at sea (lauded be the gods!) are confined to an increase of appetite, with "an unquenchable thirst," as the late Lord Louth called it. The Stout Gentleman's stomachic temperament was in that doubtful state, which induced him to preserve a dignified taciturnity, except when he required

* Appendix, No. V.

brandy and water from the steward; and I was left to amuse myself with an examination of the objects that we passed.

May Island is by no means barren. It has a sufficiency of verdant surface to support a flock of sheep, and a spring of excellent water. On its western side the cliffs are high, and its whole shores are rocky. Here, also, that "sair saunt" (David I.) exercised his religious handiwork in founding a monastery of Augustinians, and the commissioners of northern light-houses theirs, also, in the erection of a more useful building. The rude and ill-appointed beacon, which for eighty years showed its unsteady flame* to the benighted seaman, has been replaced by a noble light-house—but not, unfortunately, until its necessity was fatally enforced, in 1810, by the loss of two fine frigates, which ran ashore by mistaking a lime-kiln for the beacon on the isle.

We passed the debouchement of the Tay, and, crossing the Bay of St. Andrews, steered a direct course for Montrose, where divers lieges of our

* "From 1736 till 1816, the light of the May was produced by a burning chauffer of coal on the summit of a tower, and the only alteration made upon the light during the whole of the intermediate period was the increasing of the quantity of fuel, which was done for the last thirty years. This rude species of light was liable to be injured by the weather, and in many ways was objectionable. About forty years since, the keeper of the light, his wife, and five children, were suffocated, all in one night, in consequence of inhaling the carbonic acid gas from the cinders, too many of which had been allowed to accumulate."— *Chambers.*

Sovereign Lady the Queen had indulged in the fond delusion that there we should part company. The wind will say "No" to a king, and the sea determined to negative the intentions of my fellow voyagers. Gradually, the breeze freshened; the steamer became more uneasy; those who had been ill before, became momentarily worse; and ladies and gentlemen, hitherto in disagreeable uncertainty, had every doubt removed touching the "to be, or not to be." Campstools and their occupants "fetched away;" the sick were assisted down; and passenger after passenger disappeared. The Stout Gentleman cast a suspicious look at the brown portmanteau, and groped his way to the companion; and of those who an hour since had graced the "peopled deck," but four at last remained; to wit, the man at the wheel, a quakeress, a weather-beaten little Highlander, and myself.

Arbroath, foreshortened from Aberbrothock, a place of high monastic importance once, is now a thriving sea-port. Abreast of a most dangerous rock—*olim*, called Inch Cape—the pious abbot, out of his limited means,* placed a bell upon the reef—while the sea, by a simple contrivance, was

* In the ordinance of the monastry, A.D. 1530, an order was issued for buying 800 wedders, 180 oxen, 11 barrels of salmon, 1200 dried cod-fish, 82 chalders of malt, 30 of wheat, 40 of meal; all which appears additional to the produce of its land, or the provision of different species paid in kind by tenants.

required to toll it.* An iniquitous Dutchman, however, for the value of the metal, or to "plague the Priest of Aberbrothock," stole the bell—ran upon the rock afterwards for want of warning—and thus, by poetic justice, not only expiated his crime, but also gave Mr. Southey a subject for one of his best ballads.

As we kept well off the land, our course brought us close to the Bell Rock, which we saw with every advantage that a heavy sea and high water gives. Nothing could look more singularly wild and desolate. The waves broke upon it, and foamed upwards, even to the lantern; and, notwithstanding their consciousness of security, impressed an idea of isolated wretchedness inflicted on the lonely occupants, that no advantages, with interior comfort, can, in my opinion, compensate. Yet I am assured that the denizens of this sea-encircled home are happy. Although the lonely tower vibrates in the tempest, and leagues of angry water divide them from the

* "The waves flowed o'er the Inch-Cape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inch-Cape bell.
The pious abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inch-Cape Rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung:
When that rock was hid by the tempest swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock."—*Southey.*

abiding-place of men, still, confident in its stability, the inhabitants of the Bell Rock play whist, and keep an album. Courage is comparative; and men will try for a step, "e'en at the cannon's mouth," who would not win the see of Durham by putting in a merry Christmas in the Eddystone. I remember when Lord Wellington's order came to us, the covering army in the Pyrenees, for fifty volunteers to lead the second assault on San Sebastian—and the old colonel, addressing the regiment, desired such as felt inclined to toddle down, to step three paces to the front—and the whole battalion took three measured strides in mute reply—and the old man dismounted, and kicked his hat—a symptom equally that he was well-pleased or in a passion—and we went down with fourteen other fifties—the *élite* of fifteen regiments of that glorious army, with which the Iron Duke mortified the continent, by saying, in the House of Lords, that "he could have gone any where, and done any thing"—well, if there be a survivor of that gallant fifty—barring myself—I'll wager a quarter's revenue, payable by an order on Craig's Court, that he'll prefer putting in another morning on the Urumea, to a gale of wind, with all the luxuries of the Bell Rock.*

The unhappy persons who embarked at Leith,

* Appendix, No. VI.

under a firm belief that they should be deposited at Montrose, were grievously disappointed. We dared not even look at the royal burgh, or take any but a distant view of Stonehaven. The wind had increased—the sea rose awfully—and, worse still for any sufficiently sea-hardy to keep the deck, the rain began to fall in torrents, and drove us to seek for shelter. And where could we obtain it—where should that somewhere be? To venture an entrance into the saloon, crowded as it was with sufferers of both sexes, and in every stage of sickness, was not to be attempted; for sound, without sight, was quite sufficient to tell us the *state* of the *state*-cabin. The door opened for a moment—I heard a voice, *piano*, as an expiring swan, feebly ejaculate "Stewardess!" while, in a bass that might have been mistaken for Lablache, the Stout Gentleman growled to a fear-stricken boy—"You stupid scoundrel, go on deck — larboard side — brown portmanteau — three straps—patent lock—brass plate, engraved 'Not yours!' See that it is covered with a tarpaulin, or if ever I get well—I'll be the death of you. If I don't ——!" The Stout Gentleman was about to add a confirmatory adjuration, but accident saved the recording Angel the trouble of carrying the oath to Heaven's chancery. Suddenly the tone changed: "Oh Lord!—This is pleasure, is it? I wish I were anywhere but

on a horse—Oh, murder! The basin, you villain!"

We held a council of war, and it was decided that the companion was the only place in the steamer that was endurable; and, accordingly, we took possession of the steps—the lady occupying the central and most convenient one. Here we were safe from rain and wind, as the doors opened fortunately to leeward. But other cares arose: hours had sped since the sun had crossed the fore-yard*—we had breakfasted previous to embarkation—the infelicitous state of the weather had arrested every culinary preparation—dinner was not even to be named—in the cabin all were sick—and in the companion all were starving.

"Hegh!" said the Highlander, "I'm hungry as a starved gled—and no chance of any thing!"

"I fear not!" I returned, with a sigh; "and even had we dinner, there is no place where we could parade it comfortably."

"Friend," said the fair quaker, "I guess thee to be a soldier. Thou hast an upright carriage, and swore profanely upon deck, when the boy spilt thy brandy and water. Judging by appearances, I would imagine that thou hadst not always

* At sea, when the bell is struck at noon, the sun is said to be "over the fore-yard;" and then all good men, and true—barring teetotallers—indulge in a glass of grog, if it be their pleasure.

luxuries around thee. Thou hast been in many climates, and in scenes of strife. There is a scar upon thy cheek; thy face is weather-beaten; thy head grizzled; and thy years are not a few!"

"All true, madam; your remarks perfectly correct, but, 'pon my life, anything but flattering."

"Cannot hunger, without form, be appeased?———"

"Or, as we say in Ireland, 'Can't we lunch without a table-cloth?'"

"Precisely, friend," rejoined the lady.

The steward was summoned, and the present state of his larder was declared satisfactory. He could furnish a dissected fowl, a tongue already sliced, potatoes in five minutes—and off he went to prove that with him to promise was to fulfil.

"If one had but the provisions, what the de'il matter whar ye ate them?" observed the Highlander.

"Very true," I replied. "The puzzle with a soldier is too frequently, not as to where his dinner shall be eaten, but where it is to be obtained."

"Ay, and with a Highlander also," said the Celt; "Mony a shift must be made among the mountains—and mony a cook, beside the Laird of Craigdarragh's, has been before now driven to her wit's end."

"And who, may I inquire, was this Laird of Craigdarragh?"

"A gentleman," replied the Celt, "who never was indebted for a cook to the devil."

"Friend," observed the fair quaker, "in conversing about dinner, thrice has the prince of darkness been named by thee and the soldier!"

"Pish!" rejoined the Highlander, "neither of us value auld Clootie a brass boddle; and while the gilly is cutting up the chuckie, I'll tell the colonel the story of Craigdarragh and his cook."

The quaker bowed a stiff assent, while I listened with proper attention.

In the Highlands, it would appear, that although men do not exactly sit under the shadow of their own fig-tree, still there is a good deal of primitive simplicity in the mode of life generally pursued. The porrich, as from time immemorial, forms the breakfast—and in Border farm-houses it must be eaten with a horn spoon. With that useful implement every member of the establishment is provided—and it would be considered highly irregular, for any but the owner to use his neighbour's horn. The Border, studded as it is with good market-towns, affords to its inhabitants advantages denied to the mountaineer—for the Highlander must have his garrison regularly provisioned, and his culinary resources all within himself. He kills his own mutton, rears his own poultry, the river supplies him with fish; but the salt-tub is always his sheet-anchor. Times

will occur when his mansion receives an unexpected visit, and that, too, at some unlucky season, when the commissariat is on a scale of retrenchment, even unto zero, and the ingenuity of Caleb Balderston himself would be sorely taxed to produce a decent dinner. The Highlander's story ran thus:—

The Laird of Craig—something—I forget the addition, but I know it ended in an "agh!"—one blessed afternoon received a note from a lowland cousin, to intimate that he would honour him with a call, in company with an English gentleman. Aware that the highland mansion was "remote from towns," the self-invited guest prudently apprised his kinsman of the intended visit, in order that ample time might be afforded the highland chief to put his house in order. Alas! "publics" were numerous on his route—and the gilly, who bore the letter, stopped so frequently to refresh himself, that, instead of arriving the day before, he scarcely managed to anticipate by an hour the coming of the guests, whose advent he had been despatched to notify!

Never had Craigdarragh been in a state of more lamentable exhaustion. The larder was utterly cleaned out; and there were no supplies to be immediately obtained, for the Highlands are not a land of Goshen. Had that accursed courier not been afflicted with an unquenchable thirst, and

consumed sixteen hours in drunken sleep upon the heather, all would have been as it ought to be. The miller would have netted his dam and secured a dish of trouts—a defunct wedder would last night have been dangling from a beam in the barn—and Heaven only knows, what other culinary operations might not have been cunningly devised, ay, and as happily executed.

"Mattie, Mattie, a' must be left to yoursel, and the Lord direct ye, for I canna," said the unhappy owner of Craigdarragh, with a groan, to his cook, who was sobbing bitterly beside him. "It's a sair visitation that has cam o'er us. But do ye'r best, woman; do ye'r best. Presarve us! here they are;" and out ran the laird in desperate tribulation to bid his kinsman and the stranger welcome.

What Mattie said and did is not particularly recorded; but, at the proper time, a dinner, far more respectable than the laird had ventured to expect, was duly served up—and, to cover its deficiencies, the bottle obtained a more rapid circulation. The evening wore merrily on—again and again the toddy-bowl was emptied and replenished; until the Englishman, totally overpowered, dropped upon the carpet, and the Laird of Craigdarragh, had he been in Falstaff's vein, might have exclaimed to his henchman, "Carry Master Slender to bed!" Undisturbed by the

carouse that had demolished the stranger, the Highlanders continued their potations, and the Laird of Craigdarragh, after alluding to the alarm of the morning, passed a glowing eulogy on Mattie as the paragon of cooks, and summoned her to the presence.

"Mattie, woman, ye did it fine!"

"Weel, Craigdarragh—I'm glad I pleased ye. Lairds, a health a-piece to ye. And hoo was a' liked that I sent up?"

"The beef was unco salt," replied the host.

"An the treep hard as the de'il's horns," added his companion. "How the plague the Englisher managed it, I dinna ken—for on the wee bit I tried, my teeth had na mair effect, than they would on the ben-leather that heels my brogues."

"Weel," returned Mattie, "I did na expect the treep would have been ower saft. But as naebody but the Englisher touched it, I'll jist tell ye a' about the thing. Laird,—do ye mind the time, when ye went to the south to coort the leddie wi' the grat tocher?"

"I mind it weel. It's an auld story noo, Mattie."

"Ah! Laird, ye wer too slow in whispering into the soft side o' her lug, an the Irish Captain gat her clane aff, money and a'. He was ower gleg in the tongue for ye," said the housekeeper.

The allusion to the lost heiress was touching the laird upon a tender point.

"He would na have been too gleg at the han for me, Mattie, had I kenned that he intended to pit my nose oot o' joint. But what the de'il has this to do with a dish o' tough treep smithered in inians?"

"A' in gude time, Laird," returned the Leonora of Craigdarragh. "You took puir Watty, that's dead and gane, wi' ye, as walet; an to be in the southren fashion, clapped leather breeks upon a crater's hurdies, that had never ony tighter thing upon them than a kilt. Och! what puir Watty suffered. He never had the use o' his limbs right afterwards. He used to say that when he passed a callant that was steekit in the stocks, he could na but envy him, and offer if he would pit his hurdies in the breeks, that Watty wud stick his shanks into the woodie."

"But what's a' this auld warld tale aboot, Mattie?"

"Jist ha'e patience, Laird. The leathers ha'e hangit since on a peg behine the spence door, wi' a set o' worn-out bagpipes—and sair shame it was to see breeks hangin' in an heilanman's. Weel, in my distress, I thought I might turn the one or the ither till account. I tried Sandy Anderson's auld bag—but the leather was hard as a coo's cloot—and sae in despair, I took the left leg af Watty's breeches. Och! Laird—af I had had mair time 'till soak the leather, the treep would have eaten fine!"

CHAPTER X.

BAR OF ABERDEEN—HOTELS—A HIGHLAND ASSIZE—JUDICIAL PROCESSION—ABERDEEN—ROYAL VISITS—ANECDOTE—MISCELLANEOUS PROPERTY—COLLEGES—OLD ABERDEEN—MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS—CRIMINAL STATISTICS—DINNER SPOILED—FURTHER DELAY—SECRET OF SCOTCH SUCCESS—SET OUT FOR PETERHEAD—COAST SCENERY.

WHAT a bore a bar-harbour is!—and that of Aberdeen, with all its expensive improvements, is by no means, after all, a safe one. Until half-tide, a vessel of moderate draught of water cannot take the bar; unluckily, we were off the harbour two hours before we could prudently attempt an entrance; and, in a cross sea, had to put in a purgatorial interval, by standing off and on the light upon the southern headland, which marks the debouchment of the Dee, while the tide appeared to be creeping in by inches. At last the pilot uttered a tardy assent—and the steamer's head was turned to the harbour with which we had been so long coquetting.

With the Quaker and the Celt—fairer drinkers I never would desire to carouse with on a wet evening in a ship's companion—I had an honest *doch in duris* before parting; and in a quarter of

an hour we entered the embouchure of the river, between a noble pier and an extensive break-water.

Never were voyagers more warmly welcomed than the Stout Gentleman and myself; and, although "the iron hand of time," meaning thereby the hammer of the pier-clock, "had struck the midnight hour," divers gentlemen were waiting our arrival on the wharf, to tender us unlimited hospitality, and their own services besides. One arm of mine was seized by an ambassador from the Royal, another by an envoy from the Grand. The Stout Gentleman was pinioned on one side by the Black Bear, and on the other by the Yellow Lion—while the White Swan irreligiously laid hold of that sacred depository, the brown portmanteau. Celt and Saxon enumerated the superior advantages of their establishments:—"You might live like a fighting-cock a whole week, and the bill would amount to half nothing at the end of it." We only tried the experiment half the time; and, faith! mine host of the ———, when we closed accounts, proved, that whatever part of his education might be defective, book-keeping was not the branch.

I thought the Stout Gentleman would never go to bed. For forced abstinence on the preceding day, he made ample amends; and meals

deferred were fully compensated. A whole duck, demolished at two A.M. requires an additional quantum of diluted alcohol to neutralize its pernicious effects, and the toddy was superexcellent. We separated at four "i' th' morning"—the Stout Gentleman not demanding a bill, as was his wont, and for an excellent reason—his vision was rather irregular, and every item would have been doubled.

I slept soundly, and long; and my slumbers were first broken by the crash of military music. Having partially dressed, I looked out upon the street, and found myself in good time to view a very curious procession. The Court of Session, or Scottish Assize, was being holden in the town, and two Judges were going to open it, in all the dignity befitting representatives of royalty, and bearers of the Queen's Commission. I never saw anything which appeared more superlatively ridiculous. I have been in "the city" on the 9th of November, and seen the Mayor that went out and the Mayor that went in; and gilt coaches, and standard-bearers who could scarcely walk, while the steel-clad champion took advantage of a temporary halt before a public-house, to turn down a pot of "heavy," like More of More Hall,*

* "To make him stout and mighty,
He drank by the tale
Five gallons of ale,
And a bottle of aquavitæ."

following the example of the Lady of Buccleuch's retainers, who

> "Drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

All these things have I seen; but, I opine, the judicial procession to open the sessions at Aberdeen beat the Lord Mayor's to nothing.

The reserve companies of a Highland regiment were in attendance with a brass band and couple of pipers; and the civic authorities, Provost, Baillies, and Counsellors, arrayed in solemn black. Presently a trumpet sounded a flourish—the town drummer "beat a point of war"—the guard of honour presented arms; and the authorities bowed so profoundly, that one would have tendered his corporal oath, and sworn that lumbago was unknown in Aberdeen. Then there issued forth two hard-featured old gentlemen clad in scarlet and fine linen; one contented himself with ensconcing his "knowledge-box"—as the fancy call it—in an elaborately-curled wig, while his colleague superadded a cocked hat, in cut and capacity similar—if not the same—to that worn by ancient Pistol while campaigning with "the fifth Harry." The solemnity of the scene was most imposing. Had their departed wives unexpectedly come to life, Counsellor and Baillie could not have appeared more serious; and the Lords Justices looked as if they were bent on hanging half the town.

The word was given—the *cortège* moved—the band played the march in Moses—and, by the way, if there was any occult connexion between the Judges' passage through the High Street, and that of the Egyptians through the Red Sea, I could not make it out.

There is much to interest a stranger in Aberdeen; and its historic recollections are interesting. The city is of great antiquity; and, ages back, its monastic wealth was more than equalled by its mercantile opulence. Its charter is dated 1319; but long before this burghal distinction had been conferred, its trade with England and the Low Countries was most extensive. Fisheries appear to have been the chief source of its commercial prosperity; and friend and foe equally enjoyed the advantages of its supplies—for the commissariat of the invading army of Edward was chiefly comprised in dried fish exported from Aberdeen.

The city in ancient times was frequently honoured by royal visits; and in turn, most of the Scottish kings favoured the burghers with the light of their countenances. Indeed other causes, besides its loyalty, might have led to the royal preference bestowed on Aberdeen. The monarch was not received with holy shows and cold formalities—a set speech, and the keys of the city—but, better far, he received a present

of sweetmeats, wax-tapers, and two tuns of Gascon wine, to enable him to drink to the good health of the corporation.

To these agreeable and hospitable visitings there was one disgusting exception. It occurred in 1562, when, in her northern progress, the ill-fated Mary halted for a short season in this city. Sir John Gordon had been made prisoner; and, as was the common custom in those barbarous times, his death followed hard upon his capture. The execution took place in the Castle street, and he was guillotined by an implement which, like the tower-axe, is still wholly or partly preserved in the armoury of the town. A brutal circumstance attended this painful exhibition. The house where Mary lodged was situated on the south side of the street where the "gallant Gordon" suffered; and Murray, a deadly enemy of the condemned knight, obliged the unhappy queen to witness the execution from a window that overlooked the spot. When the maiden* fell, she shrieked, broke through those around, and fainted.

Aberdeen, at the Reformation, escaped better than other places. Although a stronghold of papal power, the popular fancy for smashing windows and saints' heads was happily restrained; and, while the mob pulled down a roof or two,

* Ancient name for the guillotine.

the canny magistrates secured the kernel, leaving the Reformers to amuse themselves with demolishing the shell. The valuables thus appropriated by the civil authorities, were what George Robins would call, of a "miscellaneous description," comprising, by a singular alliteration, caps and crowns, chalices, cruets, crosses, three cats, and a great chandelier.*

In its modern construction, Aberdeen is one of the handsomest cities in Britain, deriving its very elegant appearance not only from the fine proportions of the new streets and buildings, but also, from the beauty of the granite with which all the recent erections have been constructed. Union-street, nearly a mile in length, is one of the noblest in Europe; and the connexion of the street by a bridge, which spans a ravine and stream which intersect it, is one of the finest

* "The magistrates next seized, for the common good of the burgh, all the valuable plate, vestments, and ornaments of the church and chapels. The list of the articles so secured is still preserved, and, among other things, the following appear: The eucharist of silver, weighing 4*lb.* 2*oz.*; the chalices of our Lady of South Isle, of St. Peter, of St. John, of our Lady of the Bridge of Dee, of St. Duthac, of St. Nicholas, of St. Clement, of the Rood, and of the Hospital; two pairs of censers, four cruets, a little ship, the cross with silver crucifixes, two silver crowns of our Lady and her Son, tunicles of flowered velvet, caps of gold friezed with red velvet, a red damask frontal of the high altar, a white veil of linen, cushions, eighteen brazen chandeliers, two chandeliers for the great altar, with the sacrament chandelier, the great chandelier with the images and three cats, a laver of brass, &c."—*Chambers.*

specimens of architectural beauty in the world—the span of the arch being one hundred and thirty feet—its rise not thirty.

As a seat of learning, Aberdeen has always been famous. To describe learned men and things is not within the range of gentlemen whose trade is war. Both colleges—King's and Marischal's—are said to afford excellent preparatory schools for persons intended for the pulpit and the bar; and, to judge from the extent of professorships, if the alumni of both do not become "learned pundits," it is not for lack of opportunity.* Both colleges have been the abiding places of celebrated men. Schoolmen would enumerate to you a regular collection of literary and scientific stars; but I will content myself with naming a pattern for soldados. If Scott can be believed, the Marischal College of Aberdeen had the honour of indoctrinating in "humanity," that *preux chevalier*, Major Dalgetty, of prudent memory.

The wind has not abated; a heavy sea is tumbling into the embouchment of the Dee, and

* "There are upwards of fifty bursaries altogether, ten or twelve of which become vacant every session. The functionaries of this college are at present a chancellor, rector, dean of faculty, and principal, with professors of divinity, moral philosophy, and logic, natural philosophy, civil and natural history, Greek, mathematics, medicine, Oriental languages, chemistry, humanity, and Scots law. There are lecturers to both colleges on anatomy and physiology, surgery, medicine, &c."

our skipper has officially notified, by a placard on the pier, that the steamer will not prosecute her voyage until to-morrow, at 11 A.M. Another day has been conceded to us, thanks to the weather—and we will fill the interval by a visit to old Aberdeen.

"The auld town," like most of its kind, bears outward and visible signs of rapid decay; and the antique and comfortless houses which present themselves to the traveller, form a striking contrast to the modern edifices which the new city rejoices in. With the exception of its college (King's) and cathedral, the best-marked memorial of pristine respectability is found in the Gothic bridge, erstwhile built by a bishop, and engaged to stand until the accomplishment of a pleasant prophecy would, with a man and horse, bring down its pointed arch.*

The cathedral is very ancient, and in tolerable preservation—and the oaken ceiling, surcharged with armorial bearings, is curious in design and arrangement. To royalty one row is dedicated; to the noblesse another; while snug between the twain, the Church has comfortably ensconced herself. There are some monuments; one bears a singular inscription, which appears to have

* "Brig o' Balgownie, though wight be your wa;
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a meare's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'."

been dictated by a gentleman who cared little for posthumous celebrity. It runs thus:—"*They say—what say they? Let thaim* (*them*) *say!*"

Apropos to monumental inscriptions. The papers of a defunct pensioner were once submitted to me, to direct me in arbitrating the claims of divers relatives touching the assets of the deceased. One short document addressed to the priest, was thus worded:—"I, Peter Cannavan, three years in the Tipperary militia, No. 7,* and the remainder of my time, lance and full corporal in the Die-hards (57th regiment). Will your reverence put my mother's death in the corner, and mention that Father Paul Feaghan was her second cousin; also the day of my own death; and anything else you please, provided the cutting doesn't come to more than thirty shillings."

The most dignified and touching monumental notice I ever read, is sculptured under a plain shield, on the north wall of the transept of Melrose abbey. How little, and how much, does that simple sentence say!—"Here lies the house of Zair."

We strolled into the court, and, as it turned out, at the most interesting moment of the session. A Scottish calendar is light, and that

* The companies of a battalion, the flank excepted, are described by a number.

of Aberdeen was even lighter than usual; for, excepting a complicated case, involving abstracted knockers, and a trespass on a surgeon's night-bell, in which the case, and not the bell, broke down for want of evidence, the conviction of a sheep-stealer was the startling occurrence of the assize; and, when we came in, the criminal was awaiting the penalty of his offending. The preliminary pinch taken by the judge was heard distinctly at the door; for an ominous silence prevailed, and even the Celtic gentleman, who, with a Lochaber axe guarded the door, evinced decided symptoms of alarm. The Judge coughed, and at that cough the oldest malefactor would have felt uncomfortable. The doomed one had an inquiry officially made; but what it was, whether in arrest of judgment or mitigation of punishment, I could not exactly comprehend. He made no reply, and the functionary who had sported the cocked hat, proceeded, in Irish parlance, "to tell him his fortune."* It appeared from the Judge's summary that Duncan Mac Tavish was an old offender—and many a crime, of obsolete description, was enumerated in the

* Nations have peculiar customs. The Romans, when a man was absolutely dead, had a great objection to admit it. On some subjects the Irish, also, are exceedingly delicate. To an inquiry after "Denis Brady's trial on last Monday," an Irishman would never hint that he, Denis, had been sentenced to be hanged, but simply remark, that "the judge had told him his fortune!"

catalogue of his misdeeds. I was particularly attentive; and the Stout Gentleman imagining the crime was murder, assured me in a whisper that Mr. Mac Tavish would be hanged. The sentence merely gave him board and lodging for a twelvemonth, in a house—"a royal property"—as Mr. Simpson used to style Vauxhall—with occasional exercise on the tread-mill—and banishment from the bailiwick for life. The speech which conveyed the sentence occupied the better moiety of an hour.

I thought of other days. Shade of Norbury! You who could cheapen a horse, perpetrate a pun, and send a sinner to the gallows, and all within five minutes—what would you say to a Scotch law-lord inflicting a forty minutes' jobation upon an unfortunate devil for abstracting a hogget, value—half a mark?

In every light that a doubtful matter can be regarded, the Stout Gentleman rejects the *couleur de rose*. We were certainly "let in" for a speech, instead of a peep at judicial proceedings for a minute—the cook's was *temps militaire*—the salmon suffered accordingly—and nothing could persuade the Stout Gentleman, but that he of the cocked hat, had received previous information that dinner had been ordered at "sharp five," and, with malice prepense, had spoken against time to spoil the same. It would have been idle

to moot the point; and the steward of the steamer fortunately arrived and ended the discussion.

"There's no faith in villanous man." The engineer of the —— confirms Jack Falstaff's discovery. He left, as it would appear, the direction of his machinery to an Irish probationer, who was studying nautical mechanics in the engine-room, and he, the said Irish gentleman, ingeniously contrived to damage some lever, crank, or piston, to an extent which will require three days to repair. The steward bears a proposition that we shall be permitted to investigate the adjacent coast, and be faithfully picked up afterwards at Peterhead. The mode of travelling is the difficulty. By what means is it to be effected? "Vehicular?" as Doctor Pangloss says. That would involve horses—and to horses the Stout Gentleman has an invincible antipathy. Well; I have proved to him that a chaise is not a horse; and the Stout Gentleman consents, taking an engagement for a delivery of his person by me, and another from the Captain, ensuring the transit of the brown portmanteau to Peterhead, under pains and penalties too numerous to be recounted. And now for bed.

* * * *

It was in truth a lovely morning, when we rolled over the new bridge across the Don; and,

early as it was, we met several of the red-gowned students hurrying from their humble lodgings to catch some morning lecture.* To every but the right cause, the Scotsman's success in every walk of life he enters, has been vulgarly attributed. It is neither traceable to clanship nor subserviency —it results from higher and more honourable causes—conduct, principle, firmness of purpose, and, lastly, education. The Irish peasant, if he learn at all,—of course, I mean the Romanist,— has nothing but dark and exploded systems and opinions laid before him—while to the Scotch Highlander the march of intellect is pointed out;

* The following anecdote is so honourable to the memory of the nobleman to whom it relates, that I cannot avoid its insertion.

"Many of Scotland's best and greatest sons were alumni of King's College; and every Highland heart must warm at the sight of those towers, under which his poor but ardent and enterprising countrymen have, in thousands, drunk of the fountains of divine and human knowledge, whereby, in all quarters of the globe, they have risen to respectability, fame, and opulence. Young men, from the most remote parts of the Highlands and Hebrides, still press on, every autumn, for King's College; and before steamers and coaches were known, they all had to travel on foot, and many of them depended for their subsistence afterwards on obtaining one or other of the numerous *Bursaries*, or presentations, (varying from 5*l*. to 20*l*. and 50*l*.) which are competed for at the opening of each Winter's Session. It was an amusement, and a grateful one too, of the late Duke of Gordon, to send out his carriages, when the poor Highland lads were on their way to or from College, to give them a *lift* for a stage or two; and the writers of these pages have known young men who wrought in summer as operatives at the Caledonian Canal, who have thus had a ride in the kind and hearty nobleman's carriage, and perhaps an hour's chat with the 'brave and manly spirit' which beat in the breast of 'the last of the Dukes of Gordon.'"—*Anderson.*

from him no book is sealed; and to him, every discovery which modern ingenuity achieves, is unrestrictedly unfolded. What results? With expansive views, and sound and liberal education, drop the Scotchman where you please—*quocunque jaceris stabit!*

We took the lower road, which runs through a flat and uninteresting country, and breakfasted at the little inn of Newburgh, situated on the Yethan, by all accounts, in proper season, a very sporting stream. As we proceeded on our route, we passed several small fishing hamlets, and crossed the Cruden. The surface of the adjacent country presents nothing to interest the traveller; although the antiquary will venerate a spot, where the future king of England * was bloodily defeated by Malcolm the Second, and Scotland liberated from the thraldom of the Danes. The sea-coast, however, redeems the dulness of the interior; it is wild, precipitous, and picturesque; and, at times, must present a scene of savage and striking grandeur. One imposing feature at once arrests the eye—a castellated building perched upon a rocky headland. A wild legend is connected with it. A student, we found making a sketch of cliffs and castle, narrated it; and, as Scott says—

"I'll say the tale as it was said to me."

* Canute the Great.

CHAPTER XI.

A LEGEND OF SLAINS CASTLE.

ONE of the oldest and most romantic residences in Britain is that of Slains—a castle belonging to the Errol family. The country around it has a desolated look; for, from the prevalence of north-easterly winds, not a tree can be grown. The building itself domineers the ocean; and, as it rests on the very edge of a sheer precipice of grey rock, it seems merely a continuation of the cliff. Wild, remote, and isolated, it is a site and edifice that the romance-writer would at once adopt, and embody with it some startling tale of terror. Alas! there is no necessity for the fancy to create one; for one of those fearful occurrences, whose sad reality leaves fictious narrative infinitely behind, took place at this wild headland.

A threatening day had been succeeded by a stormy evening—the wind, at north-east, had raised a heavy sea; and, as night came on, the gale increased, and the mountain-waves broke in thunder against the rocky height on which the castle stands. A circumstance throughout the evening had occasioned a painful interest. A brig had been observed endeavouring to beat out to sea, and avoid this dangerous lee-shore—at every tack she appeared to gain a gradual offing; and, when darkness fell, it was generally thought that the efforts of the seamen had been successful.

One of the most terrific nights ever remembered upon that tempest-beaten coast succeeded this stormy evening. The castle inmates, strong as their rock-founded dwelling was, feared to go to rest, and crowded round the fire in the great hall, listening fearfully as gust after gust came roaring from the ocean. There were pauses when the tempest lulled; but they were but momentary, and appeared intended to give increased effect to the furious bursts which followed them. More than once, while the storm seemed resting, as if collecting strength for increased violence, shrieks were distinctly heard; but they were supposed to be only the wailings of the wind, or the cries of sea-birds dislodged by the tempest from their resting-places. Again

and again sounds of distress arose, like those of mortal agony. Lights were placed in the castle windows, and torches flared upon the projecting cliffs; but to those signals of humanity no ship-wrecked mariner responded; and, when the terrified inmates of the castle ventured to retire, they concluded that the distressing noises which they had heard were nothing but the uproar of the elements. In this belief, on the morrow, they were fully confirmed. No dead body came ashore; no floating wreck gave sad and silent token that some gallant ship had perished; beyond the customary drift-wood, nothing was left upon the beach; and, in a few weeks, another storm obliterated the memory of the past one.

* * * *

Duncan Forbes and John Cameron were co-partners in trade, and reputed the wealthiest shipowners in Aberdeen. To every port their vessels traded; and the luckiest whalers from that lucky port, were those belonging to this wealthy firm. Both had been the founders of their own fortunes, and what boast can be more creditable? Forbes had commenced life a carpenter—Cameron was an orphan boy.

They married. Forbes had an only son, and Cameron was the father of a daughter. The parents agreed to unite their wealth, and the union of their children was to be the means.

Allan Forbes was the flower of the burgher youth. Handsome as affluent, he was admired by one sex, and respected by the other. With a modest consciousness of his own advantages, personal and worldly, Allan neither stooped to sycophancy, nor fell into the vulgar offending of monied arrogance. There were many old families resident in Aberdeen, who, with silly pride, regarded trade and traders as beneath them. But in every house young Allan found a welcome. Woman smiled upon him, in secret—and man acknowledged his desert.

Edith Maxwell was an orphan. In giving her birth she lost a mother, and, six months afterwards, her father fell, sealing with his blood an unshaken attachment to the house of Stuart. The ruin of that haughty family followed; and attainted title, forfeited estates, death upon field and scaffold, and expatriation to the survivors, destroyed one of the most powerful of the Border clans. The cadets and children of the house of Maxwell were dispersed—the former to cut their road to fortune with the sword, the latter to obtain protection from those allied to them by kindred ties; who, with more prudence and better luck, had kept aloof from the political movement which extinguished the hopes of the Chevalier, and ruined the house of

Nithsdale. Lady Helen Douglas received her orphan niece, and Edith Maxwell was brought up by her aunt, and educated as an adopted daughter.

* * * *

It was a chill January evening; the cheerless light of a wintry sun was sinking in the ocean; the fisher had hauled his boat ashore, and the labourer quitted the field for the fireside. On the long line of sands which extend from the debouchment of the Dee, two figures only were visible; arm-in-arm they walked slowly towards the city; deep and engrossing was their converse, for the errand which brought them to the sands was love. The youth was Allan Forbes—the fair one, Edith Maxwell.

"And why," asked the timid girl, "have you urged me so earnestly to meet you here?"

"Alas! Edith, to tell thee but sorry tidings, and put thy affection to the proof."

"Go on, Allan; suspense is terrible, and let me know the worst at once."

"Edith, long and fondly have I loved thee, although long the secret of my heart was concealed. I feared that the daughter of a haughty house—fallen though its pride might be—would scorn the homage of him whose father had been the artist of his fortunes. Doubtingly I owned my passion; but you smiled upon my suit, and

told me you would be mine. What, then, should alloy my hope of future bliss, or damp the rapture of a moment worth a whole life beside,

'When first her love the lov'd one tells?'

Listen, sweetest, and I will briefly tell thee.

"Last night, the twenty-third return of my birthday fell. I was alone with my father. He pledged my health; and, warming with wine, he thus addressed me. 'Thy years roll on, Allan, and while thou art growing into lusty manhood, I am creeping down life's hill. Well, 'tis but the course of nature. I have been a fortunate man; and see what thrift and industry will achieve. I, a common carpenter; my partner, a herdsman's son, have we not overtopped every trader in Aberdeen, and realized wealth enough to buy the paltry relics of the ruined estates of half the poor peers of Scotland? Faugh! how I laugh in secret when I meet one of those fallen proud ones in the street, and mechanically, my hand rises to my bonnet, and he answers my obeisance with a nod, as if I were his menial! Ha, ha!—*I*, who an hour before had, probably, rejected his security for the loan of twenty pieces, and left his lady wife and most honourable daughter mayhap without the promised mantua. I have ever made thee, Allan, a birthday present—and this last shall be the largest. The "Bon Accord"

lies fully freighted at the quay, and, in two days more she proceeds upon her voyage. May it be prosperous—for ship and cargo now are thine.'

"I thanked him warmly for the gift, and my father thus continued—

"'John Cameron and I have silently and steadily progressed up the hill; and what has been the secret of our success? Why, nothing but secrecy of design and firmness of purpose. None knew what we intended until it was done—ay, though years should elapse, before the end we aimed at was accomplished. Hear, now, what was seventeen winters back arranged between us, for thou art interested in it'—and the old man laughed. 'For whom did I realize wealth?—for thee, boy. Who will heir the riches of John Cameron?—Mabel, his fair daughter. Well, is a goodly fortune to be divided?—No, faith, that were but silly policy. It will be united—centred in thee and her. In a month hence, Mabel shall be thine; ay, and with her thou shalt receive the noblest tocher that ever a trader gave his child. Ha!—come in!' he cried, in return to a soft knock upon the door. It was a clerk, to announce the safe return of a missing ship; and my father, in an agony of joy, rushed out to hear the narration of her unexpected return, from the captain, who was waiting for him in the office. Why,

Edith, have I told thee all this?—To prepare thee for a coming trial, and urge thee to be resolute. Doubt not my passion—I'll prove its truth. Mabel and her wealth may gift some other suitor—thou, Edith, art the lady of my love!—thine shall be this hand—and thine this heart alone!"

* * * *

It was the second evening after the return of his birthday. Allan Forbes was seated in the same apartment, and no one was present but his father. In the parent and the child a few hours had wrought a striking change, for both were fearfully excited.

"Rash boy! pause ere you speak the fatal word. Recollect the penalty of disobedience—remember what it shall cost thee—rank, honour, power—for money commands all. Say, wilt thou forfeit these? Forfeit them!—and for what? To fling a well-dowered heiress from thee, and mate thee with the daughter of a slain rebel; her portion, the mockery of birth; herself a beggarly dependent. Nay, answer me not. Before 'tis spoken, I read thy language in thy look. Hear me, and think till morning; and that thou mayst judge the value of thy decision aright, I'll tell thee what lack of duty will cost. Wed thee with Edith Maxwell—I have given thee the Bon Accord—ship and cargo are thine own,

and these are thy whole dependence. Make Mabel Cameron thy wife, and throughout wide Scotland, never was an earl's marriage so nobly dowered as thine will be!" The old man rose and left the room.

* * * * *

It was a gloomy morning; the distant aspect of the sea was threatening, and not a fishing-boat ventured out to shoot her lines. One vessel at the quay was waiting for the tide. Her foretopsail, hung loosely in the brails; and a blue flag, centered with a white lozenge, fluttered from the mast-head, and announced that she was about to sail.

In those remote times, the departure of a ship upon a distant voyage occasioned a sensation in the port from which she sailed, not to be fancied now-a-days. The Bon Accord was the finest vessel that had ever crossed the bar of Aberdeen. The good burghers regarded her with pride, as an honour to their city; and numbers had collected on the quay to see her depart, and wish her a safe return. Little did they know the circumstances under which that doomed bark would, for the last time, quit her harbour.

The breeze, though fresh, was favourable. The crew were all on board; the tide had flowed; and the skipper's eye often and anxiously was turned to the town, as if in expectation of

some dilatory passenger. At last, a young man was seen approaching, with a female leaning on his arm. The crowd made way; the youth and his fair companion stepped on board; the canvass fell from the yard; the warps were cast off; the Bon Accord obeyed the breeze, and glided from the jetty. The crowd began to cheer, when, suddenly an old man stepped forward; his countenance was fearfully distorted; he raised his hands upward, turned a scowling eye to Heaven; and, to the horror of all that heard it, thundered out this frightful malediction—"May thy birthday present be thy death, and the ocean-cave the only haven the Bon Accord shall enter!" Awe-struck, the eyes of the spectators wandered from ship to shore. The old man on the quay, who had imprecated curses on the voyage, was the parent of the youthful passenger —and the fair girl, who fainted in the arms of Allan Forbes, was her whom an hour before he had made his bride — the lovely Edith Maxwell!

* * * *

Six months the Bon Accord had sailed, and in five her return had been expected. Ship after ship crossed the bar of Aberdeen, but its proudest bark was not among the number. The summer was waning; the sea was smooth; the wind was fair; but, still, though many a laden

vessel returned from the Baltic, there came no tidings of the missing ship.

* * * *

Slains Castle was crowded with noble visitors; and from a projecting cliff the earl and several of his gay companions were gazing idly on the glassy ocean, on which not a ripple could be seen. That day the highest spring tide had receded, leaving an unusual extent of rock-bound coast uncovered. Pointing to a huge indentation in the cliff, one of the visitors inquired of the noble host, whether that was "the haunted cavern?"*

* Wild as this legend is, there is still a fearful reality to found it on. In illustrating a sketch of this romantic castle, and the rocky headland which it crowns, Daniel has related the following story of a shipwreck, which for horrible effect is not to be exceeded: —"A very remarkable event occurred here some years ago. One very stormy afternoon, a vessel appeared to be working very laboriously to keep out to sea, against a strong wind, which blew dead on shore. Those who witnessed from thence the skilful and persevering efforts made by the persons on board to accomplish this purpose could not but feel strongly interested; and at length, after much uncertainty, they saw reason, about nightfall, to feel assured, that she had worked so far to windward as to be out of danger. In the night the storm continued; and after going to rest, some of the family in the castle thought that they heard cries and sounds of distress. It was considered possible that these sounds might proceed from the wind during the uproar of the elements, or might be merely imaginary, the scene of the afternoon being calculated to excite a strong presentiment of danger. Again these sounds seemed to pierce the troubled air, and were willingly ascribed to the same causes, until the repetition of them, at intervals, produced so strong a conviction of their being really signals of distress, that lights were carried out to various parts of the rocks; and every expedient for relief that humanity could suggest was adopted, and persevered in for hours.

"Haunted cavern?" repeated another; "what mean ye, Howard? Is this wild headland tenanted by spectres?"

"I cannot say," observed the host, "that I have ever seen any of the beings who are said to occupy yonder cave; but, faith! I have heard the most singular noises issue from the bowels of yon black rock that ever fell on mortal ear."

"Has none explored the cavern?"

"None, for many a year; and the fate of the last youth, whose curiosity induced him to enter it, has damped the ardour of the boldest fisherman."

"And what was that?"

The sounds were not again heard; and next morning no vestiges of wreck appeared. Inquiries were made along the coast, without bringing tidings of such a calamity. It was subsequently ascertained, that a vessel had sailed from Aberdeen on the day of the storm, bound for some port in the Baltic. Months passed away and the circumstance was almost forgotten; when one fine afternoon, a party from the castle having determined on a marine excursion, went in a boat to explore some of the caves on the coast; and in one of them, to their great surprise, found the hull of a vessel that had been driven on shore, and sucked in. Some remains of the sufferers were also found; and part of her cargo had been carried up by the waves, and laid high and dry in the interior recesses of the shingly beach. On some oars, and on several packages, were found marks that left no doubt that this had been the vessel which sailed from Aberdeen on the day in question. Numerous pieces of wreck belonging to other vessels were discovered; and in some places parts of their cargoes were found firmly wedged in cavities of the rock; while the skeletons and bones that abounded in these gloomy caves afforded but too lamentable a proof of the effect of storms on this perilous coast. Indeed, it must be apparent, that when a vessel is driven into one of the caves, her destruction must be inevitable: those on board have no chance of escaping; nor can any relief be afforded them."

"I'll tell thee," said the earl; "I was here, a mere boy, when the thing occurred. At the lowest ebb of spring tide—as will in an hour hence occur—one of our most daring boatmen left his companions seeking lobsters in the crevices, which the reflux of the sea had left exposed, and entered the gloomy chasm. He was absent but a short time when his comrades observed him rush wildly out, and climb the pathway leading to the summit of the cliff. They called to him, but their voices seemed to alarm the fugitive, who continued his headlong flight. Wondering what the cause might be, they hastened to his father's cottage. They found him —but reason and speech had fled. He was secured and put in bed—he never spoke; and next morning his coal-black hair was turned to snowy whiteness. On the third evening he expired; and the secrets of yon dark cavern —if such there be—rest with poor Donald in the grave."

"By heaven!" said one of the youths, "I should be most curious to explore that cavern."

"Ay," returned the earl, "and such has been my fancy for a long time."

"Well," rejoined another, "why not indulge it—the tide will answer presently."

"Agreed.—Half my household are dying with a similar curiosity, and they shall have an opportunity to gratify it, if they please."

Torches and attendants were ordered, and the earl and his companions rowed to the entrance of the cavern.

Within the high and gloomy arch, at first the darkness was profound; but, as they proceeded, to their unspeakable astonishment, the interior became lighted up—for a sort of tunnel perforated the arch above, and clearly revealed the recesses of the cave, although its opening was dark as the grave itself. Before them a huge mass of timber was rotting fast away—it was the hull of a noble vessel—and, carved in antique letters on the stern, the name of this ill-fated bark could still be read distinctly. It was the good brig "Bon Accord"—and the very night she left the harbour of Aberdeen, the wish which the rash old man had, in the fury of a father's disappointment, so impiously uttered, was as awfully fulfilled. Among many a heap of blanching bones, but resting high upon a ledge of rock and apart from all the rest, two skeletons were discovered. Whose were they?—That chapless skull, so loathsome now, was once clothed with loveliness and beauty; and the fleshless finger was still circled by a bridal-ring. In this fearful cave the last sigh of Edith Maxwell had escaped—and even after death, the arms of faithful love embraced her.

CHAPTER XII.

BULLERS OF BUCHAN—PETERHEAD—ITS TRADE—POLITE STATISTICS—FRASERBURGH—WICK—PROFILE OF THE IRON DUKE—PENTLAND FIRTH—DUNNET HEAD—FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT—JOHN O'GROAT—PENTLAND SKERRIES—RUN AMONG THE ISLANDS—KIRKWALL—ORCADIAN ISLANDS—TOMB OF A GIANT—FAIR ISLAND.

We left the student of the Marischal College to complete his sketch, and continued our route along this wild and romantic coast, to view the singular curiosity called "the Bullers of Buchan." They are so named after a little fishing-village close beside, and consist of numerous chasms indented in the frowning precipices which fringe the sea, by the ceaseless action of an ocean rarely found at rest. Nothing can be wilder than these frightful caverns; but the great lion of the place is the Buller (Boiler) itself. This "antre wild" is a huge cavern worn in the bowels of the cliff, and only entered by a boat under a lofty arch of solid rock. Once within, the view

of the cave is grand and terrific, lighted as it is by a natural shaft, which perforates the stupendous roof, and appears, by some freak of Nature, to have been bored through one hundred and sixty feet of solid granite, to permit the chasm to be seen. Many a tourist has visited this wonderful cave, and among the rest, that literary leviathan, Johnson. I forget the term by which the Doctor designates the Buller—but it is one sufficiently erudite, to oblige a general reader to refer to his own dictionary for information.

From the Bullers we proceeded to the busy and thriving seaport of Peterhead, built on the most easterly promontory of Scotland, a mile to the southward of the debouchment of the river Ugie. From the humblest origin, this town has attained a high and well-merited place among the most prosperous of the mercantile communities of Britain. Two centuries back, it was only a fishing-hamlet with a paltry quay, and owned some twenty tons of shipping. Now, its noble harbour is at once the nursery and the place of refuge for some of the boldest and best mariners that Britain boasts of.

The harbour is formed in a bay curiously fringed with pointed rocks, its entrance marked by a fine lighthouse placed on Buchan Ness, a headland beside the fishing-town of Boddom. The haven has a double entrance, and can be

gained easily by vessels approaching north or south; and hence it is invaluable as a place of refuge, to those who are "tempest-toss'd" upon the German Ocean. The buildings, public and private, are well designed; and from the beautiful colour and quality of the granite used in their construction, are both durable and elegant. But the pride of Peterhead lies in its fisheries and trade. Its exports, in corn and butter, are extensive, and its whale-trade almost rivals that of Hull. Touching politer statistics, I shall only intimate that it has a good ball-room and mineral springs; and, in 1716, was honoured with a visit from the old Pretender. Of its present state and society, I shall give you Chambers's report. He says the latter is of a superior stamp—Jacobite and Episcopal; the ladies jealous of each other, and partial to reel-dancing and quadrilles; while the gentlemen delight in hot toddy and long whist. I mention these particulars to you, as being the most execrable partner that ever lost a rubber by a revoke. If you visit this town, although of that order of Irishmen termed "the bashful," I have little doubt you will, as a matter of course, make your way into the upper *clique*. While you abide in Peterhead don't "touch pasteboard" for your life—but, stick to dancing, "an you love me."

At noon the steamer appeared off Boddom

Head, and we pulled off in a whale-boat, manned by four of the finest seamen I ever saw strip to an oar. We were soon in safety on the "Sovereign's" deck; and, the sun being over the fore-yard, we commemorated our re-union with the captain, the Stout Gentleman ratifying the same in brandy and water, an example faithfully followed on our part.

In a couple of hours the vessel was abreast the headland and lighthouse of Kinnaird, southward of which stands Fraserburgh,—like Peterhead, a harbour of refuge for vessels from the North Sea. Our course lay now across the Murray Firth. That "music of the soul, the dinner-bell," summoned us to the saloon; and when we came on deck again, the shores of Aberdeen and Banffshire were nearly out of sight, and we appeared to be bidding Scotland "a long good night." Next morning, however, when we issued from the companion, we found ourselves entering the harbour of Wick, having crossed the mouth of the Murray Firth, and gained the coast of Caithness.

From the delay that had occurred at Aberdeen, the captain was anxious to lose as little time as possible; the goods and passengers to be landed at Wick were speedily disembarked, and in an hour after breakfast, the engine was set in motion, and the voyage resumed.

From Noss to Duncansby Head the land was scacely visible, for the weather was at times so thick, that objects could scarcely be seen beyond the steamer's jib-boom. It cleared as we approached the headland which marks the north-eastern entrance of the dreaded Pentland; and when we found ourselves fairly in the Firth, the sun once more broke out, as if intending to light up for our inspection, those stormy waves, beneath which, a thousand mariners and many a rich argosie had perished.

Varied and fantastic are the wild features which this rock-bound coast presents; and one is singularly remarkable. In bringing two or three shattered columns of a projecting cliff into line, not far distant from the romantic tower of Ackergill,* the profile of the Iron Duke appears for a few minutes, so perfect, so gigantic, and so life-like, that one might fancy there had been another Waterloo and Wellington, *ante mundi*, yeár unknown, and the head a *chef d'œuvre* of

* Ackergill is still habitable, and is well worthy of being inspected, and may give a good notion of the rude strongholds which frowned along this iron-bound coast. "It is a square tower, sixty-five feet in height; and in breadth, at each angle, forty-five feet, having three stories, each of them arched, the walls above ten feet thick at the butts of the arches. It stands on a rock close to the sea, a few feet above the highest water-mark, and is defended by a moat twelve feet deep, and equally broad, extending along each of its angles, excepting the one facing the sea."

Titan art, by some Chantry of the times, who stood, by fair admeasurement, an hundred feet over the then horseguard regulations.

Would you witness a regular "passage of arms" between two mighty seas, cross the Pentland Firth—and you must be tossed upon its tides, before you can even imagine what may be termed their ferocity. The rush of two mighty oceans, struggling to sweep their world of waters through a narrow sound, and dashing their waves, as if in bootless fury, against the rocky barriers which headland and islet present *—the endless contest of conflicting tides hurried forward and repelled, meeting and mingling—their troubled surface boiling and spouting—and, even in a summer calm, in an eternal state of restless agitation. Fancy the calm changing to a storm; the wind at west; the whole volume of the Atlantic rolling its wild mass of waters on, in

* The firth is twenty miles in length from east to west, by a breadth varying from five and a half to eight miles. At the middle the sea is some miles broader, by the indentation of Scalpa Bay or Flow, on the Orkney side. On the mainland, or coast of Caithness, the firth is bounded by Duncansby Head on the east, and Dunnet Head on the western promontory. On the north, or Orkney side, it is bounded by South Ronaldshay Island on the east, and by the island of Hoy on the western extremity. Nearly in the centre of the firth, betwixt Duncansby Head and South Ronaldshay, lie the Pentland Skerries or islets; and, about half-way through, nearer the south than the north side, lies the island of Stroma. Nearly opposite this island, at the entrance of Scalpa Bay, is situated the small island of Swinna.

one sweeping flood, to dash and burst upon the black and riven promontory of Dunnet Head, until the mountain wave, shattered into spray, flies over the summit of a precipice, four hundred feet above the base it broke upon!

We saw the outline of Dunnet Head distinctly, and, its form and position apart, regarded it with an increased and painful interest. Last winter it was the scene of a most harrowing accident. Death in itself is nothing—the mere debt of nature—the *denouement* of the drama—in the story of a life, the only certainty—it is the manner and circumstance which, as an occurrence, gives it indifference or effect. I have passed with comparative unconcern over a battle field, where the dead lay thick as shocks of grain in harvest, and yet, for years after the event, the form of a beautiful suicide I once saw lifeless, haunted my memory and disturbed my dreams. The accident at Dunnet Head, which I have alluded to, was this:—A government survey of the Pentland Firth was being made, under the direction of Captain Slater of the royal navy. To ascertain the direction of the currents, he frequently visited the lofty headlands which mark the entrance of Thurso Bay; and, on the day of his unhappy death, ascended the promontory of Dunnet, to ascertain the surface action of the

tides.* Whether he had incautiously trusted to a slip of rock, which his weight dislodged from the cliff, or from giddiness or mischance fell from the dizzy height he stood upon, is mere conjecture. The body was never found; and he rests probably in some deep cavern of that sea "of stormy water," whose secrets, in the ardour of scientific curiosity, he had been so eager to discover.

* The late Statistical Account of the parish thus describes the changing appearance of the sea: "The current in the Pentland Firth is exceedingly strong during spring tides, so that no vessel can stem it. The flood-tide runs from west to east at the rate of ten miles an hour, with new and full moon. It is then high water at Scarfskerry (which is about three miles distant from Dunnet Head) at nine o'clock. Immediately as the water begins to fall on the shore, the current turns to the west; but the strength of the flood is so great in the middle of the firth, that it continues to run east till about twelve. With a gentle breeze of westerly wind, about eight o'clock in the morning the whole firth seems as smooth as a sheet of glass, from Dunnet Head to Hoy Head, in Orkney. About nine, the sea begins to *rage* for about one hundred yards off the Head, while all without continues smooth as before. This appearance gradually advances towards the firth, and along the shore to the east, though the effects are not much felt upon the shore till it reaches Scarfskerry Head, as the land between these points forms a considerable bay. By two o'clock, *the whole firth seems to rage*. About three in the afternoon it is low-water on the shore, when all the former phenomena are reversed,—the smooth water beginning to appear next the land, and advancing gradually till it reaches the middle of the firth. To strangers the navigation is very dangerous, especially if they approach near the land. But the natives along the coast are so well acquainted with the direction of the tides, that they can take advantage of every one of these currents to carry them safe to one harbour or another. Hence very few accidents happen, but from want of skill or knowledge of the tides."

On entering the firth, we passed the site of a building of traditionary celebrity, namely, the house of John o' Groat. It stood upon the beach—and a grassy knoll is pointed out as the spot on which the honest Dutchman erected his abiding place. As the story goes, Johnny's kinsmen had a dispute about precedency—and to settle the question, Mister Groat erected an octagonal room, with a door on every side, to accommodate each gentleman with a private *entré*. Although the contrivance might have been ingenious, the house must have been confoundedly cold; and an eight-doored apartment, in a gale of wind, anything but pleasant quarters on the Firth of Pentland.

One cannot imagine a place more fraught with peril to the mariner, than the entrance of this strait, before lights were erected upon it, so late as in 1794. The light-house consists of two towers, the respective lanterns being at an elevation of eighty and one hundred feet above the level of the sea. A sad and desolate residence they must be during the long dark nights incident to a northern winter. To the keepers, fishing is but an indifferent resource, either in point of amusement or supply; but heaps of migratory birds, at certain seasons, afford ample employment for the gun. At the time we passed these isolated rocks, accident had given them an

unusual animation. A timber vessel had been wrecked a week before—and a number of persons from the mainland were engaged, under the superintendence of an agent of Lloyd's, in securing the cargo.

Many curious stories are told of the singular detention of vessels, in vain attempts to force a passage through this dangerous firth. For days, nay weeks, they have been idly drifted, hither and thither, by the capricious currents, and threatened with a voyage that in length would rival that of the Flying Dutchman. A Newcastle shipowner despatched two vessels by the same tide—one bound to Liverpool, *viâ* the Pentland, and the other to Bombay; the latter was the voyage first completed. The duration of being wind-bound in the Orkneys, at times passeth all understanding; and ships that entered Stromness on New Year's Day, have been found there resting from their labours, the 15th of the following April!

Although dangerous and disturbed throughout, the Pentland Firth has places additionally perilous to those who, from ignorance or accident, imprudently approach them. Stroma has its Scylla and Charybdis; one, a whirlpool called the Swalchie; the other, an expanse of broken surface, boiling like a witch's cauldron, termed the "Merry men of Mey." The wind to be

most dreaded is that from the west. Within the firth, vessels seldom venture to bring up; and those who have attempted to let go an anchor, have generally left it at the bottom.

We skirted South Ronaldshay, and passed the isle of Burra, rounded the mainland, as Pomona is fancifully called, left Copinsha and Horse Island on the starboard hand, stood from Mont Head to Carness, and ran up the fine bay at whose head stands the capital of "the stormy Orcades,"—the royal burgh of Kirkwall.

The interest of Kirkwall lies in its ruins, for the town itself has nothing to recommend it. It is comprised nearly in one long and narrow street, roughly paved, and unprovided with a flag-way for pedestrians. I should, were I to speculate upon its origin, fancy that it had been built after the design of an Irish architect, the houses being turned the wrong way. In military parlance, they all "refuse their front," and, contrary to general custom, Orcadian proprietors keep their hall-doors out of sight, and present their gables to the passenger. As we purpose stopping on our return, and honouring Kirkwall with a longer visit than the flying one which Captain P—— could only grant, we have landed to, what the Stout Gentleman terms, "stretch our legs," mount the tower of St. Magnus, and view the nakedness of the land. It was well

that such was our intention; for we had scarcely gained the summit, when "ding," dong, went the steamer's bell, ringing its "note of preparation." Short as was the space allowed between our landing and embarkation, it afforded me a bird's-eye view of land and sea curiously interspersed; while the Stout Gentleman—bilious, as stout gentlemen will be, who, not particularly sea-hardy, navigate an Orcadian ocean—found a pleasant opportunity of inquiring "Why the devil he had been dragged up an hundred feet of stone-work, only to have the trouble of going down again?" The lady-conductress—for we were *ciceroned* by one of Nature's master-pieces—attempted to propitiate my companion, as we passed through the "vaulted aisle." "There lay the mortal remains of St. Magnus himself—a saint of his day—murdered first, and canonized afterwards." The Stout Gentleman, who is a sceptic or true believer always out of opposition, expressed an irreligious conviction that the said saint never existed, and, consequently, that the whole story was a humbug. "There was the tomb of Bishop Steward, who built three pillars and the rose window." The Stout Gentleman wished to know "whether the old drone had done nothing better?" "There lay Bishop Maxwell, who presented the cathedral with its peal of bells." Pish! Bishop Maxwell might go to Bath, and his bells "along

with him!" The old lady turned pale. A saint —canonized, and no mistake about it, with two bishops, three pillars, a rose-window, and a ring of bells—all sent to Bath! No wonder that the old lady turned pale, and prepared to pour out the phials of her wrath upon the sinful sceptic; but the steamer rang a second summons, and the Stout Gentleman hurried out, leaving me, by a double fee, to cover the retreat, and make atonement for his impiety.

Upon the temper of my testy companion breakfast had a beneficial effect; and we came on deck as the steamer was abreast of Shapinsay. A Norfolk farmer would pronounce it "barren all," while an antiquarian would estimate it as part of the land of Goshen; for it has a liberal supply of Pictish houses, Popish chapels, tumuli in great variety, and a stone monument to perpetuate the descent of Odin!

Stronsa was next passed—an island, the Harrowgate of the Orcades; for Doctor Barry avers that a sea-weed diet, and its mineral waters, "will cure all maladies but *black death!*" A small dependant, quite close, is called Papa Stronsa. It also has its ruined chapels and Pictish tombs. Of the latter, one being opened and explored, would infer that giants were not confined to Patagonia, as, from the enormous size of the bones, the gentleman who filled the

"narrow house," in life must have been fully eight feet high.

When we left the light of Ronaldsha, we bade farewell to the Orkneys for a season. Like all the rest of the northern islands, it has many memorials of olden time. There are stones which might prove puzzlers to Dr. Dryasdust, and tumuli that would set the Antiquarian Society at defiance. One that was opened in Barry's time, was found to contain "a building nine feet in diameter, circular on the outside, and square and hollow within, in the bottom of which was a well, and in the upper part the skeleton of a man in nearly an upright attitude."*

As Ronaldsha faded from the view upon the larboard hand, a spot of mountain obtruded itself upon the sight, and a more desolate and inhospitable-looking island will rarely appear. Our course was too easterly to permit us to close the land; but its rock-bound coast, and bleak and savage profile, would render the Fair Island the last place upon earth where a shipwrecked mariner would desire to be cast away. And yet, on this isolated and wretched isle, the proud Duke was left to hermitize,† who

* History of the Orkney Islands.

† "After his defeat, in the memorable year 1588, the Duke of Medina Sidonia retreated northward, pursued by the English squadron, and was shipwrecked on this bleak inhospitable shore,

commanded the armada, termed "invincible"—a *sobriquet* applied to it with about as much right as to a French battalion of the same name, which, in Egypt, were scattered like sheep by a charge of the "Forty-twa."

If ever human pride were prostrated to the earth it would have been that of Medina Sidonia. Commander of an expedition, which incurred beggary on a kingdom, and a blessing from the pope, he started with the banner of St. Peter's successor at his mast-head, and a necessary supply of thumb-screw apparatus for the conversion of non-believers. A handful of heretical seamen thrashed him while they pleased—and upon his lubberly crews, the weather did the rest. There was scarcely a rock on the north-westerly shores of the British isles, which did not scrape an acquaintance with the bottoms of his argosies; and in running away from an English squadron, he ran ashore on Fair Island. By all accounts, if fasting could purge his offendings as a commander, he went back "to the fertile valleys of Old Spain," clean as a whistle.

and whose crew, after great sufferings, were mostly murdered by the barbarous natives, to prevent a famine in the isle; the Duke, with a small remnant, being permitted to escape in a little vessel to Quendal, on the mainland of Shetland, where they were kindly entertained, and ultimately assisted in their return through France to the fertile valleys of Old Spain."

CHAPTER XIII.

ROOST OF SUMBURGH—MY COMPANIONS—THE CAPTAIN'S YARN—THE CHASE—A YANKEE SKIPPER—LERWICK—LOCAL SKETCH—GOVERNOR OF FORT CHARLOTTE—CRIMINAL STATISTICS—CASTLE OF SCALLOWAY—EARL PATRICK THE WICKED—THE MINISTER'S MOTTO.

BEFORE we lost sight of Fair Island, the Fitful Head rose boldly in the southward, and presently, that of Sumburgh, a league more easterly, showed itself. As we closed the latter, it presented a rugged profile of dark rock, towering seven hundred feet above a long line of precipices which form the ocean barrier along the promontory. A tumultuary meeting of conflicting tides, running east and west along the Shetland shores, wash the base of this lofty headland, and are termed its "Roost." In a gale of wind, there is in this wild sound, a tremendous, and what seamen call a *jumping*, sea; and, in calms, the Roost of Sumburgh will occasionally "hang up" a vessel among its distracting currents, and for days together, the impatient mariner sees the sun rise

and set behind the rifted pinnacles of this wild promontory. The tide-runs are traceable upon the surface of the ocean, and change their course with flood and ebb; a brief lull occurs at high water, and is termed by Shetlanders "the still."

It was quite dark when we let go our anchor in Lerwick roads; and, as the chief caravansera in the island, by every account, could afford but limited accommodation, we came to a wise determination of not "going farther and faring worse," and, accordingly, remained where we were. The Stout Gentleman ordered supper; and, while that pleasant and social meal was in preparation, we lounged the time away on deck, looking at the lights which glanced from the windows of the place, and wondering what sort of an appearance this Ultima Thule of a town would present next morning.

If a man will draw them out, there are few persons he encounters from whom some amusement or information cannot be extracted. In our companions we had been particularly fortunate. At Wick, two gentlemen had come on board, and both were agreeable and intelligent—the one, an agent of Lloyd's, *en route* to some northern voe or sound, to look after a vessel that had been cast away; the other, a commander in the navy, whose early career had been marked

with all the wild incident attendant on adventurous life. His reminiscences were varied and interesting; and one of his narratives of "flood *not* field," served to fill up agreeably the vacant interval before the supper summons came.

During the late American war, he had been second lieutenant of the ——, one of the finest frigates in commission. The vessel was very fast, the crew admirably disciplined, and the captain a bold and daring sailor. Although unfortunate in never being able to measure strength with an enemy of equal size, in her captures, the —— had been very successful. On one occasion however, the enemy had escaped—and the captain's narrative of the affair was very amusing.

"While cruising off the Western Isles, in the supposed track of an American frigate, one morning, at daylight, a very suspicious-looking gentleman was discovered to leeward, and sail was made in chase. The discovery appeared mutual; for, fast as canvass was crowded on the *Clorinde* (we'll call her so), the stranger was equally industrious. Off went the schooner, and away went the frigate at her heels—and throughout the day, the chase continued with alternating success. If the breeze freshened, the Clorinde outcarried the schooner, and came up—when it lightened, the enemy crawled away, and

increased her distance—and night found both parties in *statu quo,* as when they had commenced the race. Of course, the Yankee would avail himself of darkness to bid his dangerous companion an unceremonious farewell; while, pleased with her company, the Clorinde was desirous of improving the acquaintance, and particularly anxious to renew friendly relations in the morning.

"The sun set—darkness fell. The skipper first inquired, 'What was to be done?' and, after secretly communing with himself, he seemed to have found an answer to his own question. The frigate's course was changed, her canvass reduced, and the result left for daylight to decide. Morning broke at last, and there was the schooner on the Clorinde's weather-bow, scarcely two leagues to windward!

"In a moment, the frigate was again in chase; every inch of 'muslin' was spread to woo the breeze, and, from truck to deck, the Clorinde appeared a cloud of canvass. All day the pursuit continued; the same anxiety, the same fortune as before. The chase was even more tantalizing than that of yesterday; for once, when the breeze was fresh and steady for half an hour, the frigate had drawn so much ahead, as enabled her to pitch a nine-pound shot through the schooner's mainsail.

"'What the devil's to be done now?' exclaimed the Captain to the Second-lieutenant, after 'blasting light breezes and dark nights,' as sailors will do occasionally. 'An hour's light, a wholesale breeze, and, Master Jonathan, you would have bidden a long farewell to Boston! What course shall we shape? Egad, I'll try an experiment. I have run him two hundred miles farther eastward than he likes. A Yankee's full of tricks, and, probably, he'll try to dodge me in the dark. Round the frigate to! We'll stay as we are, and see what luck morning will bring.'

"Sail was shortened; the watch set; the crew turned in; the Captain and his Lieutenants retired to console themselves in the cabin; and all believed that they had looked their last upon one of the largest and finest clippers which had ever left a Yankee port.

"Twice was the bell struck ere morning came. It broke slowly and sullenly, for the sun had hid himself within a fog-bank. Every eye was turned anxiously around—ahead—astern—and nothing was visible but dark-blue water. The fog-bank parted—out came the sun,—for miles around the sea was lighted gloriously; and—

'Blessed Mary! can it be?'

a short league on the larboard quarter, master

Jonathan was laid to, looking innocent and unsuspicious as a sleeping seagull!

"If the skipper of the privateer would have seen that beautiful national melody (his own) of 'Sich a gittin' up stairs' practically illustrated, he should have looked at the crew of the Clorinde, as, on the first alarm, they came swarming up the hatch-ladders. Both vessels made sail; and the scene of pursuit and disappointment was re-enacted once more. Twice, during that long day, orders were given to cast loose the chase-guns; but the capricious breeze became lighter and less steady; the schooner clawed to windward—fainter and fainter still—the wind at last died totally away; night shut the vessels from each other's view, and, in the morning, the Clorinde had the ocean apparently to herself, and the Yankee rover was—Heaven knows where.

"Years afterwards, I was in a sea-port coffee-room, where sundry captains of merchantmen were indulging in long stories and hot grog. Several of them were Yankees; and, to my amusement and surprise, an old and hard-featured Bostonian was narrating every particular of the race between the schooner and the Clorinde.

"'I was tarnation scared,' observed Jonathan; 'I'm blessed, but I thought more than once, that in five minutes I would have had the

Britisher's broadside slick into the schooner's ribs. I'll niver be so near cotched, and that I guess.'

"'How did you feel when we pitched a round shot through your mainsail?'

"The Yankee looked at me.

"'Why, tarnation queer, I guess; but who the devil, friend, are you?'

"'The man who laid the gun that let day-light through your canvass.'

"'And what was the frigate as hunted me so hard?'

"'The Clorinde; Captain ———.'

"'Well, aint that sing'ler, too! —When I thought to dodge ye the second night, and let you run a tinker's chase after me, while I hove-to and let you pass—when the sun came out o' the fog, and diskivered ye beside me—says I to my chief officer, Jeremiah Pike, says I—that there frigate's a reg'lar witch, and her skipper either Captain ——— or the devil. I guess I was shrewdish there—war'n't I?'"

When we came on deck next morning, we found ourselves a few hundred yards from shore, and under the guns of Fort Charlotte. The first look of Lerwick is singular: the long irregular range of houses, clustering more closely near the landing-places, but disposed without the least attempt at uniformity, and apparently with a

total disregard, on the part of the proprietor, as to whether he presented you with his front or flank. The whole are about half a mile long, extend in a curve along the water, and are commanded by a fort erected on a rocky knoll on its northern extremity, which domineers both the harbour and the town.

Lerwick, unlike Kirkwall, is a modern place, and boasts a very humble origin. At the Revolution it was merely a fishing village; its traffic, fish; its visitants, Dutch herring-coupers. For smuggling it was well adapted; and, a century since, contraband trade was pretty extensively carried on. In those good old times smuggling, like sheep-stealing, was considered a gentlemanly recreation; and the bad odour into which Lerwick sank, could not have arisen from the inhabitants occasionally neglecting to obtain a permit from the guager. That Lerwick was not then a place, which George Robins would eulogize as one in which capitalists could make a safe investment, may be inferred from the fact, that an urgent application was made to have it burnt* by the common hangman. Touching the causes for which this "delenda est Carthago" was supplicated, Chambers is silent and mysterious; but

* "About a hundred and fifty years since, earnest application was made to the higher authorities of the time, that they would order it to be *burnt*, and for ever made desolate, because of its great wickedness."

we suspect other towns and cities might have been discovered within wide Britain, that merited a tar-barrel better than Lerwick, contrabandist as it was.

We landed at some steps near the hotel. No trouble here to passengers—no contention for custom among Bears and Lions, Stags and Swans. The hotel rests alone in its glory; and in unrivalled security dispenses with that eloquent order called Touters, and neither arrests the stranger when he steps upon the pier, nor lays violent hands upon his luggage. Moore melodizes

"a cheek unprofaned by a tear;"

and what the Stout Gentleman valued much higher than every cheek in Shetland—the brown portmanteau, reached its destination unprofaned by a touch.

We proceeded to inspect the town; and at every step it rose in my companion's estimation. Not a horse to be seen; and the streets, paved with a surface like the Trosachs, allowing the traveller to step from height to height, and avoid the intermediate hollows that would engulph that species of bootakin, known among the worshippers of St. Crispin, by the expressive title of "high-lows."

"What a comfort to walk in Lerwick!" observed my pleasant friend. "Although the shops are not so showy as in that beastly place,

London, you can look into the windows here without loss of life. No young practitioner, commencing trade, gives you a preference by a tug at the pocket-handkerchief,—no cursed cabman yells as he rounds a corner to tell that he is over you, and no mistake—there is no omnibus in which, on entrance, you take an eternal farewell of your watch—nor driver of a 'General-delivery' cart to shut you in between himself and a coal-waggon, and call out 'Stupid!' as he leaves you toeless for the period of your natural life."

How far he would have proceeded I know not—his bent, that day, being oratorical—but a shower drove us into a shop, and we filled its duration up by purchases of Shetland hosiery.

We continued our walk to the fort, and entered it unchallenged. No sentry heralded our approach with "Guard, turn out!"—and never could a place of arms have been more easily carried by a *coup de main*—ay, not even the Castle of Holy Island. The whole garrison were in gaol except the governor himself!—and he was at the moment occupied in securing, with split pegs, certain under-garments appertaining to both the ruder and gentler sexes, upon a line, where the lady-governess, after the ordeal of the washing-tub, had previously suspended them!

The fort is quite sufficient for its purpose; and its sea-front—the only one required—is

respectable. It overlooks the roadstead without being perched too high; and the shipping, under the protection of its guns, are within shot-range, even of a carronade. It was first constructed during the Protectorate—enlarged by Charles II. —burnt by a Dutch frigate in 1673; and, after the lapse of a century, rebuilt in 1781; and ever since maintained in tolerable repair. A solitary invalid keeps "watch and ward," and a portion of the barrack has been converted into a common gaol. "To what uses may we not return?" The abiding-place of some threescore gentlemen of the sword, desecrated by being turned into a receptacle for six or seven Bezonians, accused of stealing dried fish and a Shetland pony!—a golden likeness of our Lady the Queen would have more than covered the total loss.

I made some inquiries into criminal statistics, and, from the result, I would not recommend gentlemen of the long robe to emigrate to Shetland in search of practice. Cases of "delicate distress" are, I believe, almost unknown; and here husbands do not appeal to special juries for compensation for the lost society of their ladies, forasmuch as the said ladies never run away. Even for that most important functionary of the profession—the finisher of the law—there is no open in the Orcades. Jack Ketch might remain half a century in Lerwick, and never find an

opportunity to stretch a halter; and, even if he could obtain a patient, his artistic accomplishments would be lost upon these unpolished islanders, whose experience in scientific strangulation never went beyond the hanging of a dog.

I filled the time till dinner hour in riding that singular animal, a Shetland pony, across the mainland, to view the remains of a castle of great interest, situated on the bay of Scalloway. It forms a lasting memorial of the boundless extent to which human injustice will reach. I knew once a militia colonel, who "abused the King's press so damnably," as to till a farm, and build extensive mills, by sending home on furlough, every artisan and agriculturist in the regiment; but justice to his memory requires me to observe, that when the musket was exchanged for the trowel, and the sword turned into a ploughshare, the honest Colonel supplied the commissariat liberally. Now Earl Patrick, of wicked memory, placed his workmen on midshipmen's allowance; for they had "nothing a day, and found themselves." Like O'Connell's "rint," the work was voluntary, only the serfs were obliged to perform it; and, by a just division, the Orkneymen quarried and dressed the stones, while the Shetlanders put them together. A simpler and cheaper method of building could not be devised; for the time, the patriotic pence themselves could not have worked

more peaceably and pleasantly; but, in the end, this building speculation cost Paddy Steward his head. *Absit omen!*—and Heaven forefend that any accident should occur to the Liberator's "knowledge-box!"

Scalloway Castle is a rough, square tower, with turreted corners, built of freestone, and three stories high. The windows are unusually large, while the doorway is low and narrow. For that day, as a residence it was convenient, and comfort was not altogether sacrificed to strength. The kitchen and cellarage were good, and the hall and chambers tolerable. A Latin inscription over the entrance attracts the visitor's eye, and the anecdote connected with it is rather interesting.

The minister of an adjacent parish had visited the Earl—and my Lord Patrick requested that Mass John would favour him with a suitable motto to place above his gateway. "This," says Chambers, "was an occasion of which the minister availed himself to lay before the founder of the castle the sinful enormity of that oppression which had enforced its completion. The Earl's wrath was kindled, and in his rage he threatened the devout pastor with imprisonment; but, afterwards, Mr. Pitcairn said to him, 'Well, if you will have a verse, here is one from Holy Scripture,—" *That house which is built upon a*

rock shall stand,—but built upon the sand it will fall!"' Earl Patrick would not receive the motto in its moral sense, but applied it to the cause which first led to the building of the new castle. 'My father's house was built upon the sandy shores of Sumburgh; its foundations have given way, and it will fall; but Scalloway Castle is constructed upon a rock, and will stand.' Accordingly, upon the lintel-stone of the gate appears the following inscription: 'Patricius Steuardus, Orcadiæ et Zetlandiæ Comes, I.V.R.S. Cujus fundamen saxum est, Dom. illa manebit, Labilis e contra, si sit arena perit. A.D. 1600.' "

I had exceeded the time granted by the Stout Gentleman by a quarter of an hour, and found him particularly fidgety. Scandinavian cooks are not remarkable for punctuality; and ours was, fortunately for me, desperately in arrear. At last, dinner came. The fish was superior; the mutton sweet and diminutive, with a round of Lilliputian beef! Had it come to scale with the marrow-bone of a prize ox, I verily believe it would have kicked the beam, and been found wanting.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIONS OF SHETLAND—PICTISH REMAINS—HUMBUG—THE HOUGOMONT STICK—THE WELLINGTON TREE—MILITARY RELICS—THE WATERLOO SNUFF BOX—HOLM OF NOSS—ROCK-FOWLING—ANECDOTE—A SITUATION—SUPERLATIVE SCOUNDREL—FLYING BRIDGE—DEATH OF AN ADVENTURER.

We hired a boat, and, favoured by three successive days of fine clear weather, have visited by turn most of the lions of the place. These are chiefly comprised in the singular cliffs and caverns of the rocks and islets which form this wild archipelago, wrought by the eternal action of the sea, or some freak in Nature—and in the relics of human operations executed with rough simplicity in a rude age, and by an isolated people, severed from the world, and unacquainted with the arts and sciences then cultivated by more civilized man.

Two engrossing objects appear to influence the actions of a barbarous people—superstition and security; and to one or other of these the Scandinavian remains, so abundantly

sprinkled over the surface of the Orcades, may be traced. The upright stones for Druid worship;* the barrow, where the Island-kings repose; the Pictish house, where the Norseman burrowed;† the Teutonic fort, to which the serf retired for refuge, when the white sail was seen upon the ocean, and told that the rover was afloat; all equally indicate, by the labour they must have cost, the enthusiasm of a wild religion, or the insecurity of a barbarous age.

I am no antiquary, and am far too old to learn the art. It would be the spoil of me to go through the ordeal; for the same cause to which our little Celtic quarter-master—poor Donald Stuart—used to ascribe a head-ache in the morning,—oblivious that on the night before he had discussed a dozen tumblers of diluted alcohol—to wit, "late reading and heavy spectacles," would bring me to the grave. I believe that, of all people, *virtuosi* are among the greatest asses upon earth. On a coal-fish you may impose a goose feather for a fly, and on an antiquary pass a brass basin currently as the helmet of Mambrino—*Apropos* to humbug—I remember once being a party to a hoax, pleasant at the time, but disastrous afterwards to a gentleman in noway connected with the affair.

We were quartered in the town of ——, in

* Appendix, No. VII. † Appendix, No. VIII.

the west of Ireland; and among other of the inhabitants to whom we were indebted for civility was an old lady—an indefatigable collector of butterflies, cockle-shells, birds of paradise, and every other trumpery of the sort. It was winter; and in that wet climate we were as much puzzled to kill time as the garrison of Norham, when—

> " ——— they could not ride
> A foray on the Scottish side."

My lamented camarado, the late Major ——, was a very beautiful turner, and, on a wet day, his lathe assisted him in passing the dull hours, and many a pretty trifle, the produce of his chisel, poor fellow, are still preserved by his surviving friends.

> " Now in that town
> A 'man' was found,
> As many men there be,"

who had visited the field of Waterloo, and had brought thence an assortment of buckles and buttons, a French schaco perforated by an English bullet, and a stick cut from the wood of Hougomont, and mounted with a silver plate certifying the truth of the exploit. Now, may God forgive him! the stick was as like any stick that grew on "red Waterloo" as a Cockney's cane to an Irish sapling. It had been made and engraved "to order" by an umbrella-maker in the

Strand; and the same stick, which Mr. P—— always carried when he called upon Mrs. ——, had nearly driven that lady to desperation. She had a pipkin from Pompeii—what was that! a boot of Brian Boru's—mere "leather and prunella!" A war-club from the Sandwich islands, —but what was the said war-club to a stick that grew in Hougomont? Never was an old lady more disconsolate—"a craving void left aching in her breast,"—and if she could not obtain, by hook or crook, a Waterloo relic as a set-off against Mr. P——'s stick, the thing would be the death of her.

It was at a soirée, as she called her tea-party, that the conversation turned upon military relics, and Mrs. C—— mentioned Mr. P——'s stick, sighed, and inquired "whether any of the hedge remained, and if even a sprig were procurable?" Our assistant-surgeon was a wag; he detected the secret yearnings of the old lady's heart, and marked her for a victim. "There was," he replied, "not a remnant of the wood of Hougomont left; the last root of the last thorn having been stubbed out, to make tooth-picks for the Prince Regent. Mr. P——'s stick was no doubt a stick above price; but what was it, after all, to a piece of the Wellington tree in the possession of Major ——? The Hougomont hedge was well enough for a hedge, but compare

it with "the tree"—pish! it was "box-wood to an oak—a parsnip to a polyanthus!" The old lady raised her eyes to the ceiling—it was in silent supplication; and her prayer was that she might yet be possessor of a royal tooth-pick, or a portion of the valued tree, although the splinter in size should not be bigger than "a bare bodkin." "As to military relics," continued the false surgeon, "we have some valuable ones in our corps. The Colonel has a fragment of the shell that left Marmont armless at Salamanca; and Captain O'Flagherty, a bullet that, after passing through the body of the big drummer when playing us into action at Quatre Bras, took a back tooth out of the sergeant-major, killed the adjutant's horse afterwards, and was found sticking in the saddle-skirt!"

"And was this bullet like other bullets?"

"Precisely; a mere globular piece of lead, slightly indented on one side by its collision with the sergeant-major's grinder. Would Mrs. C—— wish to see it?"

"Oh, she should be too delighted!"

"Major —— was the kindest man alive. He (the assistant-surgeon) had been civil to the said Major when he sprained his ankle; he would request from him a splinter of the Wellington tree; and if his request were granted, that splinter should be at the service of Mrs. C——."

Mrs. C—— once more raised her eyes to the ceiling; she prayed, first, that the application should prove successful: and, secondly, she registered a vow in heaven, that if she sprained an ankle while the —th remained in town, the assistant-surgeon should be the man to reduce the same, and profit thereby accordingly.

Poor M—— and I laughed heartily next morning when Johnson repeated the conversation. We were both "i the vein" for the absurdity. M—— turned a snuff-box from a root of crab-tree; a bullet is more easily procured in a barrack than a bank-note; one was obtained—ornamented with the indentation of a sergeant-major's molarium—settled in the lid of the relic of Mont St. Jean—and the assistant-surgeon had the audacity to present the apparatus, when completed, in due form, to the credulous old lady.

Woman is grateful, and Mrs. C—— was no exception. Did Doctor —— pay a morning visit, the bell rang before he was five minutes in the drawing-room; sherry and biscuits were ordered up; and, if the day were cold, a glass of cherry-bounce was insisted upon to fortify the "dear Doctor's stomach against damp." As to the box, no saint's toe ever received more civility from a true catholic. A stuffed king-fisher was placed upon the retired list *instanter*, and, under the glass which had protected the plumage of

that gay bird, the box was enshrined religiously. We may observe here, that to every inhabitant of —— the secret of the imposition was no secret; they were, however, a most malicious community, and no one undeceived Mrs. C——.

Old ladies will get sick—and so did the possessor of the relic of Mont St. Jean. The curate insinuated that it was full time she should set her house in order; and her maid recommended her to dispose of her personal effects, hinting, also, that "the sooner she *made her sowl* the better."

One fine morning her reverend adviser was announced. Mrs. C—— was seated in her easy chair, with a spider table before her. On it lay a tract which the Curate had left at his last visit for her edification; a pair of spectacles, and a snuff-box of massive gold, beautifully enamelled, which even an Israelite would hold cheap at fifty pounds.

"I am so much obliged," said the old lady, in reply to Mr. ——'s tender inquiries into every particular of her last night's slumbers—"by the kindness and frequency of your visits. Indeed, my dear Mr. ——, I feel and estimate your attention. I made, yesterday, a formal disposition of my effects, and left you a slight memorial of my regard. It is a box which, though valuable in the estimation of the world, is merely intended

to remind you of the donor, when she is no more."

Mrs. C—— lifted the gold snuff-box, and took a most affecting pinch; and, as Mr. —— looked at its beautiful enamelling and solid framework, he came to a mental conclusion that, with the exception of her snuff-box, Mrs. C—— was the finest specimen of the antique he had ever seen.

Mrs. C—— died. It is a vulgar error that old ladies never die. Undoubtedly they do plague people "tarnation" long; but they do hop the twig at last.

Well, Mrs. C—— died, and Mrs. C—— was buried; and Mrs. C——'s will was most decorously opened in presence of her heir-apparent, the Doctor who had made out her route, and the Curate who had put her in marching order in expectation of the same. The will was short and lucid. Her four-per-cents. were conveyed to her nephew, who bore his affliction like a man. The Doctor had a cool hundred to buy a mourning ring; he, too, poor fellow, held up as well as he could. Then came a behest, settling a respectable annuity, for the course of their natural lives, upon two cats; and a codicil, duly and truly executed, completed the old lady's last will and testament.

"I have long had occasion to admire that

zealous and valuable man, the Rev. Mr. ——; and his kind and constant attentions to me during my long illness, require that I should mark my lasting esteem for him by some small but solid token of regard"—the Curate thought of the enamelled snuff-box—that was solid—and he paraded a white handkerchief; but his grief was moderated, as became a christian man, and the Solicitor read on in an audible voice the further contents of this the last codicil: "I therefore beg him to accept, and hand down as an heir-loom to his children afterwards,"—the Solicitor paused and wiped his spectacles—" that invaluable relic—*the Waterloo snuff-box!*"

The Curate's jaw fell; the heir apparent, in the most liberal manner, handed him the posthumous present on the spot, and begged him, for fear of accident, to put it at once in his pocket. Of all the legatees, the most afflicted certainly was the successor to the celebrated snuff-box, which the departed Mrs. C—— had estimated as a jewel above price.

We crossed this morning to Bressay, to see the singular communication by which access is obtained from that island to the Holm of Noss; and when one views the cradle by which a passage is effected, he can easily believe the wildest narratives told him of the desperate courage of the Shetland rock-fowlers. The Noss

is a wild, isolated cliff, everywhere perpendicular, and towering upwards to a height of nearly two hundred feet. It is level on the surface, affording pasture to a score of sheep, and a favourite spot for sea-fowl to nestle on. For centuries these wild tenants were undisturbed; but daring and ingenuity at last succeeded, and man was enabled to reach a retreat from which nature appeared to have interdicted him.

Compared with the peril undergone by the rock-fowler, samphire-picking,—"dangerous trade!" as Shakespeare holds it,—is safe, and chamois-hunting, mere amusement. To reach his game, the Shetland reiver must become familiar with a neutral element, and his operations be carried on in air, and in a state of suspension like the coffin of Mahomet. The edge of the precipice over which he ventures often overhangs the base; and unequalled skill, iron nerves, and a heart of sterner composition, even, than that of the gentleman who first went to sea, and whom old Flaccus describes as a regular desperado, all are required to gift the daring islander. The rock-fowler's apparatus is very simple, the whole outfit costing but a few shillings. Fifty fathoms of rope, a hoop-net to take the eggs, and a wallet to contain them, comprise the whole. As, generally, the face of the cliff retires inward, to gain the shelf of rock whereon to

commence his operations, the fowler, when he has reached the proper point of suspension, is obliged to give himself a pendulous motion, to enable him to catch the ledge within. His rope is managed with astonishing adroitness; he swings himself boldly into air, and always contrives, on the rope's return, to catch the spot he aims at. Landing on the ridge, he secures his frail support, and then proceeds to ply his net and fill his basket. That task done, he resumes his rope and reascends, only to renew his operations on another face of the precipice, which has not been harried by some other fowler. Of course, a pursuit so dangerous is attended with numerous accidents. The Shetlander is even more reckless than the St. Kilda man; and while the latter carefully prepares a rope of triple cow-skin,* the former trusts himself to less-enduring hemp. In his descents and oscillations, the rope is sometimes frayed against projections of the cliff; and if it part, the fowler finds a certain doom in the boiling ocean that lashes the heady precipice.

"Use lessens marvel," and danger familiarizes itself to men. The Shetlander tells you coolly that he lost a father or a brother,† and yet, and

* Appendix, No. IX.

† "On reaching the highest ridges of the rocks, the prospect presented on every side is of the sublimest description. The

probably from the same beetling rock they fell from, he prosecutes his perilous occupation. He looks death in the face unmoved; and his hair-breadth escapes steels him against fear, and nerves him for every contingency. A thousand stories are told here of life saved by the most astonishing self-possession; and one of them, of whose truth I was assured, will give you some idea of a Shetlander's desperate resolution, when the peril of the moment calls on him "to screw his courage to the sticking point."

I told you that when the fowler swings himself into a recess of the cliff, he secures his rope until he requires to swing himself out again. A daring rock-man had made a landing safely,

spectator looks down from a perpendicular height of 1100 or 1200 feet, and sees below the wide Atlantic roll its tide. Dense columns of birds hover through the air, consisting of maws, kittywakes, lyres, sea-parrots or guillemots: the cormorants occupy the lowest portions of the cliffs, the kittywakes whiten the ledges of one distinct cliff, gulls are found on another, and lyres on a third. The welkin is darkened with their flight; nor is the sea less covered with them, as they search the waters in quest of food. But when the winter appears, the colony is fled, and the rude harmony produced by their various screams is succeeded by a desert stillness. From the brink of this awful precipice the adventurous fowler is, by means of a rope tied round his body, let down many fathoms; he then lands on the ledges where the various sea-birds nestle, being still as regardless as his ancestors of the destruction that awaits the falling of some loose stones from a crag, or the untwisting of a cord. It was formerly said of the Foula man, 'his *gutcher* (grandfather) *guid before*, his father guid before, and he must expect to go over the Sneug too.'"—*Hibbert.*

but the rope he was about to fasten slipped from his hold, and oscillated into empty air! There was, what Mr. Puff, in the Critic, calls "a situation!" Hopeless imprisonment in the bowels of a precipice, until death from hunger should release him! A moment of hesitation, and he was lost for ever. The first returning swing of the rope might happily bring it within the chance of grasping; the second, and hope were over. It came—the desperate man was ready—he marked it with his eye, and measured the point at which its oscillation inwards would terminate. The moment came; the fowler sprang desperately into air; grasped the frail rope as it trembled ere it swept from his reach for ever—and he was saved!

In St. Kilda, the islanders generally fowl in couples. In Shetland, though not frequently, two, and even three, rock-men will trust to the same rope. Miss Sinclair, in her book, entitled "Shetland," relates a story told her by the captain of the steamer. I remember hearing it myself from Captain P——, and I shall give it in the lady's words:—

"Some time since a father and two sons were suspended in this way over a deep chasm, when the youth who hung uppermost hastily told his brother that the rope was breaking, therefore it could no longer support them all, desiring

him to cut off the lower end on which their father depended. The young man indignantly refused thus to consign his father to death, upon which his brother, without another moment's hesitation, divided the rope below himself, precipitating his father and brother both to instant destruction! We had an eager discussion after hearing this shocking story, whether it was possible to have acted better than the amiable son who fell a sacrifice to duty and affection, during which Captain Philips suggested that he might have leaped off the rope, and left his father to be preserved! This was a flight of generosity beyond the imagination of any one else, and we received it with great approbation."

Now as the lady does not vouch for the veracity of the transaction, without breach of gallantry I may announce myself a sceptic. Dead men tell no tales; and the surviving scoundrel alone could have narrated the particulars. Doctor Pangloss observes, that "on their own merits modest men are dumb," and scoundrels are generally very cautious in touching on their own infamy. The wretch who preserved his felon life by coldly sacrificing a parent and a brother, would scarcely himself chronicle the proceeding. If he did, although pronouncing him a superlative scoundrel, we must write him down a greater fool.

Whether apocryphal or not, we must do the fair authoress common justice, and say—

"Se non e vero, e ben trovato."

With the first formation of the flying bridge that connects Noss Holm with Bressay, a fatal occurrence is involved. Two centuries ago the summit of this isolated rock remained unknown, until, stimulated by a fancy for wild adventure, and the promise of a cow, a desperate Foula-man volunteered to scale a cliff hitherto considered inaccessible, and establish a means of transit over a chasm fifty yards wide. He succeeded; and a cradle was rigged out on a rope support, sufficient to permit a man and sheep to pass from rock to island. Great men are ambitious; and, generally, by attempting too much, end in getting a "quietus" in the long-run. I saw a clown break his neck in executing a double summerset; and Mr. Samuel Scott, who used to jump from the height of a hundred feet into water, and offered to leap off the Monument, if the London Livery would only stand a cart of straw, hanged himself on Waterloo Bridge "all out of a joke," and in the presence of five thousand spectators. Now, although the fowler had laid his bridge from Noss to Bressay, he scorned to take advantage of its accommodation,

and descended, or rather attempted to descend, by the same route he had climbed; but—

" O high ambition lowly laid! "

he made a slip, concluded his own history, and never came to claim the cow afterwards.

CHAPTER XV.

SHETLAND CHARACTER—MORALS AND RELIGION—SOCIAL INTERCOURSE—UPPER ORDER OF SOCIETY—SHETLAND SCENERY—A CAVE ADVENTURE—SEAL-HUNTING—SHETLANDERS' RESOURCES—THE HAAF-BANKS—LIFE OF A SHETLAND FISHER—LITHE AND SEATH-FISHING—SILLOCKS—PISCATORIAL CONCLUSIONS—LITHE AND MACKEREL—VORACITY OF PIKES—ANECDOTES—SWALLOWING A BLACK-HAG—THE SALMON—ANECDOTES OF THE FISH.

In this letter, my dear Jack, I am about, by an adventurous flight, to give you a summary of Shetland—morals, manners,and manufactures, including sheep, sillocks, and stockings, with every alliterative addition beside.

The first, namely, the peculiarities of Shetland character, I shall summarily dismiss. I believe these representatives of the Norsemen to be essentially a moral people, and that under religious privations, and the want of pastoral precept which in other societies would extenuate, if not excuse deviations from general purity, these remote islanders might for example be usefully held forth. Here, parishes far exceed Irish Unions in point of extent; and some are so isolated and difficult of approach, that their

minister is probably seen but once a year. In speaking of Fair Island—a stepping-stone between the Orkneys and Ultima Thule—thus writes Miss Sinclair:—

"Mr. Thomson, the incumbent, used to visit them once in a season, to perform all the marriages and christenings; but now, being eighty years of age, he is unable to encounter the fatigue of such a voyage; and it was mentioned, that the last time a clergyman arrived there, several of the children requiring to be christened were quite old and uninstructed, while one boy, when the service was performed on himself, swore most violently. The anxiety of these neglected people for ministerial teaching is so extreme, that they will laboriously row their boat any distance to bring a preacher, and only ask their expenses for taking him away, as it is considered ample remuneration for a voyage of fifty miles to hear a single sermon."

As far as I can form an opinion, the Shetlanders are social among themselves, and generally civil to strangers. The long and dreary nights are, in winter, pleasantly and profitably employed; for months, the soft wool of the Shetland sheep finds occupation for its female population; and the manufacture of scarfs and stockings, some of them exquisitely fine, usefully employs those whom "winter and rough weather" would

otherwise leave to sleep away that cheerless season. In every place there is an aristocracy; and the village dance is, after its kind, as rigidly restrictive as the subscription ball at Almack's. In Shetland, however, the upper order of the body politic is a valuable exception to that commonly met with elsewhere. The magnates of the land, the old Udallers, have passed away, and their places been filled by the merchant and the minister—men calculated, by commercial impulse, or the influence of example and advice, to civilize the habits, and improve the condition of a primitive people, who, like the progenitors of John Bull in Roman estimation, are "toto orbe divisos."

It would be idle to drag you through divers sheets of foolscap, from one papa to another, or tell you every voe and skerrie that I visited. Keep in mind that "papa" is an island appellative, as "skerrie" is applied to rocks. To particularize those which we entered, and those that we did not, would be tedious; for ours were no daring investigations,—next to a horse and a woman, a boat being the Stout Gentleman's aversion; and hence our navigation was conducted on "the safety plan." Still, for a rock-fancier's, we saw enough; and all the wild scenery I ever visited before, falls into insignificance when compared with the cliffs and caves which the northern

islets of the Shetland group exhibited. These refts and caverns appear entirely created by ocean action. Here, the wild fury of "the wild Atlantic" is fullest felt; and, were the fact not ascertained beyond a doubt, the angry power of "stormy water" could never be credited.*

Every isle or skerrie is perforated by some cave or cleft; some presenting "antres vast," dark and uninviting as Erebus itself; while others are shafted from above, and, when entered on a summer sea, presenting a natural basin within, so deep, and blue, and pellucid, that, at a depth of ten feet the very tinting of a pebble at the bottom can be seen. If ever kelpie or mermaid had existence, here would be the only chance to scrape an acquaintance with them. With the latter order, the Orcadian seas are said to be well provided. They are said, for the time being, to make excellent wives; but, like one of the grievances of Ireland—*authoritate, Danielius O'Connell*—with these sea-green gentlewomen, as in the Emerald Isle, there is no "fixity of tenure."

In one of the caverns we entered, our boatmen told us an interesting adventure that had there befallen them. It was by a low-browed arch that entrance only could be found; and, save

* Appendix, No. X.

at slack water and in a dead calm, ingress to the bowels of the rock was denied—imperatively forbidden. Hence, not once in fifty visits did tide and circumstances agree; and, consequently, "few and far between" were the visits of man to this "caverned deep."

A party of English gentlemen were exploring these lonely and interesting isles, when, in a calm and sunny July day, they found themselves opposite this basin. The tide suited the moment—and, declining Shakspear's hint to take it "at the flood," they preferred low water and pulled in. The boat grounded on the gravel; the party disembarked; crawled through a low fissure, and, guided by a stream of light, which momentarily grew stronger, they emerged from the dark shaft into a hidden bay some fifty yards in diameter, and lighted distinctly by a natural tunnel reaching the top of a wall-sided rock, never trodden on but by the sea-bird's foot. Within, they found an unexpected company—middle-aged and young—full fifty seals were congregated—the greater portion being ladies who had done the state some service, each having a pledge of connubial felicity—a goodly cub—beside her. Dire was the alarm this unexpected visit caused; and, as the intruders were armed, a smart engagement ensued. The seals, by common impulse, made a rush, overturning all that

opposed them; and, except a cub or two, and a full-grown female, who lost her life in a vain attempt to save her offspring, not a trophy to perpetuate the surprise was carried off, save divers bruises received in the *melée*, and a couple of broken gun-stocks.

In the more accessible caverns, and at particular seasons, the Shetlanders seal-hunt to good account. Skins and oil repay the trouble; and as these animals—timid under other circumstances—when surprised, or in the protection of their young, show more courage than could be expected, the pursuit is not without a sufficiency of personal risk, to give it more than ordinary interest.

Remote and desolate as his bleak dwelling is, the Shetlander has occasional advantages denied to others, located under gentler skies. Many a waift is washed him from the ocean—the wreck of goodly ships, or the floating remnants of some valuable cargo. Peat, cut in the moory portions of the island, and drift-wood, at times abundantly cast ashore, supply his fuel; and to whales, otters, and seals, he is indebted chiefly for his light in winter. It is true, the wind and weather may sometimes render these supplies both scanty and precarious; but, however limited in all besides, there is one resource on which the Shetlander can fearlessly rely. Whatever fail, an

unbounded supply of fish is freely at command; and, from the cradle to the crutch, every islander has but to put forth his hand, and his wants will be satisfied.

As the minor fishings are entirely confined to boyhood and old age, I shall notice them as they present themselves hereafter, and give you Anderson's description of the deep-sea fishing—that, in which "lusty manhood" finds a full employment. What a mixed picture of danger, labour, and adventure the Shetlander's occupation exhibits!

"The men employed at the *haaf*, or the fishing-station most distant from the land, are generally the young and hardiest of the islanders. Six tenants join in manning a boat, their landlords importing for them frames, ready modelled and cut out in Norway, which, when put together, form a yawl of six oars, from eighteen to nineteen feet in keel, and six in beam, and which is also furnished with a square sail. After waiting for a fair wind, or the ceasing of a storm, the most adventurous boatmen give the example to their comrades, starting off in their yawl, and taking the first turn round in the course of the sun, when they are instantly followed by the whole fleet, each boat of which strives to be first at the fishing-station, often forty or fifty miles away. Arrived at the ground, they prepare to

set their *tows*, or lines, provided with ling hooks. Forty-five or fifty fathoms of *tows* constitute a *bught*, and each bught is fitted with from nine to fourteen hooks. Twenty *bughts* are called a *packie*, and the whole of the *packies* a boat carries is a fleet of *tows*. The fleets belonging to the Feideland haaf are so large as seldom to be built with less than 1200 hooks, provided with three buoys, and extending to a distance of from five thousand to six thousand fathoms. The depth to which the ling are fished for varies from fifty to one hundred fathoms; and, after the lines are all set, which, in moderate weather, requires from three to four hours, the fishermen rest for two hours, and take their scanty sustenance: their poverty, however, allowing them no richer food than a little oatmeal and a few gallons of water; for the Shetlanders can rarely supply themselves with spirits.

"At length one man, by means of the buoy rope, undertakes to haul up the tows; another extricates the fish from the hooks, and throws them in a place near the stern, named the shot; a third guts them, and deposits their livers and heads in the middle of the boat. Along with the ling, a much smaller quantity of tusk, skate, and halibut are caught, the two last being reserved for the tables of the fishermen; and six or seven score of fish are reckoned a decent haul,

fifteen or sixteen a very good one, and when above this quantity, the garbage, heads, and small fish are thrown overboard, the boat, notwithstanding, being then sunk so far as just to *lipper* with the water. If the weather be moderate, a crew is not detained longer than a day and a half at the haaf; but as gales too often come on, and as the men are reluctant to cut their lines, the most dreadful consequences ensue, and many of the poor fishermen never reach land. On their return to shore, the boatmen are first engaged in spreading out their *tows* to dry; then some of them catch piltocks with a rod and line, or procure other kinds of bait, at a distance from the shore; while others, again, mend the *tows* and cook victuals for the next voyage to the *haaf:* thus, in the busy fishing season, so incessant and varied are the demands on the fishermen's time, that they rarely can snatch above two or three hours in the twenty-four for repose. Their huts are constructed of rude stones without any cement, covered with thin pieces of wood and turf for a roof, and the dormitories consist only of a little straw thrown into a corner on the bare floor, where a whole boat's crew may be found stealing a brief rest from their laborious occupations."

They tell you that everybody is a soldier in

France. Now, in Shetland, an Irishman would assert that man, woman, and child is a fisherman. To the adult, the banks, less or more distant from the land, offer an abundant inducement to stimulate his industry. Immense takes of cod and ling reward his danger and his toil—while, as if Nature had determined to forbid idleness in every portion of the body politic, she pours myriads of coal-fish and pollocks into every creek and bay, to occupy those whom time had disabled, or years had not yet adapted for exertions that require hardihood and manly strength.

The latter fish, under the Linnæan appellation of *Gadus Pollachus*, is called generally, "the Lithe." The former (*Gadus Carbonarius*,) so known by the varying term of *silloch*, *cuth*, and *seath*, according to age and size.

I remember, when a boy, killing, as I then believed, a sporting quantity of coal-fish, under the rocky promontory of Old Head. Our mode of fishing was a sort of rough trolling by leaded-lines and snoods, the latter baited with small fresh-water eels prepared like minnows, and towed after a sailing boat, when progressing a couple of knots per hour. I have, in manhood, had much amusement in the western lochs of Scotland and the inlets from the Clyde, taking, in tolerable numbers, the seath with an artificial fly of the rudest construction, the whole requiring nothing

but the feathers of a sea-gull or white duck, to form a temptation too strong for this most simple fish to overcome. But, until I visited the Orcades, I remained in blissful ignorance of the exuberant supplies which Heaven has sent, and man avails himself of. While the full-grown coal-fish haunts the rough currents among rocks and islands, its progeny, the sillock, approaches closely to the shores—and feeble, indeed, the hand must be which cannot obtain it in profusion—and, when other labour ends, this simple fishery commences.

"As the evening advances, innumerable boats are launched, crowding the surface of the bays, and filled with hardy natives of all ages. The fisherman is seated in his light skiff, with an angling rod or line in his hand, and a supply of boiled limpets near him, intended for bait. A few of these are carefully stored in his mouth for immediate use. The baited line is thrown into the water, and a fish is almost instantaneously brought up. The finny captive is then secured, and while one hand is devoted to wielding the rod, another is used for carrying the hook to the mouth, where a fresh bait is ready for it, in the application of which the fingers are assisted by the lips. The alluring temptation of an artificial fly often supersedes the use of the limpet; and so easily are captures of the small fry made, that

young boys, or feeble old men, are left to this business, which not unfrequently is carried on from the brink of a rock, while the more robust natives are engaged in the deep-sea fishery, or the navigation of the Greenland seas." *

* * * *

I am, I fear, a spoilt fisherman, and have, for many a year, avoided every thing but the fly. I hate the trouble of the minnow; and, as to the impalement of a worm, I would no more go through that nasty operation, than I would cockney-like, carry a box-full of maggots—(I beg their gentle pardons) *gentles*—in my pocket. And yet, in boyhood, I have been a coarse angler—I have killed many a pike with mouse and frog—taken twelve dozen perch of a summer evening after school hours—and even reached the very climax of piscatorial iniquity—bobbed for eels, and prepared the apparatus with my own hand. "What can I say more?"—as that scoundrel Tippoo Sultaun used to say. Like a Jack-of-all-trades, with every kind and method of fishing have I been familiar; and I have come to this conclusion after a Solomon's experience of them all, that, in lake and river, the only thing a gentleman should touch is—the fly;—and, in the sea, the fish alone worth notice, are mackarel and coal-fish; *i. e.* such as coal-fish are

* Hibbert's History.

among the rough currents and skerries of the Shetlands. To the ferocity of a bull-dog the lithe unites the greyhound's agility. He does not coquet with your eel, as a common-councilman does with a new-laid egg, the morning after he has gorged with the Lord Mayor "on coming in." He *takes you* like "an out-and-outer;" and when he finds himself *taken in*, instead of giving up the ghost like a lubberly cod, he seems to ask nothing but "a clear stage and no favour," wishing that the best man may win.

Lithe-fishing demands coarse tackle, and a man's hand; while the mackarel is sufficiently elegant for a lady's. The gear is fine; the bait inoffensive; the fish elegant in itself, and, from the delicacy of its mouth, requiring almost feminine nicety to prevent the hold from breaking.

As I have casually mentioned pike, I would recommend jack-fishers to repair to Mayo, and there they will have that amusement in which they take delight, and in a perfection that will pass their understanding. Every water there is overrun with these desperados; and a herd-boy will find a monster on his night-line three times a week, which, if a frequenter of the Lea could happen upon only once in the period of his natural life, he would sport the skeleton at full length in the drawing-room, with all the particulars in gilt-

lettering annexed, touching the capture of the same.

The voracity of the pike has ever been proverbial; and I once witnessed a striking instance of it. In the west of Ireland there is a deep dull stream, called the river of Minola, which connects several extensive lakes with each other, and, both lakes and river, are celebrated for the number and size of the pike they contain abundantly. Various methods of fishing are employed in these waters, but the night-line is the simplest and most successful. One morning, a few years since, when on a visit with my national regiment, the gallant Royal Irish, a boy came to my barrack-room with a present from the country—and, on uncovering the skib,* a fine pike of some twelve pounds' weight was exhibited. Its appearance was remarkable; for, from the ventral fin, both sides of the fish were lacerated as if they had been torn by a tow-carder. On remarking it to the boy, he told me how the injury had been occasioned. On the preceding evening he had set a night-line in a deep pool of the Minola, and on visiting it in the morning discovering that he had made a prize, he proceeded to secure the capture. While dragging the fish through the thick reeds which for several

* A *skib* is a flat shallow basket into which the potatoes are tumbled from the pot.

yards fringe the banks of the river, another pike, immensely larger than the hooked one, dashed after, and seized its companion; and so determinately did he retain his hold, that the head and shoulders of his intended victim were on the bank, before he could be persuaded to relax it. The boy described the second pike as a perfect monster; and, to judge by the imprint of his teeth, I should set him down at least at forty pounds. This is not an over-estimate of weight, —for pikes have been killed in the Shannon exceeding *seventy*.

Many instances of the ferocity of the pike have come within my knowledge. Every fish he can master becomes his prey, the perch excepted; and he owes his immunity, not to any conscientious scruples on the part of Master Jack, but to certain digestive considerations which insinuate that the prickled back-fin of the little gentleman in question, would render a transit through the pike's *penetralia* everything but agreeable. Young ducks and water-fowl are constantly taken down—the dog, while lapping water, has been attacked—and even the pike's audacity has overcome his reverence for man. I knew a boy that was severely bitten in the foot, while sitting on the river bank on a sultry evening, dangling his naked legs in the water.

A few years since I was visiting a west-country

gentleman—an excellent companion, and a true Catholic as ever eschewed flesh upon a Friday. It was some solemn fast; and, as we sate down to dinner, the lady commenced a Jeremiade touching her great sorrow and disappointment at the fish-cadger's non-arrival from Galway with the expected supplies.

"Well, my dear," observed her liege lord, "you must content yourself with a pike caught last night—and as the Colonel has no respect for the pope, he'll manage to dine off a leg of mutton. May the Lord forgive him for the same!"

"Yes," I replied, "my dear B——, 'I'll e'en commit the sin.' What an advantage heresy has over true belief, when it comes to fasting on a Friday!"

"We are not so badly off, after all," returned my host. "A finer pike never came in nick of time. It's the largest I have seen in the house, since the one that swallowed the black-hag."*

"Swallowed a black-hag!"

"Ay; and what's the best part of the story, did the bird no harm in the operation."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, upon my soul! It was Paurike beg† that hooked him with a frog—and as he passed his father's cabin, he just stepped in to show the

* Irish name for a cormorant. † Anglicè, Little Pat.

family what a fine fish he caught. Well, the pike was hardly stretched upon the floor, when his jaws began to open, and out came a living black-hag! Never were an honest family more surprised; and while some said it was a bird, others swore it was the devil. The cormorant ran round the room, and the young herd ran after it; but the chase was finished by one of the lookers-on knocking the bird over with a blow from a supple." *

"And you do not wish me to believe that a black-hag, after visiting the interior of a fish, required a flail to finish him?"

"I wish you to believe nothing you do not please to credit; but allow me to add, that in all touching the black-hag and the flail, I am a true believer. Shall I send you some fish?"

"No, thank you; I'll be heretical to-day. Who knows but that gentleman had a cormorant in him when caught? Although bad taste, I'll stick, my friend B——, to simple mutton, if you will permit me."

Now, I have only to say, that my host implicitly believed his own story, while I am a sceptic. The reader may take whatever side he pleases, the question being an open one.

It has been frequently asserted, and by high authorities, that the salmon will altogether reject

* *Supple* is the lesser portion of the flail.

a bait, and that his taste, or appetite, or both, must be propitiated by the elegant attractions of a butterfly. Among this polite tribe, I have, however, met with vulgar exceptions. I have seen a salmon, twelve pounds' weight, killed in the west of Ireland with a lob-worm; and, trolling for coal-fish in Loch Long, I took a seven-pound grilse with an eel. A more convincing proof that the salmon will take a bait was once afforded me. Returning from trying a rivulet in vain for red-trouts, I put a small one which I had taken upon a seath-hook, and trolled it carelessly astern as we rowed home. Midway over, a noble salmon, fresh from sea, seized the trout, which, by the rapid motion of the boat, was towed on the surface of the water. Feeling the hook, he executed a saltation of full three feet above the tide—and a more beautiful fish was never revealed to mortal eye in brilliant sunshine! I should guess him at sixteen pounds. Alas! it was but guess-work; for, next moment, with a rush like a race-horse, away he went, and trout and casting-line along with him.

An English gentleman, the same season, was equally fortunate in proving that salmon will occasionally indulge like ordinary fishes; for with eel-bait, he caught three grilses, and nearly three hundred weight of lithe and coal-fish on one evening.

A still stronger proof that the salmon does not confine himself to the fly occurred recently on the Border. "During a heavy flood in the Edett, some boys from the village of Crosby were fishing with worms for eels and flounders, when suddenly one of their rods, which was lying upon the bank, shot into the river, disappeared, and rose again in the middle of the stream. The boys had a cur dog with them, which they directed towards the floating rod, when the animal plunged in and seized hold of it. A violent struggle now commenced, the dog seeking to regain the bank he had left, and some powerful opponent under the water endeavouring to escape with the rod up the stream. After a contest, which lasted for upwards of a quarter of an hour, the dog succeeded in bringing the rod ashore, and attached to the hook a fine salmon, weighing some seven or eight pounds, which was thoroughly exhausted in striving against its four-footed antagonist."*

Although the list of fishes which are found among the Shetland islands, embraces every variety known in the British seas, of some species the scarcity is in proportion to the exuberance of the others. From the absence of fresh-water streams, sea-trouts excepted, those found in the few lakes that Shetland boasts, are ill-looking,

* Berwick Paper.

and ill-flavoured, while salmon are rarely seen. In proper seasons, migratory fish are caught plentifully; and as the Orcades lie in the direct route of herrings moving southward, the bays and creeks are crowded for a time; and, occasionally, the visit is sufficiently protracted to afford to the Shetland men a good harvest. Compared to the Wick fisheries every other will be found wanting. There, that most lucrative employment for the bold and hardy boatmen of the northern Highlands has been steadily and successfully engaged in—while, scarcely forty years ago, in the Orkneys, the herrings, shoal after shoal, filled bay and inlet, and were suffered "to depart unmolested; as," says Dr. Barry, "we are either destitute of time, capital, or industry, to avail ourselves of this inexhaustible treasure."*

It is difficult to imagine that a people, however removed from worldly enterprise, and destitute of means at the command of others whose commercial relations were longer established, should still have overlooked advantages, which one would suppose could so readily have been turned to account. But those acquainted with the western coasts of Ireland will not marvel at Orcadian apathy. With a boundless supply within sight of his wretched cabin, how many days will be wasted by the Connaught peasant,

* History of the Orkney Islands.

in idling upon the anniversary of some saint, or forming the particle of a mob to listen to some vulgar demagogue, who discourages every useful exertion to better his condition, and renders him a nuisance to society and himself, by the false persuasion that all who have the power to assist him, are not to be regarded as friends, but as men leagued to prolong a thraldom which has no existence! I have seen shoals of herrings rush into a western estuary—not a net would be in preparation; and were it Lady-day—big or little—not a man would move from the *caillíough** in the wall, where, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, he was "stretchin' on the bed" in utter idleness.

By the way, as we are speaking of herrings, although generally constant and regular in their annual visitings, still, from unknown causes—weather, pursuit of enemies, or, mayhap, a fancy for change of residence—they have crowded a coast for a year or two, and then deserted it, as Cockney caprice fills and desolates Ramsgate and Boulogne by turns. A remarkable instance of this, occurred in the years 1797 and 8, upon the coast of Donegal. During both seasons, herrings haunted these favoured shores in such countless multitudes, that they were drawn by

* The *caillíough* is a recess, generally at the side of the fire-place, where a standing bed is erected.

cartloads into the country, and thrown for manure upon the fields. In consequence, Irish speculation was aroused—here was an El Dorado in shape of fish—storehouses were built—salt manufactories established—casks advanced in the market; and an apprenticeship to coopering, was considered as sure provision for a son as if he had been "bound to a bishop." The third year came—and had Lent been thrice enlarged, there were ample means provided to have accommodated the faithful with salt fish. The season arrived—all was in full efficiency to secure the scaly harvest—but not a herring appeared! For years afterwards the fishery failed totally, and store and salt-house, one after another, became ruins. Of many reasons assigned for this total abandonment of Donegal by the herrings, it was insinuated that they were delicate fish, and, consequently, rather nervous. Sir John Warren's action inopportunely occurred during their visit from the north—and, quite satisfied with the submarine effect produced by one cannonade, they determined to *defashionize* the place, and avoid uproarious communities for the future.

Of sea "varmin," as a keeper would call them, the voes contain an awful variety. The "wolf-fish," here "swine," (*anarhichas lupus* of Linnæus;) the conger, (*muræna conger;*) the lump-fish, (*cuclopterus lumpus;*) with dog-fish, (*squali,*) in

every variety, from the smallest that ever tangled a fisher's long line, even to the basking shark (*squalus maximus;*) are found in abundance.

Of the whale tribe, the number and variety is extensive; and, instead of a solitary capture, they have sometimes been driven on shore * by the hundred. And yet it would appear that this stupendous God-send is turned to but indifferent account; for while, on an English highway, children are seen engaged in collecting every stray particle that can fertilize the land, carcases of animal matter sufficient to manure a parish, are left to gorge the sea-bird, *ad nauseam*, "and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

* "Perhaps the tourist may witness the pursuit and capture of a drove of *ca'ing whales*, as the *Delphinus deductor* is styled in Shetland, which occasionally appear off these coasts in a gregarious assemblage of from one hundred to five hundred at a time. Their seizure is always attended with great excitement and cruelty; and, although the blubber affords a rich prize to the captors, nothing can better display the debased state of the husbandry in some of these north isles, than the fact that the carcases of the whales are in general allowed to remain untouched, tainting the air until they are completely devoured by the gulls and crows."—*Anderson.*

CHAPTER XVI.

PRIVATE LIFE IN SHETLAND—DOMICILE OF A UDALLER—A SHETLAND BEAUTY—DUNCAN THE ISLESMAN—AN ORCADIAN MINISTRY—ANECDOTE—SHETLAND BOATMEN—SAD CALAMITY—AN UNEXPECTED RETURN—SHETLAND HUSBANDRY.

THE more of these wild islands I have seen, the deeper has been the interest they have excited. I have had a peep into private life, and I assure you that the transient glimpse I had is all in favour of the Shetlanders. A wet day, and the kindness of a kind host, who, without delivering exactly a highway invitation, caught us wandering on a cliff, and insisted upon being hospitable—has given me an opportunity of taking a cursory peep into Scandinavian society. In a comfortable domicile, where the Stout Gentleman and I are regularly cantoned—my companion being at present secluded in his chamber, probably balancing cash against expenditure, or regulating his detachment of effects—the grand depôt—the brown portmanteau—not having been rashly exposed to perils incident on Orcadian navigation.

Imprimis—I must describe the house. It is sheltered by a bluff headland from the stormy north, and fronts a voe which brings herrings to the very door. The masonry is solid; the roof covered with heavy slates; while some square enclosures defend a few stunted bushes, and enable the hardier vegetables to raise their heads. A few rude offices—a mill*—interior eight feet by six—half a dozen crofts, sufficiently fenced in to resist predatory encroachments from ponies three feet six inches high—half a dozen milch cows—some hundred sheep, the fattest capable of being abstracted in a hare-pocket—some good rough furniture—and a piano, coeval with "bonnie Prince Charlie," and possibly played upon as an accompaniment to Lady Heron's harp, at the last *soirée musicale* given by the young Chevalier.

Beside the old couple, the family consists of three sons and a daughter. One of the former is absent, mate, not "of the Tiger," but a Greenland ship—another is at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, preparing for the Scottish ministry—whilst the third remains at home to overlook fishing and farming; for, in Shetland, the oar and spade employ by turns the followers of a hybrid occupation; and, indeed, of the two elements, the descendants of the Norsemen reap their richest harvest from the sea.

* Appendix, No. XI.

The portion of the family we have seen, present Shetland private life in very favourable colours. The old people are warm-hearted and hospitable—the younger intelligent and amiable. I may safely call the daughter comely—and I might even stretch the epithet to handsome. She is tall and well formed, every feature Scandinavian, complexion passing fair, eyes blue and gentle in expression, hair slightly tinged with "paly gold," while the bland and good-humoured expression of the countenance exhibits "that sunshine of the breast" produced alone by health and innocence.

"Hallo! Colonel O'Flagherty! What is all this about 'paly gold,' 'sunshine of the breast,' and 'health and innocence?'"

Hold hard, my dear Jack. I am twenty years beneath the matrimonial zero; and were I of thine own age, I fear my anti-connubial impressions would not yield to the charms of the fairest descendant of the sea-kings.

Young Duncan,—for the fair Ellen's brother is called after the gracious monarch whose "silver skin" that delinquent, Macbeth, took the liberty to "lace with gore,"—is really a fine specimen of a bold and hardy islesman. They tell me that he is reputed here to be a most accomplished youth. He manages a Norwegian canoe, such as you meet among the skerries coal-

fishing, with admirable dexterity; robs birds'-nests "in middle air;" swims like a sea-gull; and is, *me ipso teste*, one of the best shots in Britain. With perfect modesty of manner, he inherits the adventurous courage of the Norsemen; his world is his "lonely isle;" and I verily believe he would not exchange voe and cliff, for Tweed salmon fishing and an English preserve. The scanty extent to which rural operations are carried on here, allow ample time to employ both net and gun—and a very large and valuable collection of stuffed birds, killed and preserved by himself, evidence the keenness and success of this Shetland fowler. I am sorry to add, that young Duncan, for a few days, will be my only companion—the Stout Gentleman having unfortunately hurt his ankle by a fall, in crossing some rocks covered with slippery seaweed. He is unable to lay his foot upon the ground, and, regularly *hors de combat*, is stretched upon the sofa. How kind this primitive family have shown themselves! Miss Ellen lubricates the Stout Gentleman's infirm member, while her father strives to while away the tedious hours of his confinement, by stories illustrative of the simple manners and character of the northern boundary of Britain.

I have just been listening to one of the old man's tales—an anecdote of their former minister—

who reached the patriarchal age of ninety, of which sixty were spent in the zealous but simple exercise of his humble duties; for, like Goldsmith's village preacher,

"He ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place."

And yet, even in the Orcades, men will occasionally encounter difficulties. The spiritual charge of the old minister extended over divers isles and skerries, and many a difficulty and peril he had encountered in the exercise of his amphibious charge. It is true that he escaped the immediate visitations of "the gentleman in black," which so frequently bothered the gifted Mr. Peden, when holding forth on a hill side to the Cameronians; but, although he escaped the persecutions of *diablerie* direct, cross tides and adverse winds kept him tossing and tumbling in some confounded current, in full sight of an anxious congregation, tantalized with the expectation of a two hours' screed, which the sea and wind had predetermined they should not hear—and sending them to their homes sadder, but not wiser, than when they left them.*

* This is, I should imagine, a very common occurrence. I have extracted the following passage from Miss Sinclair's book, because it equally illustrates the peculiar difficulties attached to an Orcadian ministry, and marks the deep anxiety evinced by this primitive people for religious instruction:—"Mr. Watson of North Yell afforded us many curious details respecting his parish and people. He officiates in two churches, divided by a broad and dangerous ferry, where frequently on Sundays six rowers have endeavoured

The worthy churchman's was, indeed, a trying difficulty; and thus the old gentleman narrated it:—

The crop was unusually good and nearly ready for the sickle, when, unhappily, the weather changed, and a heavy rain prostrated the corn, and rendered its being harvested an uncertainty. If but a few days of dry weather and gentle breezes could be obtained, all would be safe; and, in this doubtful state of affairs, one part of the congregation were anxious that the minister should intercede with Heaven, and supplicate the weather that was wanted—while another section, remembering that his prayers on a similar occasion had been responded to by a tempest, were rather afraid to try the experiment a second time. At last, after a long consultation,

in vain to carry him across, but after pulling incessantly for three or four hours, and coming in sight of his church and the assembled congregation, he has been obliged to relinquish all hope of landing, while it was about equally difficult to reach the opposite shore. One of Mr. Watson's elders, who had to travel eight Shetland miles, a very vague measurement, besides crossing a wide ferry before getting to church, was so exceedingly zealous, that never during many years did he once miss divine service! This venerable Christian was unfortunately drowned lately, while trying to save the crew of another boat lost near his own house. Mr. Watson says the people of Shetland, in general, testify an extreme value for public ordinances, and though his parish consists of only eight hundred persons, he generally averages at the sacrament about three hundred and fifty communicants. They are all so indigent, that the collection at church seldom exceeds threepence!"

the elders determined that Mass John should try his hand once more; but it was emphatically urged upon him, that he should be both cautious and explicit in wording the appeal.

The time came; the congregation were all attention, and the minister proved that he was fully alive to the delicate task that had devolved upon him.

"Gude Lord!" he said, "ye ken weel the kittle state the crop is in. I have a mercy to ask, but I maun be rather cautious in wording the petition. Wi' a few gude days, gie us a wee-bit wind. Mind, Lord! a soughing, sootherin, dreein breeze, that will save the strae, and winna harm the heed. But if ye send us—as ye did afore—a tearin', reivin', thunderin' storm—ye'll play the vara mischief wi' the aits, and fairly spoil a'!"

What effect the worthy minister's cautious petition had produced, the old gentleman was not enabled to inform us.

I walked out with my young companion, and from a shattered promontory that domineered the sound below, looked with intense but painful interest at several of the light Norway skiffs dancing on the surface of a broken sea, and coal-fishing among isles and skerries. Every country overcomes the difficulties which accidental circumstances impose, and generally in equal ratio

to their extent. The Massoula boatman pushes his punt in safety through a boiling surf in which a European crew would perish; in a broken ice-field, the Greenlander is perfectly at home; and, amid his own wild and conflicting tides, the skill of the Shetlander is best exhibited. He manages his crank and narrow yawl with admirable dexterity, and in a bark whose canvass and hull apparently bear no proportion to each other, he tops the heaviest seas, or flits like a meteor through distracted tides and rushing currents. Among the isles and rocks, the ability of the boatmen render accidents not very common, and it is at the Haaf fishery that they mostly occur. When they do, it too frequently happens that the loss is not confined to single boats and crews, but involves the little fleet in one general calamity, leaving many a lowly family in unspeakable desolation.

Young Duncan mentioned several of these sad occurrences; and one knew scarcely whether to lament the suffering they had produced, or admire the courage they had elicited.

A fleet of thirty boats had gone out to deep-fish at the Haaf. The morning was dark and sullen, but the wind was moderate, and no skyey appearances foreboded a coming storm. It was said that a superannuated fisherman talked of dreams and visions, and urged the boatmen

of his family to leave the Haaf unvisited, as the day would prove fatal to those that went there. Like Cassandra's prophecies, the warnings of the island seer were disregarded—and the little fleet left voe and harbour, to which, alas! half the number never returned again.

The lines were shot; the fishing was successful; and, ere evening came, every boat was filled to the very thafts. The fisher's exultation overcame the sailor's prudence; point after point the wind had shifted unperceived; the horizon darkened; leaden-coloured clouds rose from the sea to windward; the youngest fisherman saw that a storm was about to burst; and, three leagues from land, a deeply-laden boat, a rising sea, the wind dead-an-end, night closing fast—all made return, when attempted, difficult, doubtful, desperate.

Before a league was rowed, a tumbling sea announced that the ocean was about to rise in anger. Hastily the fish were thrown overboard, and the yawls were lightened—for the contest was now for life. For half an hour every arm had been strained at the oar, and the land-marks showed that not an inch was gained. Now rose a tumultuous ocean—the question of the wearied crew was not, would the boat progress —but could the boat live? Away—away—they drifted. The tempest burst with a fury not to be imagined; night shut in; darkness hid each

victim from his fellow; and when morning dawned, five out of the devoted fleet might have been seen struggling with a wild and broken sea; the rest—none know their history—for none survived to tell it.

The melancholy finale was, that one boat was picked up two hundred miles from land, with five dead bodies and a half-starved survivor—another was fortunately rescued by a French vessel outward bound—two reached Norway safely; while the fifth—will it be believed?—without food or water, and close in with the same land, cheered by a change of wind, determined to return. They ventured—and, on the seventh evening after they had been blown out to sea—famished, frost-bitten, and exhausted—Lazarus-like, rising from an ocean-tomb, they entered the same voe from which they had departed on the ill-omened morning against which the second-sighted old man had warned them.*

"It is truly painful," says a most intelligent

* "In the old castle, some years ago, we had an aged housekeeper, who claimed the gift of second sight; and when walking one evening near the shore of Thurso, she suddenly gave a startling scream, and told the people near her that a boat had been upset on the bar of the river, naming three men who were drowned, and one that she saw swimming to land. The persons who accompanied her perceived nothing of this, and laughed at her; but, next morning, about the same hour, the boat she had described actually was lost there, and all the three fishermen she had named perished."—*Miss Sinclair's Shetland.*

writer, "to witness the anxiety and distress which the wives of these poor men suffer on the approach of a storm. Regardless of fatigue, they leave their homes, and fly to the spot where they expect their husbands to land, or ascend the summit of a rock to look out for them on the bosom of the deep. Should they get the glimpse of a sail, they watch, with trembling solicitude, its alternate rise and disappearance on the waves; and, though often tranquillized by the safe arrival of the objects of their search, yet it sometimes is their lot 'to hail the bark that never can return.' Subject to the influence of a variable climate, and engaged on a sea naturally tempestuous, with rapid currents, scarcely a season passes over without the occurrence of some fatal accident or hair breadth escape." *

* * * *

I walked to the hill with my young companion, and afterwards inspected his homestead, both affording very curious pictures of Shetland husbandry. No wonder that in Orkney, where rural affairs are pretty much the same as in Ultima Thule, Mr. Triptolemus Yellowley, indoctrinated in the improved system of English farming, had nearly gone deranged when he witnessed a single-stilted plough, dragged after four

* 'Edmonstone's View, &c.

oxen abreast, whose united carcases—skins and cloots included—would not outweigh the Christmas short-horn exhibited in every stall from Tyburn to the Tower. One can imagine a Norfolk farmer here investigating the succession of crops. He will be told that "the arable land generally preferred for culture is sandy, or composed of a mixture of clay and gravel that approaches to a soft loam; but often it consists of a black mould resting on clay alone, or clay and sand. Many of the enclosures near the houses, or *infield*, have been dunged many years, and have been sown in the end of April with bere and oats for more than half a century, without ever lying fallow, or having produced a different kind of grain. The *outfield*, or less productive parts, which are often mossy and seldom drained, has also long received each year a portion of dung, mixed with duff-mould, earth, or sea-weed. The ground is slightly harrowed; it is then sown in the end of March or beginning of April with black oats. During the next season the outfield lies fallow."

Well, if he next inquires into the state of stock-farming, and requests to be favoured with an inspection of the most improved breeds, he will be shown a prize cow of three hundred weight, on an enormity, in the shape of ox, that has attained to an extent of obesity which makes

him reach to forty stones. The sheep and sheep-farming are equally remarkable. The animal, diminutive in size and variable in colour; the former seldom exceeding thirty, or five-and-thirty pounds; the latter, including black, brown, and white, streaked, spotted, and speckled. To everybody the Shetland pony is familiar. Even in the Pampas, the horse, before he feels the lasso, does not exist in wilder liberty than the shelty in these hills. Unassisted by man, he shifts for himself as he best can in summer; and, in winter, half-perished on the hill side, he repairs to the sea-shore to satisfy hunger on drift-weed and marine plants. To the same resource, the starving black cattle, and even the sheep, are driven. Should the season be severe, multitudes of both will perish from sheer starvation—and such as survive the inclemency of a northern winter are so attenuated from want of food, that, for edible purposes, they are useless for a time, being, like a Peninsular bullock, guiltless of fat even on the kidney. Last, and not least numerous of domesticated animals—if to Shetland quadrupeds the term may be applied—the swine must be duly noticed. I never could discover beauty in a pig; but if you want him in the full pride of superlative ugliness, import a few from this favoured island. Every thing, in form and feature, is on the most unshapely scale. A nose

enormously long—a hump upon his back—and what he lacks in size, he amply compensates in bristles. As he also is his own provider, and all year through is placed on the starvation list, I would recommend a stranger to avoid the unclean animal religiously as "a Hebrew Jew." Indeed, during his sojourn in Shetland, he had better eschew pork altogether—and in his exports from the Orcades, confine his purchases to hosiery, and make no outlay in hams.

There is no place I ever visited in which domestic fowls are more valued, if one may judge from the numbers everywhere encountered when rambling through the islands. Every species found in an English farm yard are common—but quantity appears to supersede quality, and Shetland poultry will neither rival Norfolk nor Dorking in Cockney estimation.

In their general management, the horse and the sheep are on a par. As a preliminary step to the construction of an excellent soup, Mrs. Glasse, *nomen venerabile!* insinuates that you should catch a hare. In Shetland, the same operation must be performed on the quadruped "who bears the weight of Antony." *

* "When a journey is meditated, the Shetlander goes to the *Scathold*, ensnares the unshod shelty, occasionally equips him with a modern saddle and bridle, and hangs on his neck a hair cord several yards in length, well bundled up, from the extremity of which dangles a wooden sharp-pointed stake. The traveller

I presume that it is the same principle which induced antiquated cooks to aver that a hunted hare was more tender than a shot one, which renders it customary here, to run down with dogs the sheep designed for table. What would your honest father and my most valued uncle, have said, or thought, or done, had he seen *Paurike more* * coursing a five-year-old wedder, previous to execution for home consumption? But here the fleece† is more estimated than the flesh; and a shawl and pair of stockings cost me more money than would have purchased half a score of the animals alive, from whose covering both had been constructed.

They certainly do knit wool here to a fineness and perfection that seems almost incredible. High-born beauty in saucy England does not

then mounts his tiny courser, his feet being often lifted up to escape the boulders strewed in his way, and when arrived at his destination, he carefully unravels the tether attached to the neck of the animal, seeks for a verdant piece of soil, and fixes the stake into the ground. The steed is then considered as comfortably disposed of, until his master shall return."—*Chambers.*

* Big Pat.

† "The chief use to which the Shetland wool is applied is in knitting stockings, and mits, or gloves. The fleece, which is remarkably soft, has been wrought into stockings so fine that they have been known to sell as high as forty shillings a pair. The present writers have seen them also so remarkably fine that a pair could be made to pass through an ordinary gold ring. The price of the most common quality, however, is about three or four shillings, whilst they are manufactured so as to be worth no more than fivepence or sixpence."—*Chambers.*

disdain Orcadian hosiery; and even the legs of majesty have been encased in Shetland wool.

The old lady from whom I made my purchases—a wise gentlewoman in her generation, who drove a most confounded bargain anent the same—told me a pleasant story of George the Fourth, when Regent. "The best wigged prince in Christendom" had heard of the singular and beautiful manufacture carried on by the fair inhabitants of Ultima Thule, and, to encourage this benighted portion of the empire, ordered a pair of Shetland stockings. The ablest knitters in the island were incontinently set to work—and the finest specimen that Shetland skill produced selected to adorn the limbs of royalty. The sacred stockings were laid aside, waiting a safe means of transit to the modern Babylon. Well, some Orcadian festival occurred. The maid-of-all-work had obtained an invitation; every Shetlander worth looking at would be there; her hose were, unluckily, as she imagined, not fine enough for the occasion; and, determining to have a better pair for the nonce, she good-naturedly favoured her mistress with a preference. She knew the drawer where her finest stockings were deposited, stole up stairs "i' the dark," and, by unhappy mischance, laid irreligious hands on hose designed for royalty.

Unconscious that she had committed petit

treason, she "danced, and danced, and danced again." Hers were none of the crippled movements of a modern quadrille, where the most accomplished *danseuse* might be semi-paralytic—for verily, her saltations would not have disgraced a cake in Connemara. No wonder, then, that on her return from the ball a hole was detected in the royal stocking, through which a likeness of the intended owner, of sovereign size, might have been easily protruded!

What was to be done? Too late she had made a discovery of her delinquency, the penalty of which, she very properly concluded, would be "death without benefit of clergy." There were better knitters on the island, but none could darn a stocking with herself. She tried her skill—her handiwork was exquisite—the offence against crown and dignity passed undetected, and the Regent encased his royal calves, on a birth-day ball, in the same hosiery, in which a Shetland spider-brusher had danced an uproarious jig with a Scandinavian fisherman!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN DISABLED — FAREWELL TO THE ORCADES — GENERAL OCCURRENCES — EPISTLES FROM THE STOUT GENTLEMAN — ANOTHER AND ANOTHER — BOUND FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

I REGRET to say, my dear Jack, that my northern expedition has been brought to a more premature and less pleasant termination than I had anticipated. The Stout Gentleman's infirm limb not having improved, and as both pain and inflammation had increased notwithstanding Miss Ellen's embrocations, we held a council of war, and the result was, that a skilful leech and the brown portmanteau were sent for to the main. Wherever you repair in these piping times of peace, you will find a H. P. practitioner. In Lerwick, a learned Theban was readily procured; and on surgical examination, it has been found that the Stout Gentleman's *tendo Achillis* has been fractured, and, as a coryphée, he is "past praying for." Indeed, I have doubts as

to his having ever been a votary of the dancing deity. If he were, many a day must elapse before he will figure "on light fantastic toe" again; for this accident involves a long and close confinement.

By the same boat I received letters directed after me as ordered. That affair of ——'s assumes a serious aspect. Nothing, like "belling the cat," or seizing the bull's horn at the commencement; and, as your poor father used to say, "though he fought until he raised the price of gunpowder," he's on the wrong side of the hedge, and I am too old a soldier to let him turn my flank. In a word, I am off to London, *viâ* Leith, to-morrow; and although I do not expect that matters will come to hostile conclusions, still, if you could, *without inconvenience*, meet me in town, I should have a "friend, lover, and countryman" at my elbow, were a cast of his good offices required.

* * * *

I have bade this island family and my eccentric companion, I presume, a long farewell. Men rarely visit the Orcades a second time; and, although I have not seen as much of these lonely islands as I wished and expected to have seen, it is not very probable that I will again turn hither a pilgrim's steps. Our parting was, faith! warm, almost to being painful; and, under a rugged

crust, the Stout Gentleman appears, after all, a warm-hearted fellow, although he would be confoundedly annoyed, did he imagine that anybody had made that discovery. The Udaller gave me an old man's blessing; and Miss Ellen—ah! Jack, you young rascal, what would you not have given to have been my representative?—she, artless girl! bestowed on me a parting kiss. These most kind aborigines would scarcely accept my thanks; and it absolutely required all my oratory, to induce the fair one to permit me to place a ring of trifling value on her finger, merely as a memorial of my gratitude. At last, seeing that her refusal pained me, she consented; and I, i' the vein of Ancient Pistol, "touched her soft lips and marched."

My voyage southward—my return to Auld Reekie—my further progress to the modern Babylon—my escape from falling in love with a young widow I encountered in the train—with the particulars of my grazing a gentleman's hip on the sands of Boulogne, and extracting a written apology afterwards—all these interesting details the gentle reader will kindly dispense with, and allow me to present him with the copy of a letter, which I received on the third month, after I had left the Stout Gentleman a state prisoner in Ultima Thule.

" Isle of ——, Nov. 6, 1842.

" My dear Colonel,

" I have had a long and painful confinement, alleviated much by the *Times* newspapers, which you kindly sent me, and the attentions of all Mr. ——'s family, and more particularly the fair Miss Ellen's. My tendon has re-united very favourably, and I am permitted by Doctor —— to hobble quietly about. We had a confounded gale of wind last week, which wrecked a timber ship and a vessel with a general cargo—the wreck and property agreeably diversifying the occupation of the Norsemen, who, *entre nous*, appear to have a very indistinct idea of the difference between 'meum and tuum.'

" During this compulsory visit, I have made extensive advances in zoology; your friend, Duncan, having daily brought home some fresh variety of migratory birds; and in knowledge of fish, I think I might back my opinion against any lady in Billingsgate.

" One difficulty has given me serious uneasiness. My misadventure—curse upon sea-weed and slippery stones!—has made me a sad trespasser on Orcadian hospitality; and how I am to make the *amende honorable* for kindness beyond the possibility of being described, I cannot even fancy. I enclose a draft upon Jones, Loyd

and Co., for 100*l.*; and implore you, by past friendship, to expend it in such articles as, from your knowledge of this kind and unsophisticated household, you may deem, at the same time, useful and acceptable. Forward them to the care of Hay and Ogilvie; and confer a lasting favour on

"Yours, &c. &c. "———."

"*Postscript.*—In selecting your keepsakes, let Miss Ellen's be the most valuable."

I executed the Stout Gentleman's commissions; sent a snuff-box to the Udaller, a rifle to the gracious Duncan, a Bible to the old lady, and a silver tea-service to the younger one. All gave general satisfaction, as a letter from the Stout Gentleman declared.

Months rolled on—another, and yet another letter—and the Stout Gentleman still in Shetland! There was an account of a successful whale-hunt, forty-five fish being regularly beached—an order for certain periodicals—and a glowing eulogy upon the fair Ellen, as the best artist that ever fabricated a Hotch Potch.

Another moon waned, and another letter came.

"My dear Colonel,

"Six months have passed since we parted; and, notwithstanding the "tarnation" long nights—

pleasantly enough. I am pretty firm again upon my pins, and becoming reconciled, by degrees, to Shetland mutton. I must once more trouble you with a cheque on Jones, and the infliction of a fresh commission. Your rifle was unequalled; and my brother-in—"—(here the Stout Gentleman had endeavoured to obliterate the last two words by the surface-action of his thumb)—"friend Duncan kills a sandlark, eighty paces, three shots out of four. Will you purchase me a strong, sound, plain double gun—large bore—heavy barrels—common fittings—oak case—no nonsense—and some of Elley's patent cartridges—large shot; and blue, green, and red? Address them as before.

"Yours, &c. &c."

Then came the Postscript:

"O, day and night, but it was wondrous strange!"

"Damn it—no use in humbug—*I'm married three months, and not half so miserable as I expected.* If ever you rupture the *tendo Achillis,* don't have it lubricated by a Shetland girl!—And that's all I say."

Three months more—another letter—and yet another.

"My dear Colonel,

"I am the happiest of men; and so is your friend Duncan. The double gun being the best

of guns, and my wife the best of women. Can't say much for the climate; but it agrees with me admirably. Wish something would drive you northward. We have made an addition to the house—the whale-fisher having come home, and the Aberdeen chap returned for vacation. I wish you could make up your mind to marry. You can't imagine the comfort of domestic felicity in cold weather. I often think with gratitude upon your having seduced me into the Orcades. What a blessed country! Its women possess the 'cardinal virtues—and not a horse within a hundred miles!"

Three months—another letter!

"My dear Colonel,

"I fear my trespasses become more frequent, and also more stringent on your goodnature. Will you tell the boot-maker he is a scoundrel—and, as to the tailor, I abandon him for life. The tartan gown you sent to Mrs. ——— is beautiful; and the box of pickles (for which I am eternally grateful) would induce Apicius to eat a second supper—if he could.

"I told you, that with your increased kindness, my calls upon it would rise in equal ratio—*Probater!*

"You know that here Jack Falstaff would

never have been able to supply his "charge of foot," linen not being procurable from any hedge —there being no hedges to support it. Were the Orcades rigorously investigated, throughout the whole Archipelago a sufficiency of twigs could not be obtained to construct a bird-cage; and, hang it! — I can't name it! — but, what the devil shall we do for a cradle? The murder's out—I think they call the thing *a cot.* Will you purchase one, and forward it to the usual address?—Be sure, like quack medicines, you have it packed so carefully, as will enable it to elude observation."

Three months more—another letter!

"A THOUSAND thanks, my dear Colonel, for your attention to my last requisition; and I beg you to congratulate the happiest of men. Your cot arrived in good time; and a young Scandinavian—the very picture of his papa—is slumbering soundly in your handsome present. My adored wife is as well as can be expected—and we are all happy as the day is long. By the way, in winter, that would not be bragging much.

"As the spring has passed, and summer sets in favourably, would you add to numerous obligations—a crowning favour? My boy will be christened in a month or two—come hither;

visit your Shetland friends again—be godfather to the young Norseman—witness my felicity;—and, as I have done—Go, do thou likewise!"

I will accept the invitation, and see the Stout Gentleman in his new character. Saints and sinners! And is he come to this? Benedict, the married man! He whose antipathy to womankind was only equalled by his horror of horseflesh! Look sharp, Colonel O'Flagherty—or some blessed morning, like the Connaught gentleman, who, while drunk, was accommodated with a "placens uxor," you'll awake to find yourself, neck and heels, manacled "vinculo matrimonii."

* * * *

My resolution is taken. I will venture into these dangerous regions. If I marry, it shall be a mermaid,* taking care, that her skin shall be ready for her to slip into, the first morning she commences a course of curtain lectures.

* * * *

I have made out my summer tour: I'll repair to the Border—fish Tweed, and its tributary streams—then, taking a land route through the Highlands, repair to the domicile of the Stout Gentleman, visiting on the way some "Corinthians of the old school," who have settled in

* Appendix, No. XII.

their native valleys, and exchanged the sword for the ploughshare. There, instead of sharp-shooting with French voltigeurs, we'll war against the grouse, start the black cock from the fenny brake,

"And whistle him down with a slug in the wing;"

or in mountain stream and lonely tarn, pursue the calmer and more contemplative amusement of Izaak, "the quaint and cruel," if Byron's estimate be just.

Farewell. The jangling bell intimates that, like time and tide, the post keeps moving. Heaven bless thee, Jack! but, as they conditionally do in Connaught, let me add, "if possible."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX, No. I.—P. 115.

The Stirling Jug.

THE pint measure, popularly called *the Stirling jug*, is still kept with great care in the town where it was first deposited four hundred years ago. It is made of brass, in the shape of a hollow cone truncated, and it weighs 14lb. 10 oz. 1 dr. 18 grs. Scottish Troy. The mean diameter of the mouth is 4.17 inches English, of the bottom 5.25 inches, and the mean depth 6 inches. On the front, near the mouth, in relief, there is a shield bearing a lion *rampant*, the Scottish national arms; and near the bottom is another shield, bearing an ape *passant gardant*, with the letter S. below, supposed to be the armorial bearing of the foreign artist who probably was employed to fabricate the vessel. The handle is fixed with two brass nails; and the whole has an appearance of rudeness, quite proper to the early age when it was first instituted by the Scottish estates, as the standard of liquid measure for this ancient bacchanalian kingdom. It will be interesting to all votaries of antiquity to know, that this vessel, which may, in some measure, be esteemed a national palladium, was, about eighty years ago, rescued from the fate of being utterly lost, to which all circumstances for some time seemed to destine it. The person whom we have to thank for this good service was the Rev. Alexander Bryce, minister of Kirknewton, near Edinburgh, a man of scientific and literary accomplishment

much superior to what was displayed by the generality of the clergy of his day. Mr. Bryce (who had taught the mathematical class in the college of Edinburgh, during the winter of 1745-6, instead of the eminent Maclaurin, who was then on his death-bed) happened to visit Stirling in the year 1750, when, recollecting the standard pint jug was appointed to remain in that town, he requested permission from the magistrates to see it. The magistrates conducted him to their council house, where a *pewter* pint jug was taken down from the roof, whence it was suspended, and presented to him. After a careful examination, he was convinced that this could not be the legal standard. He communicated his opinion to the magistrates; but they were equally ignorant of the loss which the town had sustained, and indisposed to take any trouble for the purpose of retrieving it. It excited very different feelings in the acute and inquiring mind of Dr. Bryce; and, resolved, if possible, to recover the valuable antique, he immediately instituted a search, which, though conducted with much patient industry for about a twelvemonth, proved, to his great regret, unavailing. In 1752, it occurred to him that the standard jug might have been borrowed by some of the coppersmiths or braziers, for the purpose of making legal measures for the citizens, and, by some chance, not returned. Having been informed that a person of this trade, named Urquhart, had joined the insurgent forces in 1745,—that, on his not returning, his furniture and shop utensils had been brought to sale,—and that various articles, which had not been sold, were thrown into a garret as useless, a gleam of hope darted into his mind, and he eagerly went to make the proper investigation. Accordingly, in that obscure garret, groaning underneath a mass of lumber, he discovered the precious object of his research. Thus was discovered the only standard, by special statute, of all liquid and dry measure in Scotland, after it had been offered for sale at perhaps the cheap and easy price of one penny, rejected as unworthy of that little sum, and subsequently thrown by as altogether useless, and many years after it had been considered by its constitutional guardians as irretrievably lost.—*Abridged from Chambers.*

APPENDIX, No. II.—P. 131.

Edinburgh Castle.

THE castle of Edinburgh owes its origin as a regular place of defence to the Anglo-Saxon dynasty towards the end of the fifth century, but, in the present day its fortifications appear to be of comparatively modern date. The rock on which the castle is situated rises to a height of three hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the sea, and its battlements may be seen in some directions for forty and fifty miles. The rock is precipitous on all sides but the east; here it is connected with the upper part of the city by an open esplanade, called the Castle-hill, measuring three hundred and fifty feet in length by three hundred in breadth. On the western extremity of this parade ground, which was once a favourite walk of the citizens, are advanced the outer wooden barriers of the fort, beyond which there is a dry ditch and draw-bridge, flanked by low batteries. Within these the road winds past a guard-house, and passes under an arched gateway secured by strong gates. Overhead is built a house which is used as the state-prison of Scotland. Passing through this entrance, on the right is the Argyle battery, mounting a number of guns which point towards the New Town, and from thence the road leads past the Arsenal, the Governor's House, and a huge pile of buildings, used as a barrack, by a semicircular sweep, and gradual ascent, to the inner and upper vallum of the fort. This is entered by another strong gateway, and within are situated the chapel, store-houses, and other buildings, forming the main habitable part of the fortress. Among these tenements, on the south side, is a lofty pile or range of buildings, with a court in the centre. The houses on the east side were partly built by Queen Mary, in 1565, as a palace, and partly in 1616. In a small apartment on the ground floor, in the south-east corner of this edifice, Queen Mary was delivered of James VI. on the 19th of June, 1566. The roof of the little room is divided into four compartments, having the figure of a thistle at each corner, and a crown and the initials M. R. in the centre. As this interesting apartment is now

part of the *Canteen* or tavern of the Castle, it is quite accessible to visitors.

In the same part of the edifice is situated the Crown Room, a very small vaulted apartment on the second floor. The Regalia of Scotland were lodged here on the 26th of March, 1707, immediately after the Act of Union had passed, and remained in a state of seclusion and repose for a hundred and eleven years. The Scottish nation having for a long period been of belief that these ensigns of royalty had been removed secretly to London, in order to allay the rumours which were propagated to that effect, certain commissioners were appointed by the late Prince Regent to examine the contents of the Crown Room, which they did on the 5th of February, 1818. A large oaken chest was found in the apartment, firmly secured with locks, which being forced open, the Regalia were discovered, carefully wrapped in some fine linen cloths. The articles exposed were—The crown, sceptre, sword of state, and the lord treasurer's rod of office. They are now placed on a table, which is enclosed from the roof to the floor by a barred cage. The crown lies on a cushion of crimson velvet trimmed with gold, and the whole is seen by the assistance of four lamps fixed to the cage. The crown-room is open daily to the public, on payment of one shilling each visitor.

The most defensible part of the castle of Edinburgh is on the east, immediately north of the square court. Here a half-moon battery, on which is the flag-staff, faces the Old Town, and completely commands the entrance. Further round to the north, overlooking the Argyle battery, is the Bomb battery, from whence is obtained a very extensive prospect of the town, the environs, the Firth of Forth, and the coast of Fife. Behind the Bomb battery, a small chapel has recently been erected in place of a very old edifice of the same kind, which at the same time disappeared. The south and western sides of the fortress are singularly ill adapted for defence or offence. The outer bulwarks on the tops of the precipices are either high houses or walls with little capacity for gunnery, consequently any idea of retaining the castle in case of a sharp

attack with artillery in this quarter would be absurd. A very large edifice, already mentioned, fitted up as a barrack, stands on the western precipice. It has five floors, and is one hundred and twenty feet in length, by fifty in height, and is also built without regard to effect. The arsenal or storehouses at the north-western corner can contain 30,000 stand of arms, and the whole buildings can accommodate 2000 men. Water is supplied chiefly by a reservoir having a communication by pipes with the city fountains; there is a very deep draw-well behind the Half-moon battery, but its water oozes out when the guns are fired. At present only a few of the cannon are mounted, and, as Scotland needs scarcely any military defence, the fortress is only used as barracks for a limited body of men. —*Ibid.*

Appendix, No. III.—P. 132.

Castle of Dunnottar.

About a mile and a half south of Stonehaven, is the extensive fortress of Dunnottar, once a place of great strength and importance, but which has been gradually going to ruin since the attainder of its proprietors in 1716. If the reader can conceive the idea of a semicircular sweep of bold precipitous coast—an immense hill of rock projected into the sea from the bottom of the semicircle—and on the top of this rock a series of buildings rather resembling a deserted city than a dismantled castle—he will have as good a mental picture of Dunnottar as it is possible to obtain without the assistance of a sister art. The superficies of the castle measures three acres, half of the space of Edinburgh Castle, the rock of which it otherwise somewhat resembles. It is approached by a steep path winding round the body of the rock, which, unless by this narrow neck, has no connexion with the land, and is, in fact, divided from it by a deep chasm. The visitor in the present day can only gain admission by application to a person who lives in Stonehaven. Notwithstanding the inaccessible and inconvenient situation of the summit of this insulated rock, it was, at one time, occupied as the site of the parish church and church-yard, and that at an epoch long before its assumption

as a place of warlike defence. The building now called the chapel was the parish church. During the war of independence which Scotland carried on against Edward I. the natural strength of the rock induced Sir William Keith, then Great Marischal of Scotland, to build a castle on it, as a place of safety for himself and friends; but, in order to avoid offence, he first built a church for the parish in a more convenient place, notwithstanding which, the Archbishop of St. Andrews pronounced sentence of excommunication against him, for violating sacred ground. Sir William, on this, applied to Pope Benedict XIII. setting forth the exigency of the case, and the necessity of such a fortress, with the circumstance of his having built another church; on which His Holiness issued his bull, dated July 18, 1294, directing the bishop to take off the excommunication, and to allow Sir William to enjoy the castle at all times, on the payment of a certain recompence to the church. About the year 1296, this castle was taken by Sir William Wallace, who, according to his historian, burnt four thousand Englishmen in it. In 1336, this castle was re-fortified by Edward III. in his progress through Scotland; but as soon as that monarch quitted the kingdom, it was retaken by Sir Andrew Murray. For many centuries afterwards, it continued in the possession of the Marischal family as their chief residence, without making any particular figure in history. But in the time of the great civil war, it once more became a place of note. The Earl Marischal of that period was a hearty Covenanter. In March, 1645, having immured himself in his fortress, along with a great number of gentlemen belonging to the same party, and, in particular, no fewer than sixteen clergymen, all of whom had fled thither for refuge from the Marquis of Montrose, he was regularly summoned by that celebrated leader to surrender, under pain of being proceeded against as a traitor to his king. The Earl, it is said, was a good deal inclined to come to terms with Montrose; but he was over-persuaded by his garrison of ministers; and accordingly the royalist general ost no time in subjecting his property to military execution. The whole of the neighbouring lands were ravaged; the woods

of Fetteresso burnt; the villages of Stonehaven and Cowie, belonging to the Earl Marischal's vassals, met the same fate; as also the fishing boats which lay in the harbour of the former port. It is told, that, when the Earl Marischal saw the smoke ascending on all hands from his property, he betrayed symptoms of deep regret for having rejected Montrose's proposals. But the famous Andrew Cant, who was among the number of his companions, elevated his resolution at once to its original pitch of firmness, by assuring him that *the reek* would be a sweet-smelling incense in the nostrils of the Lord, rising as it did from property which had been sacrificed in such a holy cause. At the approach of the English army under Cromwell, in 1650, when the Scottish Covenanters had all become modified royalists, Dunnottar was selected as the strongest place in the kingdom for the preservation of the regalia. During the reign of Charles II. Dunnottar was used as a state-prison, chiefly for the confinement of the persecuted people of the west of Scotland, many of whom endured cruelties in its horrid dungeons such as have rarely been equalled. It was dismantled soon after the civil war of 1715, when its proprietor, James, Earl Marischal, was attainted for high treason. Since that period, the direct line of family having become extinct, the castle has become, by purchase, the property of the nearest heir-male, Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunnottar and Ravelston, Knight Marischal of Scotland. Though dismantled, the buildings of the castle are yet pretty entire, there being, in general, nothing wanting except the roofs and the floors. "The battlements, with their narrow embrasures," says a contemporary, "the strong towers and airy turrets, full of loop-holes for the archer and musketeer, the hall for the banquet, and the cell for the captive, are all alike entire and distinct. Even the iron rings and bolts that held the culprits for security or for torture, still remain, to attest the different order of things which once prevailed in this country. Many a sigh has been sent from the profound bosom of this vast rock; many a despairing glance has wandered hence over the boundless wave; and many a weary heart has there sunk rejoicing into eternal sleep."—*Ibid.*

Appendix, No. IV.—P. 148.

Prince Charles.

There happened to be then in Paris two merchants named Ruttledge and Walch, both of Irish extraction, the sons of refugees who had followed the fortune of James the Second. Ruttledge was settled at Dunkirk, and Walch at Nantes: they had made some money before the war began, by trading to the West Indies; but when war was declared between France and Britain, they became adventurers in privateering, and had been concerned in several armaments. Still extending their views and operations, they had obtained from the Court of France a grant of an old man of war of sixty guns called the Elizabeth: they had purchased a frigate of sixteen guns, called the Dontelle, and were equipping these vessels for a cruise in the North Seas, to intercept some of the valuable ships that, in time of war, came north about to England. Lord Clare, a lieutenant-general in the service of France (afterwards Marshal Thomond) was acquainted with these gentlemen, and knew the state of their armament: he introduced them to Charles Stuart; and proposed that they should lend their ships to him, for a more splendid expedition, and carry their Prince to Scotland. The two Irishmen not only agreed to lend him their ships, but engaged to furnish him with all the money and arms they could procure. Lord Clare undertook to raise 100 marines, which he did, and put them on board the Elizabeth. When everything was ready Charles came from Paris to Nantes; and on the 20th of June, leaving Nantes in a fishing-boat, went on board the Dontelle, at St. Nazaire; and was joined by the Elizabeth, near Belleisle. In the two ships were about 2,000 muskets, and five or six hundred French broadswords. Charles had with him in the Dontelle, which was commanded by Walch, a sum of money, somewhat less than 4,000*l.* Such were the preparations made for an expedition, which it was easy to keep secret; for nobody could possibly believe that it was intended against the government of Britain.

The course which the seamen proposed to steer for the Highlands of Scotland, was by the Æbudæ, or Western Isles. They had not proceeded far in their voyage, when they met an English man-of-war of sixty guns, called the Lyon, commanded by Captain Brett (afterwards Sir Percy). The Lyon and Elizabeth engaged; and, after a very obstinate fight, the two vessels separated, both greatly disabled; the Elizabeth was so much shattered, that with difficulty she regained the port whence she came. Charles, in the Dontelle, pursued his course.—*Home's History.*

Strength and composition of the Highland Army.

When the rebels began their march to the southward, they were not 6,000 men complete; they exceeded 5,500, of whom four or five hundred were cavalry; and of the whole number, not quite 4,000 were real Highlanders, who formed the clan regiments, and were indeed the strength of the rebel army. All the regiments of foot wore the Highland garb: they were thirteen in number, many of them very small. Besides the two troops of horse-guards, there were Lord Pitsligo's and Strathallan's horse, Lord Kilmarnock's horse-grenadiers, and a troop of light-horse or hussars to scour the country and procure intelligence.

The pay of a captain in this army was half-a-crown a-day; the pay of a lieutenant two shillings; the pay of an ensign one shilling and sixpence; and every private man received sixpence a-day, without deduction. In the clan regiments, every company had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. The front rank of each regiment consisted of persons who called themselves gentlemen, and were paid one shilling a-day; these gentlemen were better armed than the men in the ranks behind them, and had all of them targets, which many of the others had not.

Every clan regiment was commanded by the chief, or his son, or his brother, (the nearest of kin, whoever he was,) according to the custom of clanship. In the day of battle, each company of a Highland regiment furnished two of their best men as a guard to the chief. In the choice of this guard, con-

sanguinity was considered; and the chief (whose post was the centre of the regiment, by the colours) stood between two brothers, or two cousins-german. The train of artillery which belonged to this army of invaders consisted of General Cope's field pieces, taken at the battle of Preston, and of some pieces of a larger calibre, brought over in the ships from France, amounting in all to thirteen pieces of cannon." — *Home's History.*

Highland Clans.

Every clan consisted of several tribes; and the head of each tribe was the representative of a family descended from that of the chief. His patronymic (which marked his descent) denominated the tribe of which he was chieftain, and his lands (for every chieftain had some estate in land) were let to his friends and relations in the same manner that the lands of the chief were let to his friends: each chieftain had a rank in the clan regiment according to his birth; and his tribe was his company. The chief was colonel, the eldest cadet was lieutenant-colonel, and the next cadet was major. In this state of subordination, civil and military, every clan was settled upon their own territories, like a separate nation, subject to the authority of their chief alone. To his counsels, prowess, and fortune (to his auspices) they ascribed all their success in war. The most sacred oath to a Highlander was to swear by the hand of his chief. The constant exclamation upon any sudden accident, was, "May God be with the chief!" or, "May the chief be uppermost!" Ready at all times to die for the head of the kindred, Highlanders have been known to interpose their bodies between the pointed musket and their chief, and to receive the shot which was aimed at him.

In such communities the king's peace and the law of the land were not much regarded: beyond the territories of each clan, the sword was the arbiter of all disputes: several of the clans had inveterate quarrels and deadly feuds; they went to war and fought battles. Rapine was often practised, under pretext of reprisal and revenge; and, in those parts of the

low country that bordered upon the Highlands, depredations and rapine were often committed without any pretence at all; hence, fierceness of heart, prompt to attack or defend at all times and places, became the characteristic of the Highlanders. Proud of this prime quality, they always appeared like warriors; as if their arms had been limbs and members of their bodies, they were never seen without them: they travelled, they attended fairs and markets, nay, they went to church with their broadswords and dirks, and in latter times with their muskets and pistols. Before the introduction of fire-arms, the bow, the broadsword and target, with the dirk, were the weapons offensive and defensive of the Highlanders. When the use of fire-arms became common in the kingdom, they assumed the musket instead of the bow, and, under the smoke of their fire, advanced to close with the enemy.—*Home's History.*

After the rebellion of 1745, a memorial was drawn up for government, it is conjectured by President Forbes, which gives the subjoined estimate of the force of able-bodied men which the respective clans could bring into the field.

Argyle (Campbells) - - - - - -	3000
Breadalbane (ditto) - - - - - -	1000
Lochnell and other chieftains of the Campbells -	1000
Macleans - - - - - - - -	500
Maclachlans - - - - - - -	200
Stewart of Appin - - - - - -	300
Macdougals - - - - - - -	200
Stewart of Grandtully - - - - -	300
Clan Gregor - - - - - - -	700
Duke of Athole (Stewarts, Robertsons, &c.) - -	3000
Farquharsons - - - - - - -	500
Duke of Gordon (followers from Glenlivet and Strathavon) - - - - - - -	300
Grant of Grant - - - - - - -	850
Mackintosh - - - - - - -	300
Macphersons - - - - - - -	400
Frasers - - - - - - - -	900
Grant of Glenmoriston - - - - -	150
Chisholms - - - - - - -	200
Duke of Perth (followers from Glenartnie, &c.) -	300
Seaforth (Mackenzies) - - - - -	1000

Cromarty, Seatwell, Gairloch, with other chieftains of the Mackenzies	1500
Menzies	300
Munroes	300
Rosses	500
Sutherlands	2000
Mackays	800
Sinclairs	1100
Macdonald of Slate	700
Macdonald of Clanranald	700
Macdonald of Glencoe	130
Macdonell of Glengarry	500
Macdonell of Keppoch	300
Robertsons	200
Camerons	800
Mackinnon	200
Macleod	700
The Duke of Montrose, Earls of Bute and Moray, Macfarlanes, Colquhouns, M'Neils of Barra, M'Nabs, M'Naughton's, Lamonts &c. &c.	5600
	31,930

Appendix, No. V.—P. 168.

Inchkeith.

The elevation or design of this light-house is considered to be in very good taste. It is a house of two stories, with a platform roof, and parapet with embrasures, the light-house tower forming the staircase to the second floor and light-room. The light-keepers are very comfortably lodged, the principal having three apartments and his assistant two. Besides the main house, a court of offices is formed in connexion with the eastern wall of the old fort; and, besides other conveniences, there is an oil cellar sunk under ground, in which the oil is always kept in a fluid state, and at an equal temperature. There is also a place fitted up without the gate as a watch-house for pilots, where they have a guard-bed and fire-place. The establishment is in all respects very complete. Besides good salaries, the principal and his assistants have ten acres of the island enclosed, and a garden, which they possess or hold in common, with a sufficient allowance of coal and oil

for family use. In justice to these persons, we have to state, that at all times they display the utmost politeness in showing the interior of the light-house to strangers. When the present light-house was completed, it was what seamen called a stationary or fixed light, and contained sixteen reflectors, made upon the parabolic curve, formed of copper, strongly coated or plated with silver, instead of the hollow or cavity of the reflector being lined with façets of mirror glass as formerly. Inchkeith light remained as a stationary light till the year 1815, the period when the light of the Isle of May was altered from an open coal fire to a stationary light, with oil and reflectors; on which it became necessary to alter the character of Inchkeith light from a stationary to a revolving light; and with this alteration, that seven reflectors, instead of the former number, are now found perfectly sufficient. The machinery for making the light revolve, consists of a movement, or piece of strong clock-work, kept in motion by a weight, and curiously fitted with two governors, upon the plan of the steam-engine, instead of a fly-wheel. The reflectors are ranged upon a horizontal frame, which is made to revolve periodically upon a perpendicular axis, exhibiting, to a distant observer, the alternate effect of light and darkness, in a very beautiful and simple manner. The reflectors are brought round in succession to the eye of the observer, and the angles, or interstices between them, produce the effect of darkness, by which this light is distinguished from the light of the Isle of May, and also from the common surrounding lights on the opposite shores. The light has further the advantage of being elevated above the medium level of the sea about 235 feet; and such is the powerful effect of the reflecting apparatus, that it is distinctly seen, in a favourable state of the atmosphere, at the distance of four or five leagues, although it is impossible that more than a single reflector can be seen at a time. The mechanism which moves the lights is exceedingly beautiful, and is kept in the highest order.—*Chambers.*

Appendix, No. VI.— P. 172.

The Bell Rock.

On the bill being passed in 1806, they received a loan of 25,000*l.* from government to assist an accumulated fund of 20,000*l.* Plans were laid before them of different kinds, and they adopted that of Mr. Rennie, which was on the principles of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1807. Stones for the building were collected of different kinds. The outside stones of the first thirty feet were brought from Rubeslaw in Aberdeenshire. Stones for the hearting and for the higher parts were got from Mylnefield quarry, near Dundee. Those on the top were finer, and came from Craigleith, near Edinburgh. At Arbroath, a working yard was fitted up for the artificers, and boats were engaged to go to and fro with and for materials, &c. A small vessel was also moored near the rock as a depôt. The most curious part of the work at the outset, was the erection of a place of refuge on the reef for the artisans, in the event of an accident befalling any of the attending boats. It consisted of a wooden tower of several stories, fixed on beams of wood planted into the rock, and secured with iron rivets. It was fitted up with sleeping-places, a cooking-room, and a place for a smith's forge. Into this erection the workmen were in the habit of retiring with their tools, as soon as the rock began to be covered with water. The cutting of a site for the foundation was attended with a prodigious deal of trouble, as the tide permitted working for a very short time every day only, and as no work could be done in stormy weather or in the winter months. Besides, each day the water had to be pumped out of the site, before the men could resume their work where it had been left off. After overcoming almost impossibilities, by the 10th of July, 1808, the first stone was laid. In the following spring the works were proceeded in with much diligence, but not till a great deal of apparatus had been landed and fixed for the heaving of stones, and an iron railway laid along the reef, for the easy transport of materials. By the month of September, 1809, the first thirty feet were built. Next season, the works were again resumed, and, by a train of for-

tunate circumstances, the building was completed in October, 1810. In the course of the winter the internal fittings went forward, and on the 1st of February, 1811, the beacon was first lighted. The expense of the whole was about 60,000*l.* The Bell-Rock Lighthouse, thus reared, is a circular edifice, the foundation-stone of which is nearly on a level with the surface of the sea at low water of ordinary spring tides; and consequently, at high water of these tides, the building is immersed to the height of about fifteen feet. The two first courses of the masonry are very curiously dovetailed and joined with each other, in a way so as to resemble nothing so much as the pieces of a dissected map, forming one connected mass from the centre to the circumference. The successive layers of stone are also attached to each other by joggles of stone. The cement used was a mixture of pozzolano, earth, lime, and sand, in equal proportions. The individual stones weigh from one to two tons. The ground course measures 42 feet in diameter, and the building diminishes to a thickness of 13 feet. The total height is 100 feet, but including the light room, the total height is 115 feet. The building is solid to a height of 30 feet, where the entry door is situate, to which the ascent is by a ladder with wooden steps. Strangers are carried up and down by a chair and crane. At first the walls are seven feet thick, and they diminish to a single foot. From the door-way to the top, there are six flats, each having an apartment, and a communication from one to the other is had by a wooden ladder. The first floor is for holding water, fuel, or other bulky articles; the second for oil cisterns, glass, and other light-room stores; the third is occupied as a kitchen; the fourth is the bed-room; the fifth the library, or stranger's room; and the upper apartment forms the light-room. The floors are of stone. There are two windows in each of the three lower apartments, but the upper rooms have each four windows. The light-room is of an octagonal figure, measuring twelve feet across, and fifteen feet in height, formed with cast iron sashes, or window-frames glazed with large plates of polished glass, measuring two feet six inches by two feet three inches, each plate being a quarter of an inch thick. The

light-room is covered with a dome roof of copper, terminating in a gilded ball. Round the light-room there is a railed terrace on the outside. The light is from oil, with argand burners placed in the focus of silver plated reflectors, measuring twenty-four inches over the lips, being hollowed to the parabolic curve. That the light may be distinguished from all others on the coast, the reflectors are ranged upon a frame with four faces or sides, which, by a train of machinery, is made to revolve upon a perpendicular axis once in six minutes; moreover, by the interposition of coloured glass between the light and the observer, in the course of every revolution two appearances are produced; one is the common bright light, and the other is of a red colour. As a further warning to the mariner, in foggy weather, two large bells are tolled day and night, by the same train of machinery which moves the lights. The establishment of light-keepers at the Bell-Rock, consists of a principal light-keeper, a principal assistant, and two other assistants. They each receive salaries varying from fifty to sixty guineas, with clothes, and board while at the rock. At Arbroath a suite of buildings has been erected, where each keeper has three apartments for his family. Connected with these buildings there is a signal-tower erected, with a telescope, and a set of corresponding signals is arranged and kept up with the light-keepers at the rock. Three of the keepers are always at the light-house, while one is ashore on liberty, whose duty it is for the time to attend the signal-room; and when the weather will admit of the regular removal of the keepers, they are alternately six weeks on the rock, and a fortnight ashore with their families. A cutter of fifty tons burden is kept in constant occupation attending the Bell Rock, the Isle of May, and Inchkeith light-houses. The construction of the light-house took place under the direction and by the arrangements of Mr. Robert Stevenson, civil engineer, Edinburgh, in a way which did him much honour. In 1824, the same gentleman published "An Account of the Bell-Rock Light-house," with a view of the institution and progress of the Northern Light-houses, in the form of a splendid quarto volume, which will be of great use in future undertakings of

the kind. The Bell-Rock Light-house is now one of the most prominent and serviceable beacons on the Scottish shores, and has been the means of preventing innumerable wrecks.—*Ibid.*

APPENDIX, No. VII.—P. 240.

Druid Worship.

SOMETIMES there are only four standing stones, and these are always exactly in the four cardinal points viewed from the centre. Sometimes the subdivisions of direction are marked in the same circle. When the dimensions of the interior circle do not admit of this, sometimes there are a number of concentric circles, on which the minutest subdivisions are marked by stones, with great exactness. The central circle is sometimes occupied by a large tumulus of loose stones, on the top of which, a large stone seems to have served the purpose of an altar for sacrifices.

* * * * *

The sun was the great object of Druidical veneration, as an emblem of the Deity; and to observe his apparent motions would be an object not merely of curiosity, but of piety.

The circle of Stennis is of very large dimensions, affording room to mark all the necessary subdivisions of direction, by stones in its periphery, without having recourse to concentric circles. Dr. Barry mentions mounds of earth on the east and west of this circle; but he has forgotten to state, that it is entered by a gateway on the south, and on the north; and that the stones where he supposes sacrifices were offered, are seen through the gateway due south from the centre of the circle. A sort of bridge, of loose stones, across the lake, forms a communication between the great circle, and the stones of sacrifice. On examining this great circle, we were strongly impressed with a belief that a sacred grove had once occupied its centre.

These stones must evidently have been erected by a people who entertained the same religious ideas with those who constructed other similar circles in various parts of the Highlands and Isles. That they preceded the arrival of the Scandinavians

appears very probable from Barry's own account; for the stones where these people offered human victims to Odin, and worshipped their peculiar deities, were all in the North Isles: as if they thought their brutish divinities could not hear their prayers unless they were addressed from the nearest points to their native country.

* * * * *

The Druidical worship was always practised in the open air; as they deemed no temple fit for the Deity but the universe he had formed. Their places of worship are always embosomed either amidst rugged rocks, where the scenery inspires religious horror; or they are situated, as at Stennis, where the sublime of nature is gradually melted down, and combined with the beautiful. This is the most frequent position of their places of worship; and the surrounding scenery forcibly impresses the mind with an idea of a being at once powerful and beneficent. When the Druids had any villany in view, such as reclaiming, or taking off, unfortunate individuals who had incurred their displeasure, or whom they had accused of impiety, the business was managed in the impenetrable recesses of a forest, where circles within circles of trees were stained with blood; and armed men were ready to kill every person whose impertinent curiosity led him to transgress the boundary. The Roman writers are most grossly erroneous, when they mistake these groves for places of worship. They could not be places of worship, because none but the Druids and their satellites were admitted into them. They were objects of terror and dismay to all the people within their reach. Here the grim chief of the Druids might calculate on the profits arising from a rash expression, or some defect of ritual observance of a man, which put his life and property in the tyrant's power.—*Barry's History of the Orkney Islands.*

Appendix, No. VIII.—P. 240.

Barrows.

Among some of the latter that an inquisitive curiosity has opened, there was one that contained three stone chests, in

one of which was a skeleton, with a bag containing bruised bones; the second had in it a skeleton, in a sitting attitude; and the third contained a parcel of human bones, with some heads and hair, which, when first discovered, had the appearance of being rotten, but on their exposure to the air seemed to resume their former freshness. Some of the same kind have been found to contain stone chests a foot and a half square, and in these were small urns, the contents of which were, either ashes alone, or mixed with bones; and in one of these chests a jar or urn, with the same contents, of such capacity as would have contained thirty Scots pints of water.

* * * * *

The numbers found here are considerable; seldom single, but two or three, or more, in the same place; all of a circular form, and different in dimensions; placed, without any distinction of hill or dale, by the sea, or inland; generally in dry places, and for the most part on sandy ground. Some few of them are encircled with stones set on edge around their bottoms; a remarkable one has two stones set upright on its top; and when curiosity has penetrated their interior, they are almost all found to exhibit contents in which there is much similarity. As in England, those that have been opened have discovered, some of them, urns with ashes; some, stone coffins, in which the bodies have been deposited; and some, naked skeletons; so here also, when looked into, they have been found to contain the same things. But, besides these, which are the principal, several other articles have sometimes been found along with them; such as the bones of some domestic animal; swords of metal, or of bone; helmets, combs, with other things, the use of which cannot now be discovered.

* * * * *

Few or no marks of burning are observable in these mansions of the dead, which are occupied mostly by bones, not of men only, but of several other animals. Warlike instruments, of the kind then in use, also make a part of their contents, among which may be reckoned battle-axes, two-handed swords, broad swords, helmets, swords made of the bone of a large fish, and also daggers. They have, besides, been found to contain

instruments employed in the common purposes of life, as knives and combs; and others that have been used as ornaments, such as beads, brooches, and chains; together with some other articles, the use of which is now unknown. Of this last kind may be mentioned, a flat piece of marble, of a circular form, about two inches and a half in diameter; several stones, in shape and appearance like whetstones, that had never been used; and an iron vessel, resembling a helmet, only four inches and a half in the cavity, much damaged, as if with the stroke of a sharp weapon, such as an axe or a sword. In one of them was found a metal spoon, and a glass cup that contained two gills Scotch measure; and in another, a number of stones, formed into the shape and size of *whorles*, like those that were formerly used for spinning in Scotland.—*Barry's History of the Orkney Islands.*

The Burgh of Mousa is, perhaps, the most perfect Teutonic fortress now extant in Europe. It occupies a circular site of ground, about fifty feet in diameter, and is built of middle-sized schistoze stones, well laid together without any cement. The round edifice attains the height of forty-two feet, bulging out below and tapering off towards the top, where it is again cast out from its lesser diameter, so as to prevent its being scaled from without. The doorway is so low and narrow as only to admit one person at a time, and who has to creep along a passage fifteen feet deep ere he attains the interior open area. He then perceives that the structure is hollow, consisting of two walls, each about five feet thick, with a passage or winding staircase between them of similar size, and enclosing within an open court about twenty feet in diameter. Near the top of the building, and opposite the entrance, three or four vertical rows of holes are seen, resembling the holes of a pigeon-house, and varying from eight to eighteen in number. These admitted air and a feeble degree of light to the chambers or galleries within, which wound round the building, and to which the passage from the entrance conducts, the roof of one chamber being the floor of that above it. In this structure, it is on record that the ancient inhabitants, on the occasion of sudden invasion, hastily

secured their women and children and goods; and it would appear that even one of the Earls of Orkney was not able to force it. Such burghs seldom yielded except to stratagem or famine; and being the places of defence round which the huts of the neighbourhood naturally arranged themselves, their name came latterly to designate the town or burgh which arose about them.—*Edmonstone.*

APPENDIX, No. IX.—P. 249.

Rope of triple cowskin.

THE people live much upon the wild sea-fowl, with which the precipices abound, and their mode of catching them is very entertaining. The men are divided into fowling parties, each of which generally consists of four persons, distinguished for their agility and skill. Each party must have at least one rope, about thirty fathoms long, made out of a strong raw cow-hide, salted for the purpose, and cut circularly into three thongs of equal length. These thongs being closely twisted together form a threefold cord, able to sustain a great weight, and durable enough to last two generations. To prevent its receiving injuries from the sharp edges of the rocks, it is covered with sheep skins, dressed in the same manner. This rope is the most valuable piece of furniture a St. Kildian can be possessed of: it makes the first article in the testament of a father, and if it falls to a daughter's share, she is esteemed one of the best matches of the island. By help of these ropes, the people of the greatest prowess examine the fronts of rocks of prodigious heights. Linked together in couples, each having the end of the cord fastened about his waist, they go down and ascend the most dreadful precipices. When one is in motion, the other plants himself in a stony shelf, and takes care to have so sure a footing, that if his fellow-adventurer makes a false step and tumble over, he may be able to save him. When one has arrived at a safe landing-place, he sets himself firmly, while the other endeavours to follow. Mr. Macaulay gives an instance of the dexterity of

the inhabitants in catching wild fowl, to which he was an eye-witness. One of them fixed himself on a craggy shelf, his companion descended about sixty feet below, and, having darted himself away from the face of a most alarming precipice, hanging over the ocean, he began to play his gambles, sung merrily, and laughed very heartily; at last, having afforded all the entertainment he could, he returned in triumph, full of his own merit, with a large string of sea-fowls round his neck, and a number of eggs in his bosom. Upwards of 20,000 solan geese are annually consumed by the natives of St. Kilda, besides an immense number of eggs. The following is from the ever vivacious Macculloch. "Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, describes a land of feathers, and perhaps he drew the hint from St. Kilda. The air here is full of feathered animals, the sea is covered with them, the houses are ornamented by them, the ground is speckled by them like a flowery meadow in May. The town is paved with feathers, the very dunghills are made of feathers, the ploughed land seems as if it had been sown with feathers, and the inhabitants look as if they had been all tarred and feathered, for their hair is full of feathers, and their clothes are covered with feathers. The women look like feathered Mercuries, for their shoes are made of a gannet's skin; every thing smells of feathers; and the smell pursued us over all the islands, for the Captain had a sackful in the cabin."—*Macculloch.*

Appendix, No. X.—P. 258.

Power of water.

The isle of Eshaness, or Northmaven, which is exposed to the uncontrolled fury of the western ocean, presents a scene of unequalled desolation. In stormy winters, huge blocks of stones are overturned, or are removed far from their native beds, and hurried up a slight acclivity to a distance almost incredible. In the winter of 1802, a mass, eight feet two inches by seven feet, and five feet one inch thick, was dislodged from its bed, and removed to a distance of from eighty to ninety feet. The bed from which a block had been carried away in

the year 1818, was seventeen and a half by seven feet, and the depth two feet eight inches; the removed mass had been borne to a distance of thirty feet, when it was shivered into thirteen or more lesser fragments, some of which were carried still farther, from 30 to 120 feet. A block, nine feet two inches by six and a half feet, and four feet thick, was hurried up an acclivity to a distance of 150 feet. A mass of rock, the average dimensions of which may perhaps be rated at twelve or thirteen feet square, and four and a half or five feet in thickness, was, about fifty years ago, first moved from its bed, to a distance of thirty feet, and has since been twice turned over.—*Anderson.*

Mermaids.—P. 258.

Many interesting and authentic stories are told here of merman and merwoman, which would amuse you exceedingly; therefore, pray muster up a considerable stock of credulity, and listen. Far below the region of fishes, these merladies and gentlemen, who are of supernatural beauty, exist in an atmosphere of their own, in which they seem able to live with very tolerable comfort in coral palaces, and sleeping on beds of oysters. When desirous to pay us a visit in the upper regions, they have power to enter the skin of any amphibious animal, and shoot through the water, but no son or daughter of the ocean can borrow more than one sea-dress of this kind for his own particular use; therefore, if the garb should be mislaid on our shores, he never can return to his submarine country and friends. A Shetlander, having once found an empty seal-skin on the shore, took it home and kept it in his possession. Soon after, he met the most lovely being who ever stepped on the earth, wringing her hands with distress, and loudly lamenting, that, having lost her sea-dress, she must remain for ever on the earth. The Shetlander, having fallen in love at first sight, said not a syllable about finding this precious treasure, but made his proposals, and offered to take her for better or for worse, as his future wife! The merlady, though not, as we know, much a woman of the world, very prudently accepted this offer! I never heard what the settle-

ments were, but they lived very happily for some years, till one day, when the green-haired bride unexpectedly discovered her own long-lost seal-skin, and instantly putting it on, she took a hasty farewell of everybody, and ran towards the shore. Her husband flew out in pursuit of her, but in vain! She sprang from point to point, and from rock to rock, till at length hastening into the ocean, she disappeared for ever, leaving the worthy man, her husband, perfectly planet-struck and inconsolable on the shore!—*Miss Sinclair's Shetland.*

The Wick Fisheries.—P. 274.

The cost of a boat with outfit of nets is about 120*l.* A drift of nets consists of from sixteen to twenty-six, each about sixteen fathoms long and four deep. The fisher generally receives from 9*s.* to 10*s.* a cran, or barrel, for the herrings; and a crew, (four in number,) when proprietors of the boat, sometimes make 20*l.*, 30*l.*, and even 50*l.* a-head. The wages allowed for about two months' service—from the middle of July to September—are 3*l.* to 7*l.*, and a peck and a half of meal a-week. Poor widows and girls are employed to gut and pack, at about 4*d.* per barrel; they make 20*s.* to 3*l.* a season. Whisky is consumed among all, to a most enormous and demoralizing extent. The following minute information on this subject, we feel assured will not be uninteresting to our readers; and we borrow it from a lively little work, to which we have referred while treating of Cromarty, published at Inverness a few years ago, and entitled, "Letters on the Herring Fishing in the Moray Firth; by Mr. Miller, formerly of that place." "The set of nets employed in fishing by each boat is termed a drift; and the number varies from sixteen to twenty-six. The length of each is sixteen fathoms, and the depth four. The upper edge is bordered by strong rope laced through square perforated pieces of cork, and termed the cork baulk. The lower is bound with a cord, called the ground baulk, and furnished with loops for sinkers. These baulks, both lower and upper, are about four feet longer than the body of the net,

and by their ends the whole nets of the drift are tied together. At each fastening, that is, between every two nets, a buoy is attached. The lower baulk, as its name implies, rests upon the bottom. The upper runs parallel to it, at the height of four fathoms, being kept at that elevation, unless made to recline with the tide, by the buoyancy of the cork. The buoys, which are commonly made of sheep or dog skins inflated with air, float on the surface; and the ropes which attach them to the nets, are made to vary in length according to the depth of the water. Where the average depth is ten fathoms, the length of buoy-rope required is six.

When a boat arrives at the fishing-ground, which is first ascertained by the bearings of the landmarks, and next by the sounding-lead, the mast and two of the oars are stowed ahead, and a space near the stern is cleared for casting out the nets, which lie in a heap at the midships. The oldest and worst are first taken up: the loops in the lower baulk are loaded with sinkers of stone; two men are stationed to cast them over, and the other two (the crew consists of but four) are employed at the oar. When the first net is shot (thrown over) they fasten its ties to those of a second, and so on until the whole are cast out. The boat is propelled in the meantime across the tide by the men at the oars; and when the whole drift is shot, it stretches behind them in a line of 600 or 800 yards in length. The tie of the last net is next brought forward and fixed to the swing-rope, a small hawser attached to the stern, and the boat rides to her drift as if at anchor.

The nets are shot immediately after the boat has arrived on the fishing-ground, and are not hauled, unless there be sign of fish, until the crew have ascertained that she has drifted over the bank. After hauling, they row against the tide until they have come up to the line of their first position, and then shoot again. Sometimes, however, the fish strike some of the nets thrown out, before the whole drift is shot, and the crew commence hauling when the last net has been only a few minutes in the water. If the quantity taken be deemed sufficient for a cargo, they make sail for port; if not, they shoot a second time. When the shoal is stationary, the fishermen are first apprised of its coming in contact with their nets, by the

buoys sinking from the weight of the fish. When the wind is high, the track of a moving shoal is shown by the appearance of the water, which, however rough in other places, is of a dead smoothness over the herrings, and looks as if coated with oil. When one of these calm patches crosses the line of the drift, the fishermen prepare to haul, and are seldom disappointed of a fishing.

In hauling, the crew first untie the swing-rope from the stem, and bring it aft to near the stern. When the first net appears, it is laid hold of both by the upper and lower baulks, brought in over the gunwale, and shaken to divest it of the fish, which are cast out of the meshes when alive with less difficulty than when dead. They are raised, too, from the bottom with much greater ease. A slight pull is sufficient to bring to the surface a net charged with live herrings, which, if suffered to remain in the water until the fish died, would defy the united efforts of the crew to raise from the bottom. The cause is easily given. On pulling the net, the lower thread of the mesh presses against the fish entangled, which immediately rises to the surface to avoid what it deems an enemy attacking it from beneath. It is not uncommon, on hauling, for a whole net to rise to the boat's side,—the unity of impulse in the thousands enclosed, giving to it the appearance of one huge fish. When the herrings are languid and weighty, and the crew unable to weigh up the nets, the ties of the net in hand are brought ahead and fastened to the stern. The crew then retire to the stern, the head rises in the water, and the heave of the waves give the boat a motion which seldom fails of weighing up the net. It is next brought aft and hauled like the others.

Loss of nets, the bane of the fishermen, is either occasioned by sudden storms, foulness of ground, or weight of fish. When attacked by sudden tempest, the boatmen, to avoid foundering, are compelled to cut the swing-rope, and suffer the boat to drive. Losses in this way, however, are of rare occurrence, compared with those occasioned by foulness of ground.

The profession of the herring fisherman is one of the most laborious and most exposed both to hardship and danger. From the commencement to the close of the fishing, the men

who prosecute it only pass two nights of the week in bed. In all the others they sleep in open boats, with no other covering than the sail. In wet weather, their hard couch proves peculiarly comfortless; and, even in the most pleasant, it is one upon which few beside themselves could repose. The watchfulness necessary in their circumstances becomes so habitual, that, during the fishing, their slumbers rather resemble those of the watch-dog than of men. They start up on the slightest motion or noise, cast a hurried glance over the buoys of their drift, ascertain their position with regard to the fishing-bank or to the other boats around, and then fling themselves down again. During the height of a stream tide their occupation is doubly harassing. It not unfrequently happens, that, when shooting their drift, the nets thrown out are caught by the vortices of an eddy, and ravelled together in such a manner that hours elapse—those, too, it may chance, the hours of midnight—before they can be disentangled. At such seasons, also, their drifts come in contact with those of other boats, and to free them is one of the most laborious employments of the fisherman.—*John o' Groat Journal.*

* * * * * *

The following comparative statement will give a tolerable idea of the whole take of herring for two years on the east coast of Scotland :—

QUANTITY OF HERRINGS CURED.

	1835.	1836
Peterhead	33,000 Barrels	44,000 Barrels.
Fraserburgh	54,000 ditto	45,000 ditto
Banff	24,000 ditto	18,000 ditto
Cullen	5,000 ditto	3,000 ditto
Findhorn	8,000 ditto	6,000 ditto
Cromarty	7,000 ditto	7,000 ditto
Helmsdale	28,000 ditto	18,000 ditto
Lybster	32,000 ditto	15,000 ditto
Wick	106,000 ditto	40,000 ditto
Thurso and Tongue	22,000 ditto	7,000 ditto
Orkney	45,000 ditto	28,000 ditto
Shetland	38,000 ditto	27,000 ditto
Berwick	- - -	30,000 ditto

Appendix, No. XI.—P. 279.

The Shetland Mill.

The ancient quern, or hand corn-mill, is still used in Shetland. A machine of this description consists of two staves, about twenty-one inches in diameter, resting on a kind os table. Near the edge of the upper stave, there is a handle which the grinder (generally a female of the house) seizes and turns round with a sort of centrifugal movement, whilst the left hand is employed in supplying a hole in the centre with corn. The meal then flies outwards, and drops from between the staves on the table, where it is every now and then scraped together and taken away. Water-mills, probably as old as the time of Harold Harfager, likewise exist. The grinding apparatus is of a very diminutive description, and is protected by a low shed of unhewn stones, stretching across one or other of the innumerable slender rills which pour into the different voes.

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